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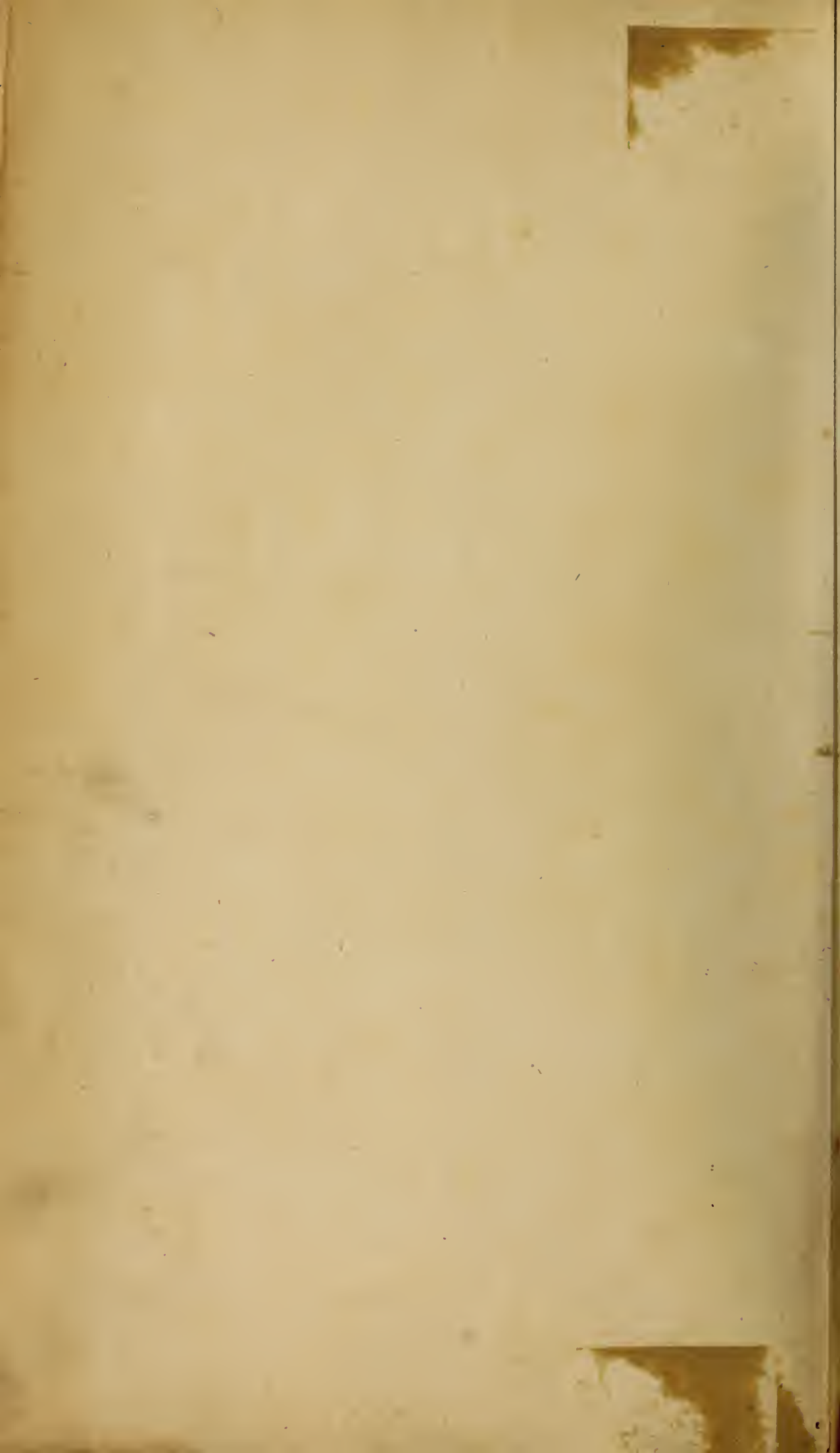
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best aspects of

17 October 1833. M. M. M. M.

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Mabel Louise Langye.



J. Closterman pinx.

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Henricus Purcell.

Ætat. Suae. 37. 95.

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All which are placed in their several Keys according to the
Order of the *Gamut.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, for *Henry Playford*, in the Temple-Change,
in Fleet-street, MDCXCVIII.

1658-9

THE CHURCH OF THE

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

THE CHURCH OF THE

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To the Honourable,

The Lady HOWARD.

M A D A M,

WHere it is in the power of Musick to abate those strong Impressions of Grief which have continued upon me ever since the Loss of my dear lamented Husband, there are few (I believe) who are furnished with larger or better supplies of Comfort from this Science, than he has left me in his own Compositions, and in the Satisfaction I find, that they are not more valued by me (who must own my self fond to a Partiality of all that was his) than by those who are no less *Judges* than *Patrons* of his Performances. I find, Madam, I have already said enough to justify the Presumption of this Application to Your Ladiship, who have added both these Characters to the many excellent Qualities, which make You the Admiration of all that know You. Your Ladiship's extraordinary skill in Musick, beyond most of either Sex, and Your great Goodness to that dear Person, whom You have sometimes been pleased to honour with the Title of Your Master, makes it hard for me to judge whether he contributed more to the vast Improvements You have made in that Science, or Your Ladiship to the Reputation he gain'd in the Profession of it: For I have often heard him say, That as several of his best Compositions were originally design'd for Your Ladiship's Entertainment, so the Pains he bestowed in fitting them for Your Ear, were abundantly rewarded by the Satisfaction he has received from Your Approbation, and admirable Performance of them, which has best recommended both them and their Author to all that have had the happiness of hearing them from Your Ladiship.

Another

The Dedication.

Another great advantage, to which my Husband has often imputed the success of his Labors, and which may best plead for Your Ladyship's favourable Acceptance of this Collection, has been the great Justness both of Thought and Numbers which he found in the Poetry of our most refin'd Writers, and among them, of that Honourable Gentleman, who has the dearest and most deserved Relation to your Self, and whose Excellent Compositions were the Subject of his last and best Performance in Musick.

Thus, Madam, Your Ladyship has every way the justest Title to the Patronage of this Book, the Publication of which, under the auspicious Influence of Your Name, is the best (I had almost said the only) means I have left of Testifying to the World, my desire to pay the last Honours to its dear Author, Your Ladyship having generously prevented my intended Performance of the Duty I owe to his Ashes, by erecting a fair Monument over them, and gracing it with an Inscription which may perpetuate both the Marble and his Memory. Your Generosity, which was too large to be confin'd either to his Life or his Person, has also extended it self to his Posterity, on whom Your Ladyship has been pleas'd to entail Your Favours, which must, with all Gratitude, be acknowledg'd as the most valuable part of their Inheritance, both by them, and

YOUR LADISHIP'S

Most oblig'd, and most Humble Servant,

Fr. Purcell.

THE Bookfeller to the Reader.

WHereas this Excellent Collection was design'd to have been Publish'd some considerable Time before now, the Reason of its delay, was to have it as compleat as possibly it could be made, both in regard to the Memory of that great Master, and the Satisfaction of all that buy it. And to make amends to those Gentlemen and Ladies who subscrib'd early to this Work, they will here find an Addition of above Thirty Songs more than were at first propos'd, which (considering the extraordinary charge of Paper, &c. at this time) is an additional Expence to me, tho' I hope the Compleatness of the Work will recompence my Care and Trouble. The Author's extraordinary Talent in all sorts of Musick is sufficiently known, but he was especially admir'd for the Vocal, having a peculiar Genius to express the Energy of English Words, whereby he mov'd the Passions of all his Auditors. And I question not, but the Purchaser will be very well pleas'd in the Choice of this Collection, which will be a great Satisfaction to

Your Humble Servant,

Hen. Playford.

An ODE on the Death of Mr. Henry Purcell. Written by Mr. Dryden.

I.

Mark how the Lark and Linnet Sing,
With rival Notes
They strain their warbling Throats,
To welcome in the Spring.
But in the close of Night,
When *Philomel* begins her Heav'nly Lay,
They cease their mutual spight,
Drink in her Musick with Delight,
And list'ning and silent, and silent and list'ning,
(and list'ning and silent obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival Crew when *Purcell* came,
They Sung no more, or only Sung his Fame.
Struck dumb they all admir'd the Godlike Man:
The God-like Man
Alas! too soon retir'd,
As he too late began.
We beg not Hell our *Orpheus* to restore;
Had he been there,
Their Sovereigns fear
Had sent him back before.
The pow'r of Harmony too well they knew,
He long'e're this had Tun'd their jarring Sphere,
And left no Hell below.

III.

(high,
The Heav'nly Quire, who heard his Notes from
Let down the Scale of Musick from the Sky:
They handed him along, (they Sung.
And all the way He taught, and all the way
Ye Brethren of the *Lyre*, and tunefull Voice,
Lament his lot, but at your own rejoyce.
Now live secure and linger out your days,
The Gods are pleas'd alone with *Purcell's* *Layes*,
Nor know to mend their Choice.

This Ode is Sett to Musick by Dr. Blow,
and may be bound up with this Collection.

Another Ode on the same occasion. By a Person of Quality.

Accord thy Blessing to my bold Design,
Thou best Inspirer of Harmonious Grief;
Thou, who among the tunefull Nine,
In mournfull Melody art Chief.
In Musick, wing'd with Sighs, I soar,
A second *Orpheus* to deplore;
Second in Time, but First in Fame;
To him blind Fiction gave a Name.
The truthless Tales, which frantick Poets tell
Of *Thebes*, and moving Stones, and Journeys
(down to Hell,
Were only Prophecies of Musick's force, which
Have wonderfully seen fulfill'd in Thee. (we
What mortal Harmony cou'd do
No Mortal ever knew,
Till thy transcendent Genius came, (flame:
Whose strength surpass'd the Praises of Poetick
Whose Raptures will for ever want a Name.
Out of thy Orb awhile
(Content to wander here below)
Thou did'st vouchsafe to bless our Isle,
(With high Commands from Heaven, for ought
To try seditious Jarrs to reconcile. [we know)
But *Discord*, in a frightfull form,
With all her Retinue of War,
The Drum, the Pulpit, and the Barr,
The croaking Crowds tumultuous noise,
And ev'ry hoarse Out-landish voice,
Proclaim'd so loud th'impending Storm,
That frighted hence, thou didst for Refuge fly,
To reassume thy Station in the Sky:
There Heavenly Carols to compose and sing,
To Heavens harmonious King.
Where rapt in transports of Extatic Song,
Amidst th' inspir'd Seraphic throng,
Crown'd with Cœlestial ever-blooming Bays,
Thou sitt'st dissolv'd in *Halleluiahs*.

A Lamentation for the Death of Mr. Henry Purcell. Sett to Musick by his Brother, Mr. Daniel Purcell.

The Words by N. Tate, Esq;

I.

A Gloomy Mist o'erspreads the Plains
More Gloomy Grief the Nymphs & Swains;
The Shepherd breaks his tunefull Reed,
His pining Flocks refuse to feed.
Silent are the Lawns and Glades,

The

The Hills, the Vales, the Groves, the Dales,
All silent as *Elizian* Shades.

No more they Sing, no more Rejoyce,
Eccho her self has lost her Voice.

II.

A Sighing Wind, a Murm'ring Rill,
Our Ears with dolefull Accents fill:
They are heard, and onely they,
For sadly thus they seem to say,
The Joy, the Pride of Spring is Dead,
The Soul of Harmony is fled.
Pleasure's flown from *Albion's* Shore,
Wit and Mirth's bright Reign is o'er,
Strephon and *Musick* are no more!

Since Nature thus pays Tribute to his Urn,
How should a sad, forsaken Brother mourn !

An Ode for the Consort at York-Buildings,
upon the Death of Mr. Purcell. By
J. Talbot, Fellow of Trinity College
in Cambridge.

I.

WEEP, all ye Muses, weep o're *Damon's* Herse,
And pay the grateful Honors of your Verse:
Each mournfull Strain in saddest Accents dress,
His Praises, and your Sorrows to express.
Ye Sons of Art, lament your Learned Chief
With all the Skill and Harmony of Grief;
To *Damon's* Herse your tunefull Tribute bring,
Who taught each Note to speak, and every
(Muse to sing.

II.

Hark! how the Warlike *Trumpet* groans,
The Warlike *Trumpet* sadly moans,
Instructed once by *Damon's* Art
To warm the active Soldier's Heart,
To soften Danger, sweeten Care,
And smooth the rugged Toils of War,
Now with shrill Grief, and melancholy Strains
Of *Damon's* Death, and *Albion's* Loss complains.

The sprightly *Haut-boys*, and gay *Violin*,
By *Damon* taught to charm the list'ning Ear,
To fill the ecchoing Theatre,
And with rich Melody adorn each Scene;
Forget their native Chearfulness,
Their wonted Air and Vigor to express,
And in dead doleful Sounds a tuneless Grief con-
(fess.
" Weep all ye Muses, weep o're *Damon's* Herse,
" And pay the grateful Honors of your Verse.

III.

Mark how the melancholy *Flute*,
Joins in sad Consort with the amorous *Lute*,
Lamenting *Damon's* hapless Fate:
From him they learn'd to tell the Lover's Care,
With soft Complaints to move the cruel Fair,
To calm her Anger, and to change her Hate.
The various *Organ* taught by *Damon's* hand
A holier Passion to command,
The roving Fancy to refine,
And fill the ravish'd Soul with Charms divine;
Now in loud Sighs employs its tuneful Breath,
And bids each secret Sound conspire
To mourn its darling *Damon's* Death,
And with consenting Grief to form one num'rous
(Choir:
" Weep all ye Muses, weep o're *Damon's* Herse,
" And pay the grateful Honors of your Verse.

IV.

Cease, cease, ye Sons of Art, forbear
To aggravate your own Despair:
Cease to lament your Learned Chief
With fruitless Skill, and hopeless Grief;
For sure, if Mortals here below
Ought of Diviner Beings know,
Damon's large Mind informs some active Sphere,
And circles in melodious Raptures there;
Mix'd with his Fellow-Choristers above,
In the bright Orbs of Harmony and Love.

The following Lines were design'd for Mr.
Purcell's Monument; which being sup-
ply'd by a better Hand, the Author of this
Inscription, in veneration to the Memory
of that Great Master, prefixes it to his
Golden Remains.

Memoriae Sacrum H. P.

En! Marmor loquax
(Vix, heu! præ dolore)
Lacrymas stillatim sudat;
Manes *Purcelli* sacros,
Quisquis es, Viator,
Siste ac venerare.
Eheu! quàm subito Orbis Harmonici
Procubuit Columnen!
Anglicus ille *Amphion*, *Orpheus*, *Apollo*,
Deus Harmoniæ *Italo-Anglus*,
Certè *Corellius*;
Artis Musicæ
Perquàm difficilis
Facile *Coryphæus*.
Per acuta Musicæ victor ibat ovans.

Et placidâ Animam compede alligavit.
 Eheu ! quàm brevi
 Præcox marcescit ingenium !
 Invida quippe Natura Juvenem,
 Arte senescentem, corripuit.
 At---define tandem
 Miserantis quærimoniæ:
 Non Omnis moritur,
 Vivunt Symphonix immortales.
 Angelorum Chori *Purcellum* stipantes,
 Nectaris immemores,
 Mellitiores istos bibunt Aure sonos:
 Et plaudentes recinunt.
 Vivent, in æternum
 Æternumque placebunt.
 Abi, viator, & si Musicus, æmulare:
 Sed calcibus humum levitèr preme,
 Nè nascentes atteras Rosas.

Johannes Gilbert A.M. Coll. Christ. Cantab.

To the Memory of my Dear Friend
 Mr. Henry Purcell.

M^U**S****I****C****K**, the chiefest Good the Gods have
 (giv'n,

And what below still antedates our Heav'n,
 Just like a Spirit, by a lasting Spell,
 Confin'd to *Italy*, did Ages dwell.
 Long there remain'd a pleas'd & welcom Guest,
 Lov'd best to live where best she was express'd.
 By Glory led, at length to *France* she came,
 And there immortaliz'd great *Lully's* Name;
 As yet a Stranger to the *British* Shore,
 Till *Lock*, and *Blow*, deep learn'd in all her Lore,
 And happy artfull *Gibbons*, forc't her o're.
 Where with young *Humphries* she acquainted

(grew,
 (Our first reforming Music's *Richelieu*)
 Who dying left the Goddess all to You.
 There are, I own, a num'rous tunefull Throng,
 Composing still, though often in the wrong,
 And with Old Air set forth a fine New Song.
 These to thy juster Art have no pretence,
 For if they make a Tune they mar the Sense.
 If sparkling Air the taking *Treble* grace,
 'Tis murder'd quite by the *Ungodly Bass*.
 These to old *Morley's* Maxims counter run;
 In *Overtures* rejoyce, in *Figgs* they mourn:
 Whilst their too great Example, Mighty You,
 That you might still impartial Justice doe,
 At once to *Musick*, and the *Muses* too;
 Each Syllable first weigh'd, or short, or long,
 That it might too be Sense, as well as Song.
 Where'er thy well known Name with theirs is

(found,
 Is as if *Cowley*, up with *Quarles* were bound.
Purcell! the Pride and Wonder of the Age,
 The Glory of the Temple, and the Stage.

When I thy happy Compositions view,
 The Parts so proper find, the Air so new,
 Your Cadence just, your Accent ever true;
 How can I e're enough the Man admire,
 Who's rais'd the *British* o're the *Thracian* Lyre!
 That *Bard* cou'd make the Savage-kind obey,
 But thou hast tam'd yet greater Brutes than they:
 Who e're like *Purcell* cou'd our Passions move!
 Who ever sang so feelingly of Love!
 When *Thyrsis* does in dying Notes complain
 His hapless Love, and *Phyllis* cold Disdain;
 Brib'd by the magic Sounds that strike the Ear,
 We Partiesturn, and blame the cruel Fair;
 But when you tune your *Lyre* to Martial Lays,
 In Songs Immortal, Mortal Hero's Praise;
 Each Song its Hearers does to Hero's raise.

Hail! and for ever hail Harmonious Shade!
 I lov'd thee Living, and admire thee Dead.
Apollo's Harp at once our Souls did strike,
 We learnt together, but not learnt alike:
 Though equal care our Master might bestow,
 Yet only *Purcell* e're shall equal *Blow*: (sign'd,
 For Thou, by Heaven for wondrous things de-
 Left'st thy Companion lagging far behind.

Sometimes a HERO in an Age appears;
 But scarce a PURCELL in a Thousand Tears.

By *H. Hall*, Organist of *Hereford*.

To the Memory of his much lamented Friend
 Mr. Henry Purcell. By *H. P.*

HArk! what deep Groans torment the Air,
 Is Nature sunk into Despair;
 Or does the trembling Earth descry
 A fit of Falling-Sickness nigh?
 O my Prophetick Fears! he's gone!
 'Twas Nature's diapason'd Groan.

Harmonious Soul! took'st thou offence
 At Discords here, and fled'st from hence?
 Or in thy Sacred Raptures hear
 The Musick of Heavens warbling Sphere?
 Then mounted strait where Angels sing,
 And Love does dance on every String.

For Balms thou need'st not rob the East,
 Nor strip the *Phoenix* Spicy Nest:
 For, O my Friend, thy charming Strains
 Perfume the Skies with sweeter Grains.
 Touch but thy *Lyre* the Stones will come,
 And dance themselves into a Tomb.

Table of the S O N G S.

Note, That such Songs as are thus marked † were never before Printed.

A.	Page.		Page.
<i>AH</i> how sweet it is to love	3	† <i>Love arms himself in Celia's Eyes</i>	131
† <i>Ah</i> me, to many Deaths	179	<i>Lovely Albina</i>	133
† <i>Ah</i> Belinda	193	<i>Let Hector, Achilles</i>	162
† <i>And in each Track of Glory</i>	208	† <i>Let Cæsar and Urania live</i>	203
<i>As soon as the Chaos</i>	228	<i>Love thou canst hear</i>	219
B.		<i>Let the dreadfull Engines</i>	243
<i>Befs of Bedlam</i>	126	N.	
† <i>Bacchus is a Power Divine</i>	174	<i>No, Resistance is in vain</i>	155
<i>Blow Boreas, blow</i>	185	<i>Nestor who did</i>	210
<i>Behold the Man</i>	237	<i>Now the Maids and the Men</i>	232
C.		O.	
<i>Celia has a thousand Charms</i>	1	<i>Oh Lead me, lead me</i>	84
<i>Cease anxious World</i>	12	<i>Oh Solitude my sweetest Choice</i>	95
<i>Cynthia frowns when e'er I wo her</i>	70	† <i>O let me weep</i>	194
<i>Come let us leave the Town</i>	108	S.	
<i>Celebrate this Festival</i>	117	<i>Soft Notes and gently rais'd</i>	15
<i>Celemene, pray tell me</i>	216	† <i>Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd</i>	29
D.		† <i>Sweeter than Roses</i>	86
<i>Dear, pretty Youth</i>	79	<i>Sheloves and she confesses too</i>	124
<i>Dulcibella</i>	199	† <i>Stript of their Green</i>	129
F.		<i>Sing all ye Muses</i>	141
† <i>For Love ev'ry Creature</i>	45	<i>Sound a Parley</i>	159
<i>Fairest Isle of Isles excelling</i>	83	<i>Since the Times are so bad</i>	168
<i>From Rosie Bow'rs, where sleeps the God of Love</i>	90	† <i>Strike the Viol, touch the Lute</i>	189
<i>Fair Cloe my Breast so alarms</i>	137	<i>Since from my dear</i>	190
<i>Fly swift ye Hours</i>	181	<i>See where repenting Celia lies</i>	191
† <i>From folded Flocks</i>	213	<i>See how the fading Glories</i>	223
G.		T.	
† <i>Gentle Shepherds, you that know</i>	72	<i>The Cares of Lovers</i>	9
H.		<i>Two Daughters of this aged Streams</i>	35
<i>How pleasant is this flow'ry Plain</i>	19	<i>Though my Mistress be</i>	42
† <i>Here's to thee Dick</i>	57	<i>Tell me why my charming Fair</i>	62
<i>Hark my Daridcar</i>	148	<i>They say you're angry</i>	81
<i>Here the Deities approve</i>	227	<i>There ne'er was so wretched a Lover</i>	112
I.		<i>This Poet sings the Trojan Wars</i>	119
<i>If Musick be the Food of Love</i>	6	† <i>Thy Genius lo from his sweet Bed of Rest</i>	135
<i>I look'd and saw within the Book of Fate</i>	10	† <i>This Nature's Voice</i>	177
<i>I see, I see she flies me</i>	33	W.	
† <i>I came, and saw, and was undone</i>	67	<i>Whilst I with Grief did on you look</i>	4
† <i>If Prayers and Tears the Church of England</i>	98	<i>When Teucer from his Father fled</i>	47
<i>In vain, in vain against Love</i>	102	<i>When first I saw the bright Aurelia's Eyes</i>	76
<i>I'll sail upon the Dog-star</i>	122	<i>When Myra sings</i>	104
<i>I attempt from Love-Sickness</i>	226	† <i>What a sad Fate</i>	165
L.		<i>Were I to chuse the greatest Bliss</i>	206
<i>Leave these useless Arts</i>	37	Y.	
<i>Love thou art best of humane Joys</i>	39	<i>You twice Ten Hundred Deities</i>	25
<i>Lucinda is bewitching fair</i>	88	<i>You say'tis Love creates the Pain</i>	52
<i>Lost is my Quiet</i>	110	C	

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A Song in the Rival-Sisters.

E-lia has a thousand, thousand, thou

sand, Charmes; 'tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n to lye with-in her

Armes; while I stand gazing on her Face, some new, and some resistless grace, fills with fresh

Magick all the place: while I stand gazing on her Face, some

new, and some re-sist-less grace, fills with fresh Magick a

ll the place:

But while the Nymph I thus a-dore, but

while the Nymph I thus, I thus a-dore, I shou'd my wretched, wretched, wretched

Fate deplore; for oh! *Mir-til-lo*, oh! *Mir-til-lo*, have a care, have a care, her

sweetness is a-bove compare, but then she's false, she's false, but then she's false, she's

false as well as Fair; have a care, have a care, have a care *Mir-til-lo*, have a

care *Mir-til-lo*, have a care, have a care, have a care, have a care.

A Song in *Tyrannick Love*, or the *Royal Martyr*.

A H! how sweet, ah! how sweet, how sweet it is to Love; Ah! ah!

ah! how gay is young de- fire: And what plea—sing

pain, and what plea—sing pain we prove; when first, when first we feel a Lovers fire:

pains of Love are sweet—ter far, then all, all, all, all, all other

pleasures are; pains of Love are swee—ter far, then all, all, all, all

other plea—sures are. are.

A Song on Mrs. *Bracegirdle's* Singing (*I Burn &c.*)
In the Second part of *Don-Quixote*.

W Hilt I with grief did on you look, whilst I with grief did on you

look, when Love had tur n'd your Brain, from

you, I, I, the con- ta- gion took, from you, I, I, the con-

ta- gion took, and for you, for you bor

e the pain, for you, for you bor e the pain:

Mar-cel-la, then your Lo-ver prize, and be not, be not

be not too se— vere; use well, use well the con

quest of your Eyes, for Pride, Pride,

Pride has cost you dear. Am—bro-sio treats your Flames with scorn, and rack

s your ten—der mind, withdraw your Smiles, withdraw your

Smile—s and Frowns re—turn, and pay him, pay him, pay him

in his kind, and pay him, pay him, pay him in his kind.

I F Mufick, if Mufick be the foo d of Love, Sing on, sing

on, sing on, sing on, sing, fi ng

on, till I am fill'd with jo

—y, till I am fill'd with joy; for then my listning Soul you mo

ve, for then my listning Soul you mo

—ve, you move, to plea fures that can never, ne-ver

cloy; your Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de—clare, that you are

Mu—sick ev'—ry where; your

Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de—clare, that you are Mu—

sick ev'—ry where.

Pleasures in—vade both Eye and Ear, pleasures invade both Eye and Ear, fo

fier—ce, fo fier

ce the transports are, they wou

nd, so fier

ce the

transports are, they wound, and all my Sen-fes feasted are, and all my Sen-fes feast-ed

are; tho' yet the Treat is on-ly Sound, tho' yet the Treat is on-ly

Sound, Sound, Sound, Sound, Sound, Sound, is on-ly Sound;

sure I must perish, I must, I must pe-rish by your Charms, unless you

fa

ve me in your Armes.

fa

ve me in your Armes.

A Song, in *Timon of Athens*.

He Ca — res, the Car — es of Lo — vers,

their A — lar — mes, their

Sighs, their Tears have pow'r —

— full Charms, and if so sweet their Tor — ment is, ye

Gods, ye Gods how Ravish-ing, ye Gods how Ravish-ing, how Ravishing the

bliss, so soft, so gen-tle, so soft, so gen-tle is their pain;

'tis ev'n a plea

sure to com—plain.

A Song in the *Indian Emperor*.

I Look'd, I look'd, and saw within the Book of Fate, where ma-ny Days did

Low'r, when lo! when lo! one happy, happy Hour leapt up, leapt up, and smil'd,

leapt up and smi—l'd, to save thy fin—king State.

A Day shall come, when in thy pow'r thy cru — el Foes shall be; a

Day shall come, when in thy pow'r thy cru — el Foes shall be; then shall the Land be

free, and thou in Peace, and thou in Pea — ce. shalt Reign, but

take, Oh! oh! take that op — portu — ni — ty, which once re —

— fus'd, will never, never, never, come a — gain; will never, never, never, never, never,

never, never, come a — gain.

A Song on a Ground, the Words by Sir George Ethridge.

Ease, anxious World, your fruit—less Pain; cease, cease, cease anxious

World, your fruit—less Pain, to gra—sp for—bidden Store; your

study'd Labours shall prove vain, your Alchy—my un—blest; whilst Seeds of far more

pre—cious Ore, are ripen'd, are ri—pen'd in my Breast: My Breast, the Forge of

happi—er Love, where my Lu—cin—da, my Lu—cin—da lies; and the rich Stock

does so improve, as she her Art em—ploys; that ev'—ry Smile and Touch she

gives, turns all to Golden Joys. Since then we can such Treasures raise, let's

no Expence re-fuse; in Love let's lay out all our Days; how can we e're be Poore?

How can we e're be Poore? How can we e're be Poor, when ev'-ry

Blessing that we use, be-gets a thousand more? When e'-ry Blessing that we

use, be-gets a thousand more? When ev'-ry Blessing that we use, be-

— gets a thousand more.

A Seranading SONG.

Symphony for two Flutes.

Handwritten musical score for three staves in G major, 3/4 time. The top staff is for the first violin, the middle for the second violin, and the bottom for the cello. The music features various note values, rests, and dynamic markings like 'f' and '5b'.

Handwritten musical score for three staves, likely for a guitar or lute. The notation includes various note values, rests, and decorative symbols like 'X' and '6'. The staves are labeled with 'b' and 'g'.

S O ——— ft Notes, and gent ——— ly rais'd, left some har ——— sh found the

fair Co—rinna's Rest do rude ——— ly wound; dif—fuse a peace-full calmness

through each Part, touch all the Springs of a fo ——— ft Virgin's Heart: Tune

ev'ry Pulse, and kin-dle all her Blood, and swell the tor-ment of the li-ving Flood;

gli-de thro' her Dreams, and o're her Fan-cy move, and stir up, stir up all the

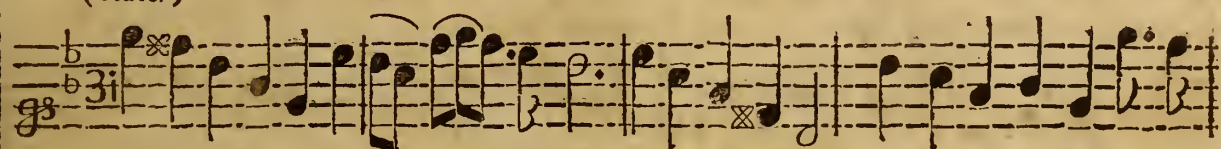
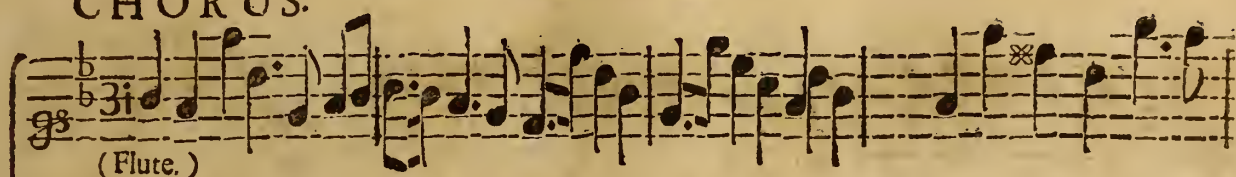
images of Love. Thus fe-ble Man does his advantage take, to gain in

Sleep what he must lose a-wake; when Night and Shades shut up Co-rin-na's Charms, then,

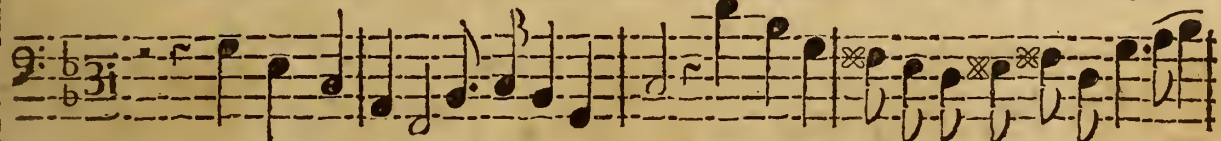
then is the prop'rft time to take up Arms: But Night and Shades her Beau-ties can't

con-veal, Night has pe-cu-liar Gra-cies to re-veal.

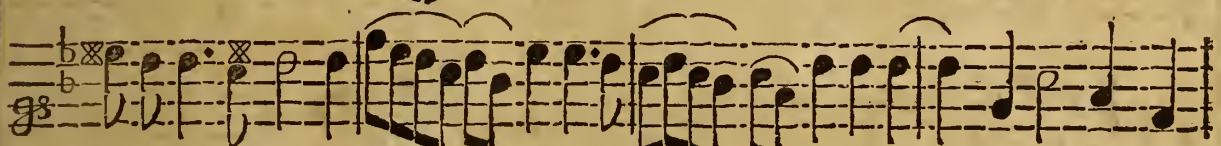
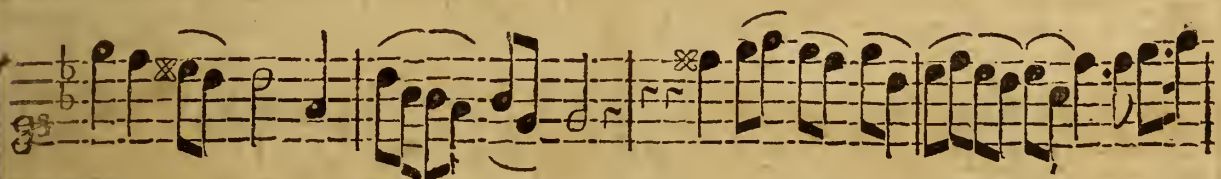
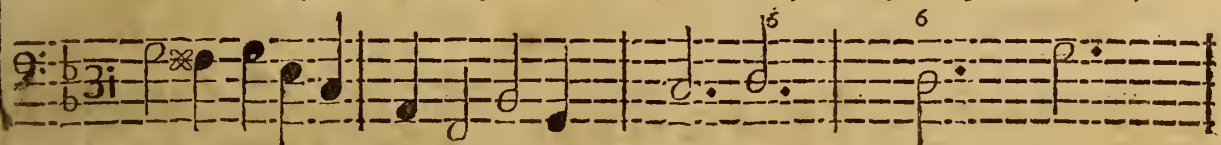
CHORUS.



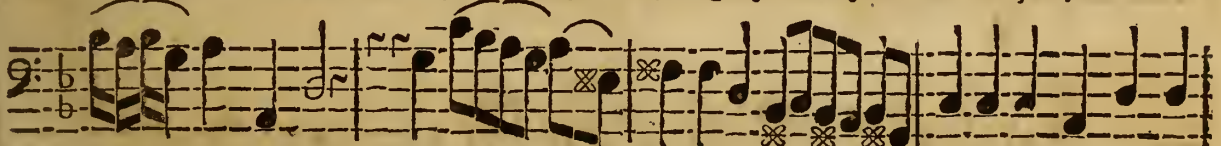
Ten thousand thousand Rap-tures do attend, ten thousand thousand, ten thousand thousand Raptures,



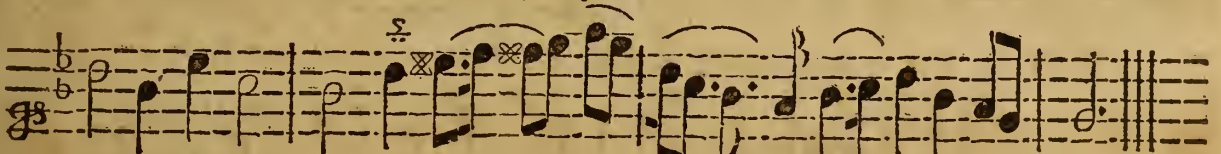
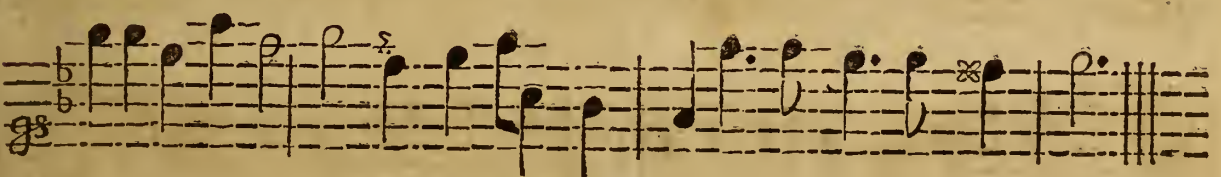
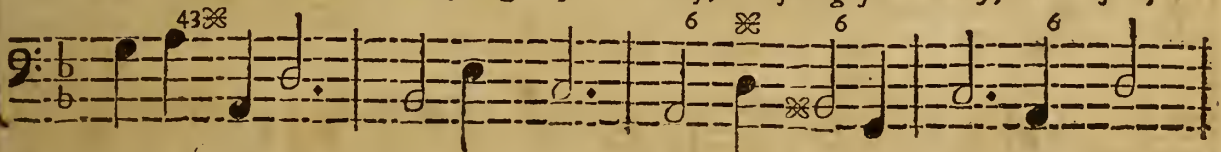
Ten thousand thousand Raptures do at-tend, ten thousand thousand Raptures do at-tend, do



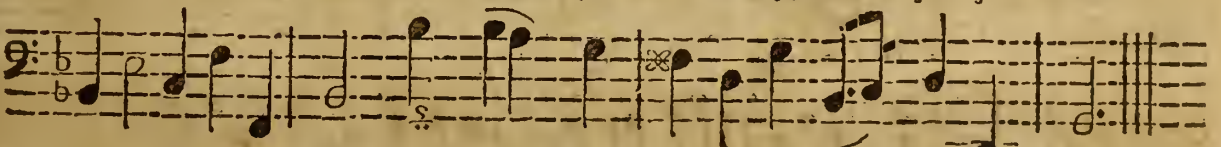
do attend this time, too strong for Fancy, too strong for Fancy and too full, and too



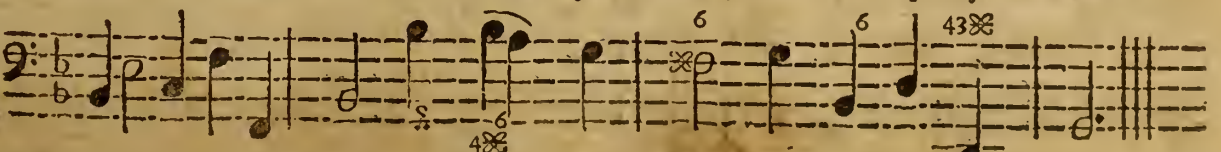
at-tend this time, too strong for Fancy, too strong for Fancy, and too full, and



full, too full for Rhime; too strong for Fan-cy, and too full for Rhime.



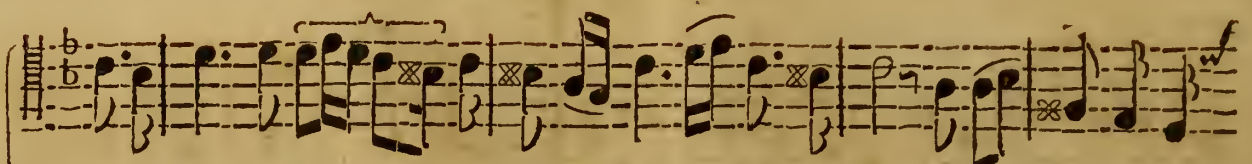
too full, too full for Rhime; too strong for Fan-cy, and too full for Rhime.



Symphony for two FLUTES.

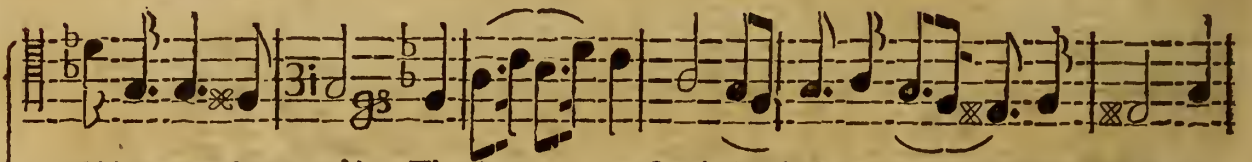
HOW plea—fant is this flow—ry Plain and Grove! What perfect Scenes of In-no—

—cence and Love! As if the Gods, when all things here below were curs'd, reserv'd this place to



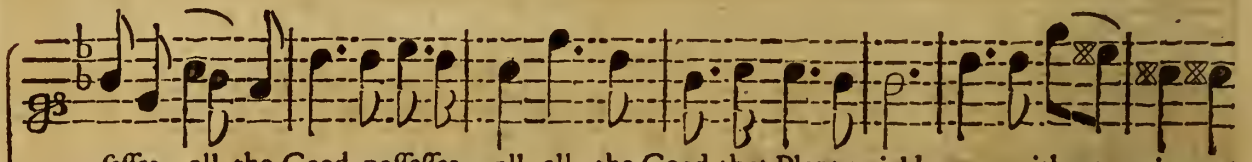
let us know, how beau — ti — full the World at first was made, e're Mankind by Am —

76 43 6 43



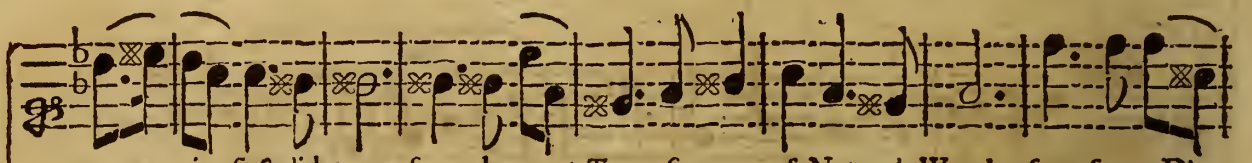
— bition was be — tray'd. The hap — py Swain in these e — na — mell'd Fields, pos —

43 3i 6 43 6



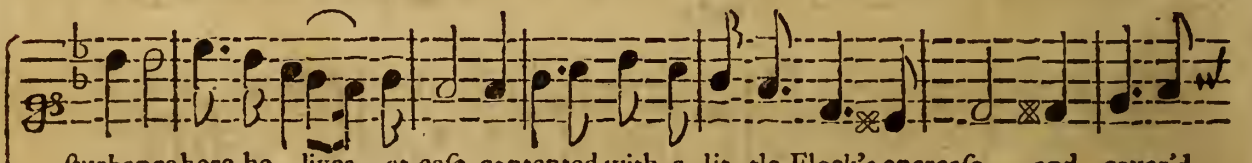
— sesses all the Good, possesses all, all the Good that Plenty yields; pure without mixture;

6 6 6 6



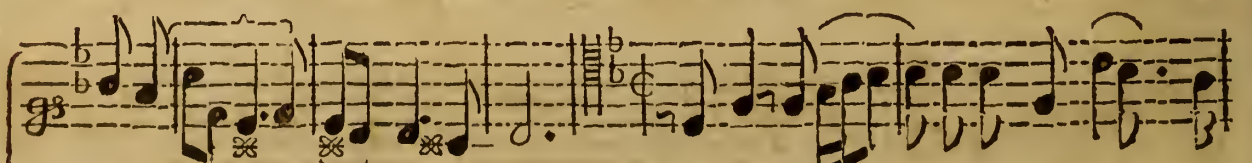
as it first did come, from the great Trea — su — ry of Nature's Womb; free from Di —

4 43 6



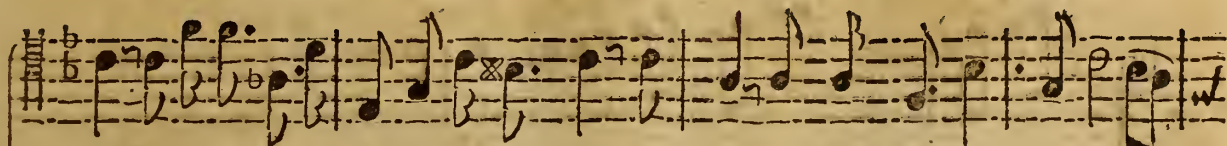
— sturbance here he lives at ease, contented with a lit — tle Flock's encrease, and cover'd

6 6 4 16 43 6

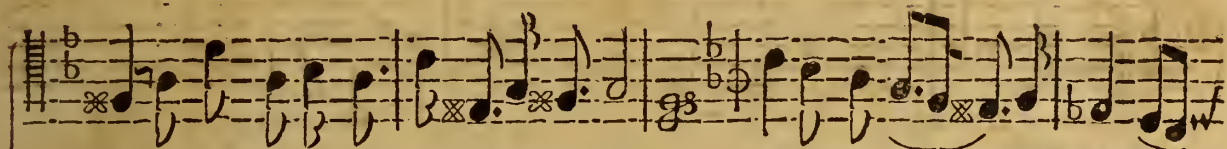
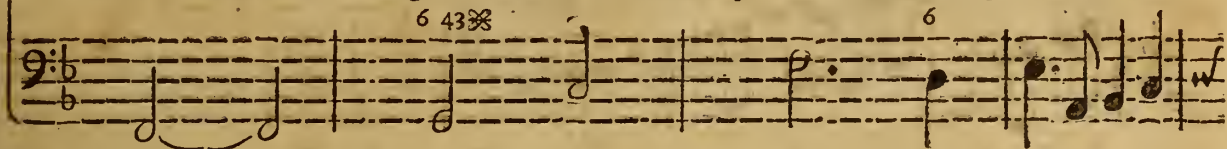


with the gen — tle Wings of Peace. No Fears, no Storms of War his Thoughts mo —

43 43

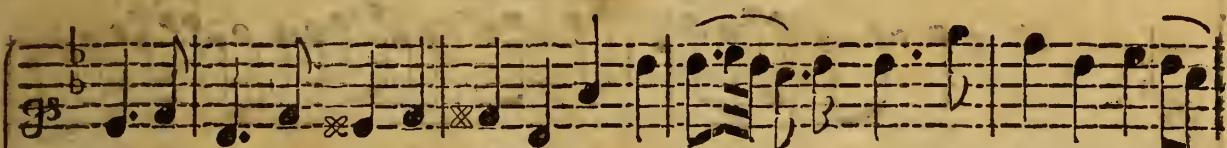
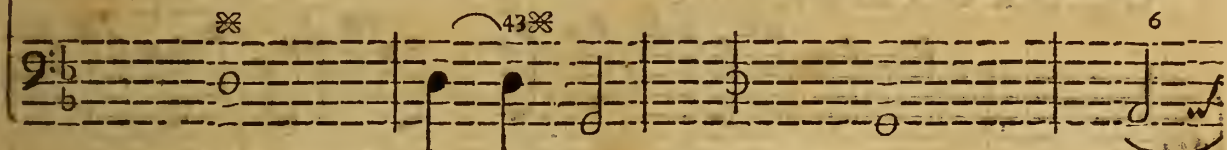


left Ambition is a stranger to his Breast; his Sheep, his Crook, and Pipe, are all his

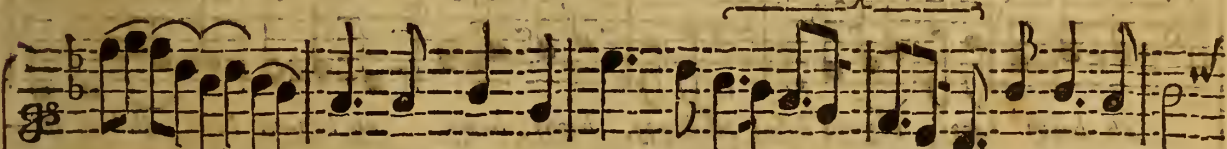


Store, he needs not, neither does he cover more.

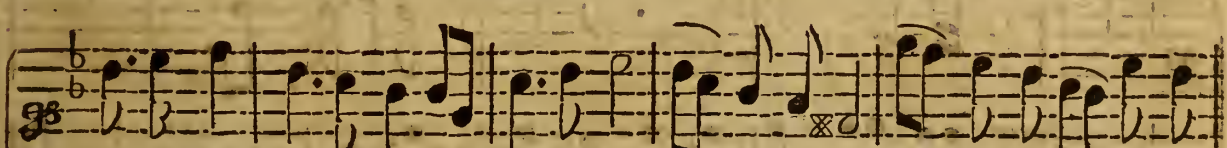
Of to the fi — lent Groves he



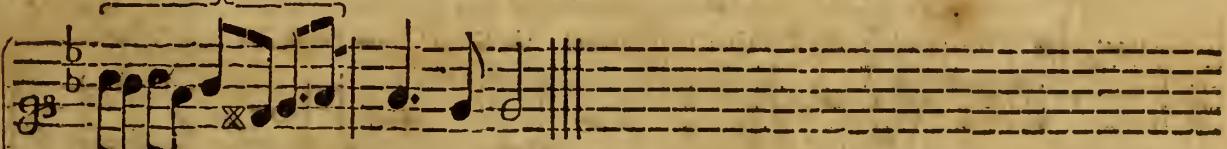
does retreat, whose Shades de-fend him from the scor — ching Heat: In these Re-ces-ses



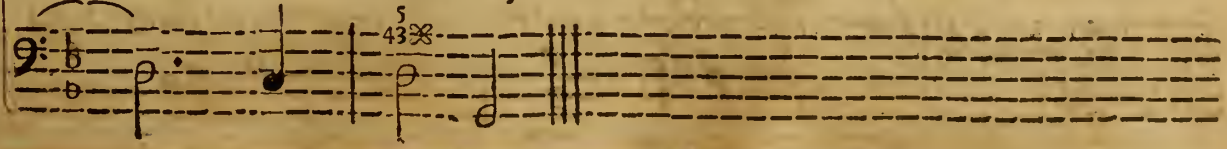
unconcern'd he lyes, whilst thro' the Boughs the whisp' — ring Zephire flies,



and the Woods Choristers on ev'ry Tree, lull him asleep, lull him asleep, with their



swee — t Har-money.



6 43

CHORUS in Five Parts.

Ab happy, happy, hap-py Life! Ab happy, happy, happy, ab hap-py Life! Ab blest Re—

Ab happy, happy, hap-py Life! Ab happy, happy, happy, ab hap-py Life! Ab blest Re—

6 6

— treat, void of the Troubles, the Troubles, that attend the Great! From Pride, and courtly Fol—lies

— treat, void of the Troubles, the Troubles, that attend the Great! From Pride, and courtly Follies

43 6

free, from all their gaudy, gau—dy Poms, and Va—ni—ty: No guilty Re—

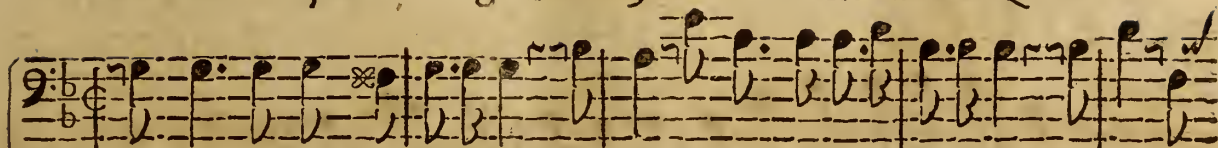
free, from all their gau—dy Poms, and Va—ni—ty: No guilty Re—

—morse does their Pleasure an—noy, nor di—sturb the De—lights of their in—nocent Joy. Crown'd

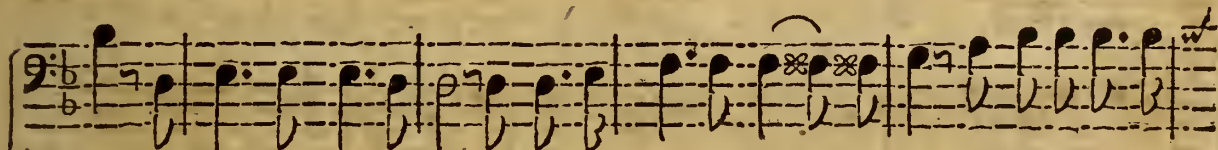
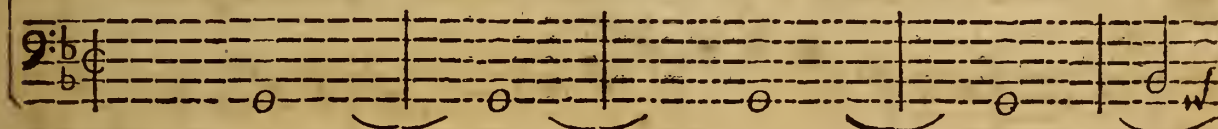
—morse does their Pleasure an—noy, nor di—sturb the De—lights of their in—nocent Joy.

Monarchs, whom Ci-ties and Kingdoms o—bey, whom Ci-ties and Kingdoms o—bey, are not
Crown'd Monarchs, whom Ci-ties and Kingdoms o—bey, whom Kingdoms o—bey, are not

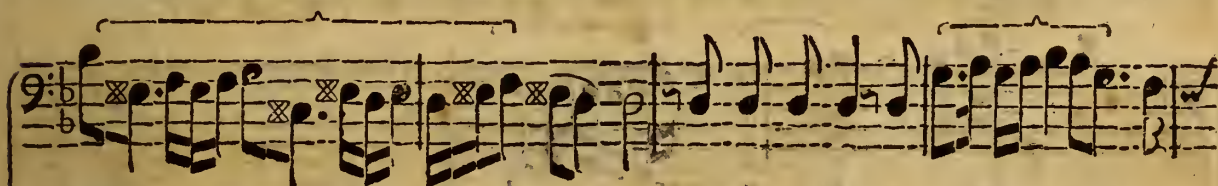
half so con—ten—ted, are not half so con—ten—ted, or hap—py as they.
half so con—ten—ted, are not half so con—ten—ted, or hap—py as they.

The Conjurers Song in the 3^d. Act of the *Indian-Queen*.

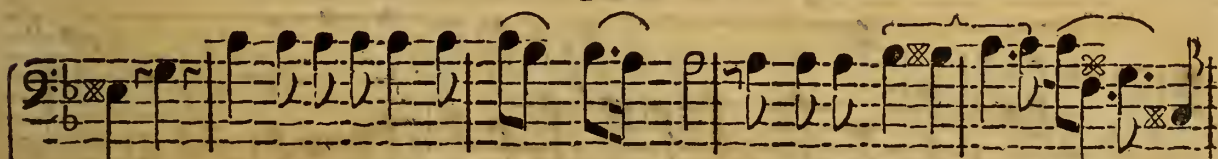
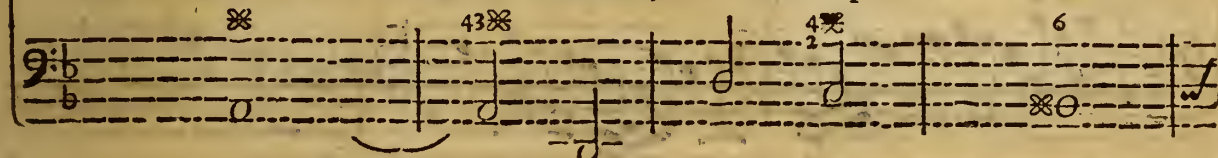
Y O U twice ten hundred De-i-ties, to whom, to whom we daily Sacrifice; Ye pow'rs, ye



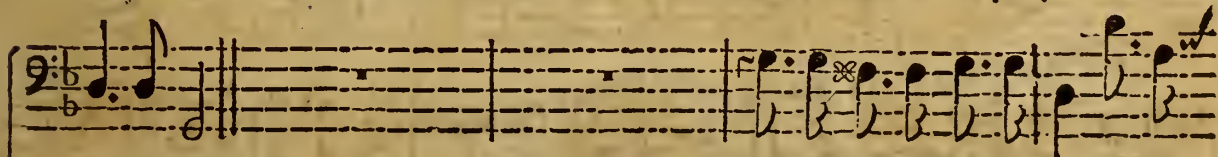
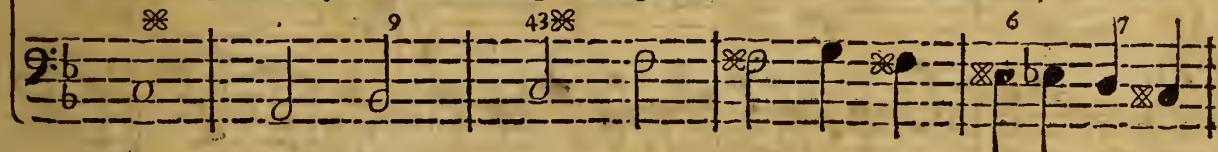
pow'rs that dwell with Fates below, and see what Men are doom'd to doe; where Elements in



dis- cord dwell, thou God of sleep a-ri- fe and

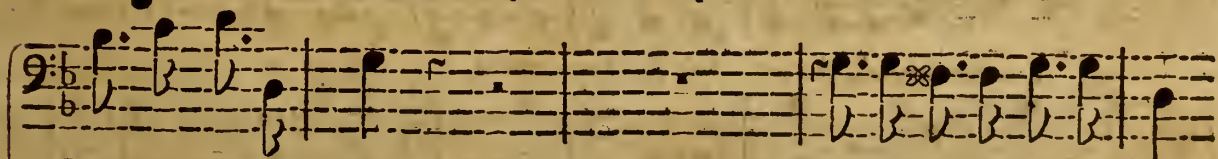
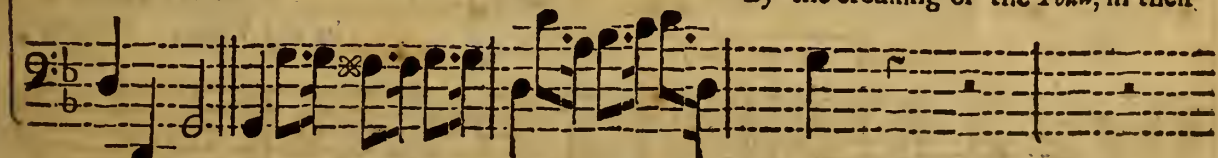


tell; tell great Zempoalla, what strange, strange Fate must on her dis- mall, dis- mall



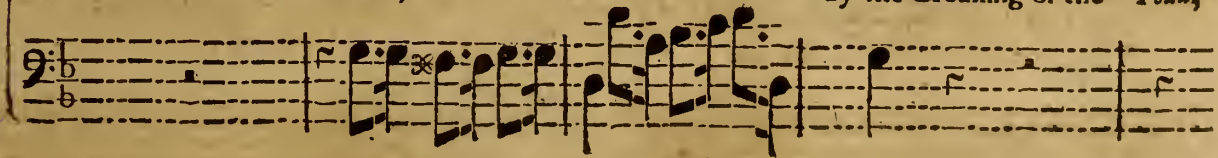
Vi-sion wait.

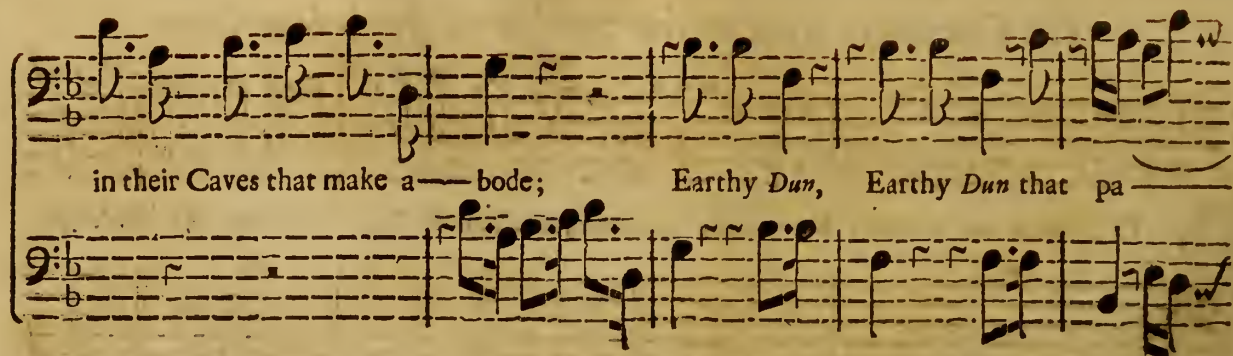
By the croaking of the Toad, in their



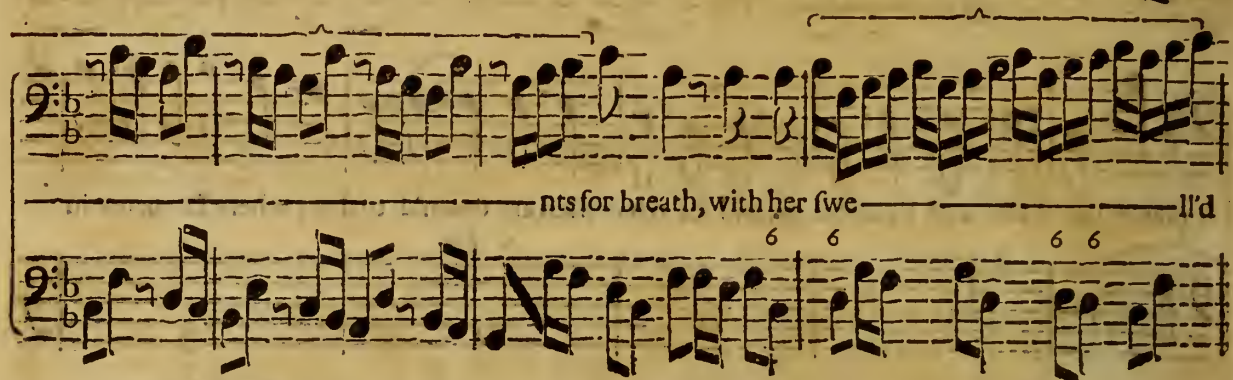
Caves that make a — bode;

by the Croaking of the Toad,





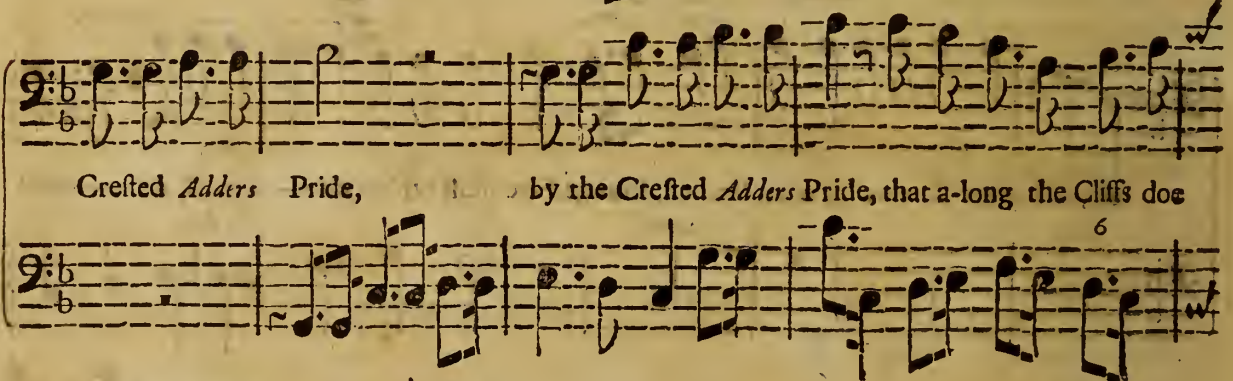
in their Caves that make a — bode; Earthy *Dun*, Earthy *Dun* that pa —



nts for breath, with her swe — ll'd



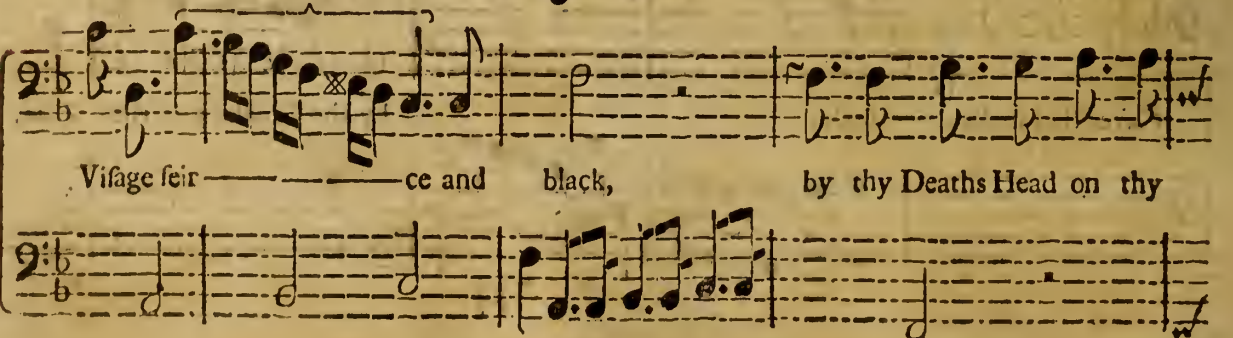
fides full, fu — ll, fu — ll of death; By the



Crested *Adders* Pride, by the Crested *Adders* Pride, that a-long the Cliffs doe



gli — de, by thy Vifage, by thy



Vifage feir — ce and black, by thy Deaths Head on thy



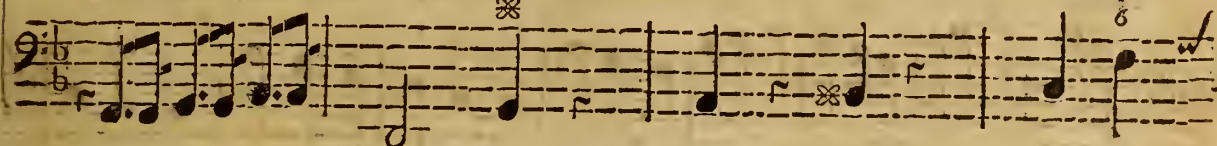
back ;

by thy twif

ted Ser-pents

X

6



plac'd, for a Girdle rou

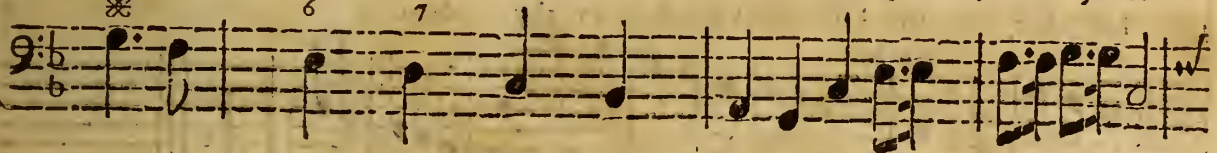
nd thy Waft ;

by the

X

6

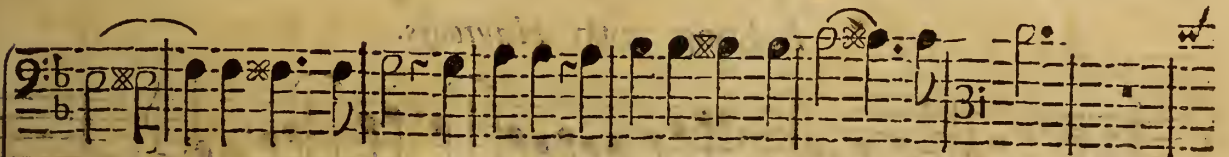
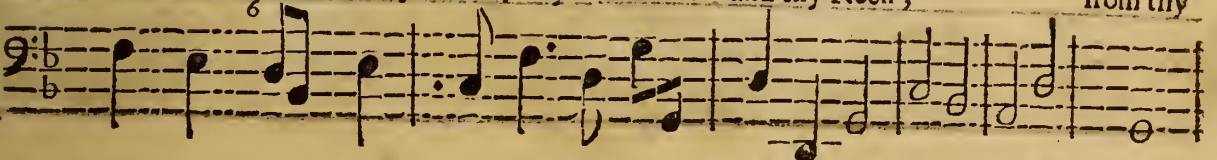
7



Hearts of Gold that deck thy Breast, thy Shoulders and thy Neck ;

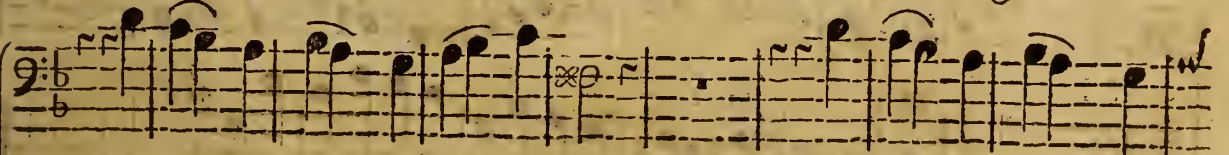
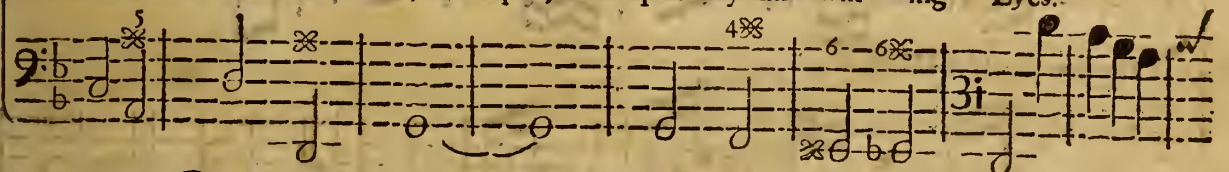
from thy

6



Sleep — ing Mansion rise, and open, and open thy un — will — ing Eyes.

3i



While bubbling Springs their Mu-sick keep,

while bubbling Springs their

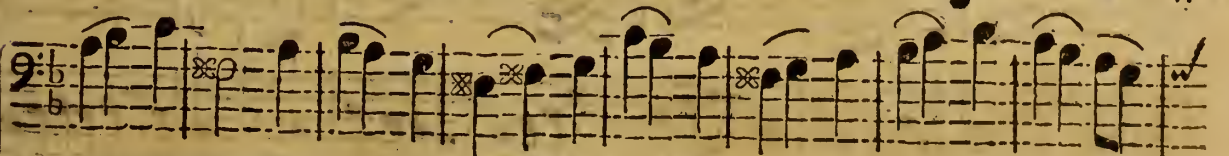
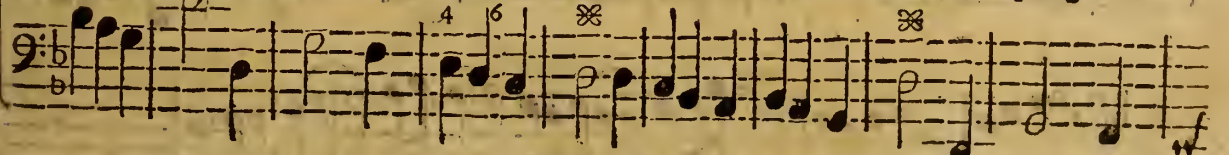
2

4

6

X

X



Mu-sick keep, that use to Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy

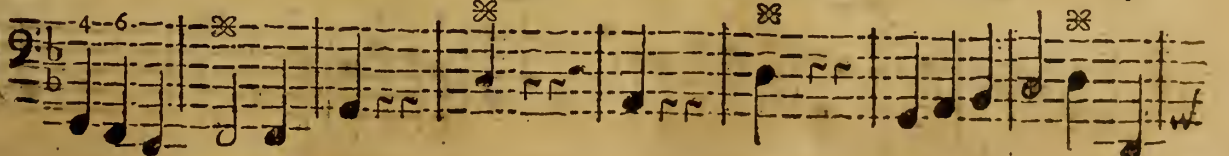
4

6

X

X

X



Sleep, that use to Lull thee, Lull thee,

Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy Sleep.

The score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef, key of B-flat) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef, key of B-flat). The first system includes the lyrics 'Sleep, that use to Lull thee, Lull thee,' with a fermata over the final 'Lull thee,'. The second system includes the lyrics 'Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy Sleep.' and ends with a double bar line. There are some 'X' marks in the piano part of the second system, possibly indicating corrections or specific performance instructions.

A Song with *Hautboys*.

Symphony for HAUTBOYS.

The score is for a symphony for hautboys, consisting of four systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in the key of B-flat. The music is written in a style typical of 18th or 19th-century manuscript notation, with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. There are various performance markings throughout, including 'X' marks, 'b5', '6', '9', and '43'. The first system begins with a large 'S' for 'Symphony'. The score concludes with a final cadence in the fourth system.

(Hautboy.)

(Voice.)

SEEK not to know what must not, what

must not, must not be Re-veal'd; Joy—s on-ly flo—

w where Fate is most con-veal'd; too bu—fy Man

too bu-fy Man wou'd find his for-rows more, if fu-ture For-tunes

6 76 6 76 6 76 76 76

he shou'd know be-fore: for by that knowledge, for by that know-ledge

6 43 76 6 6

of his Destiny, he wou'd not, wou'd not live at all, but al-ways

76 6 76 65 43

dye; Enquire not then, who, who shall from Bonds be freed, who 'tis shall wear a

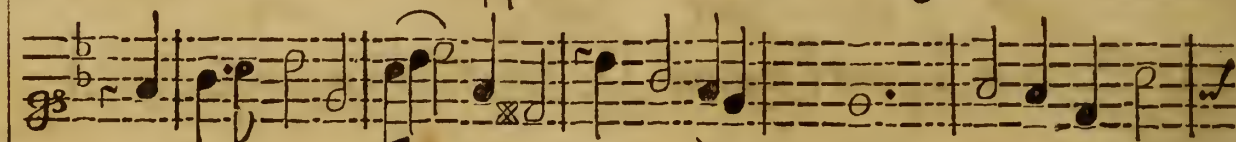
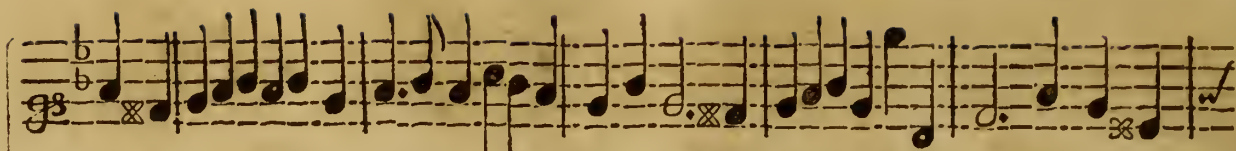
6

Crown, or who shall Bleed, shall Bleed: All, all must sub—mit,

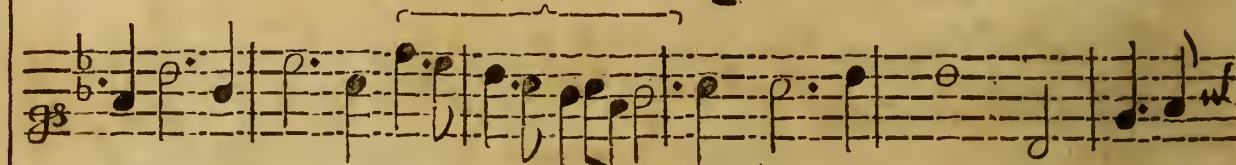
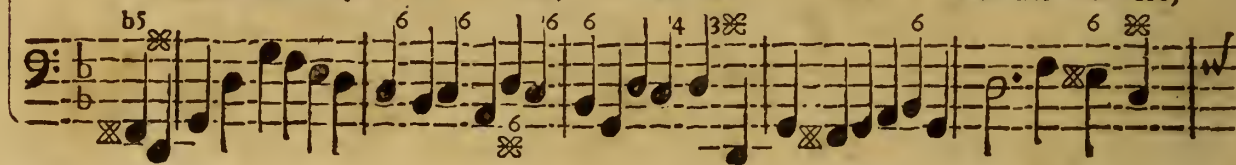
all must sub—mit to their ap—point—ted Doom, Fate and mis—

—fortune will too, too quick, quick—ly come; Let me no more, no more, no

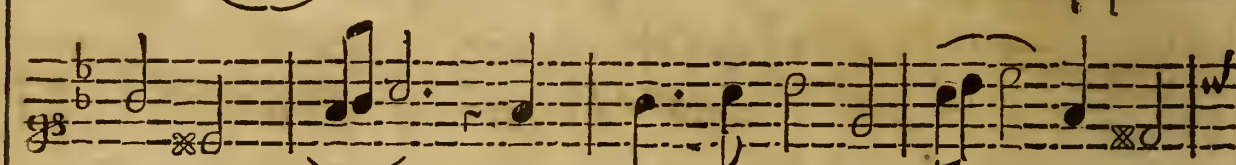
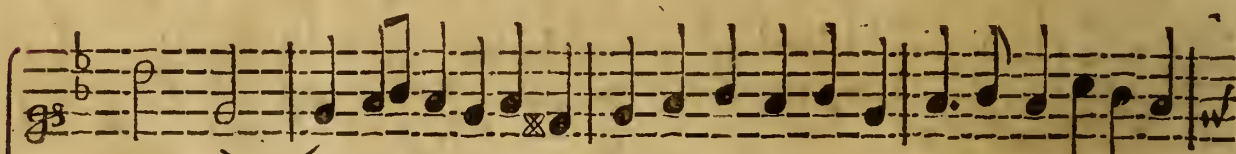
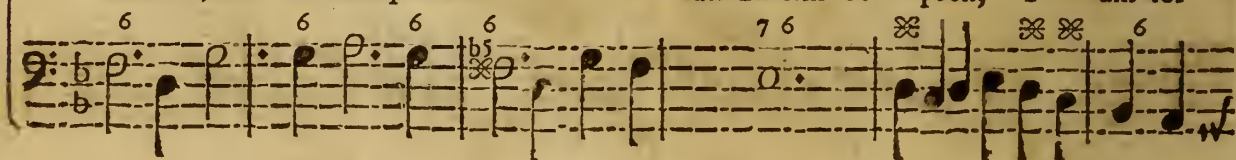
more with power—full Charms be prest, I am forbid by Fate,



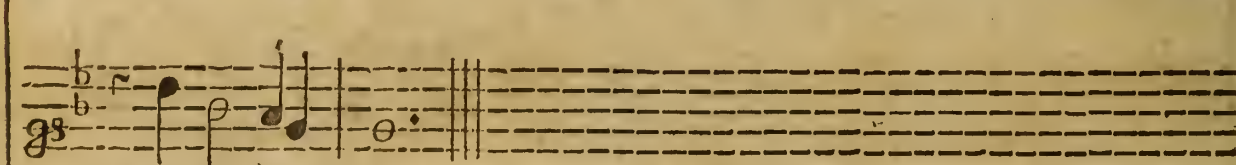
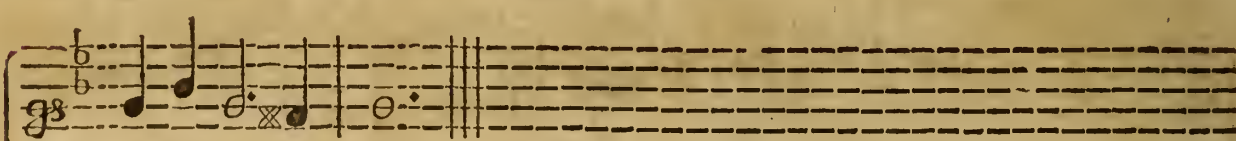
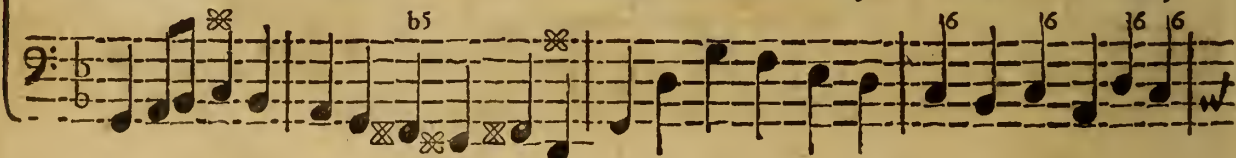
I am forbid by Fate to tell, to tell the rest: Let me no more,



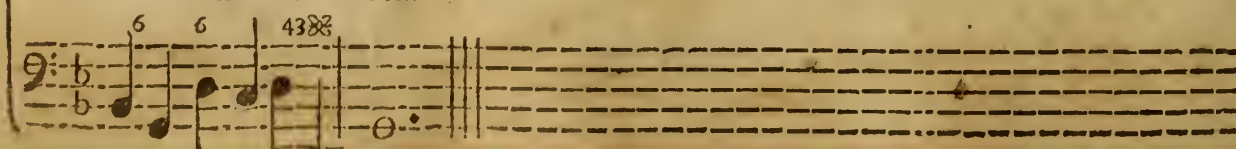
no more, no more with power — full Charms be prest, I am for —

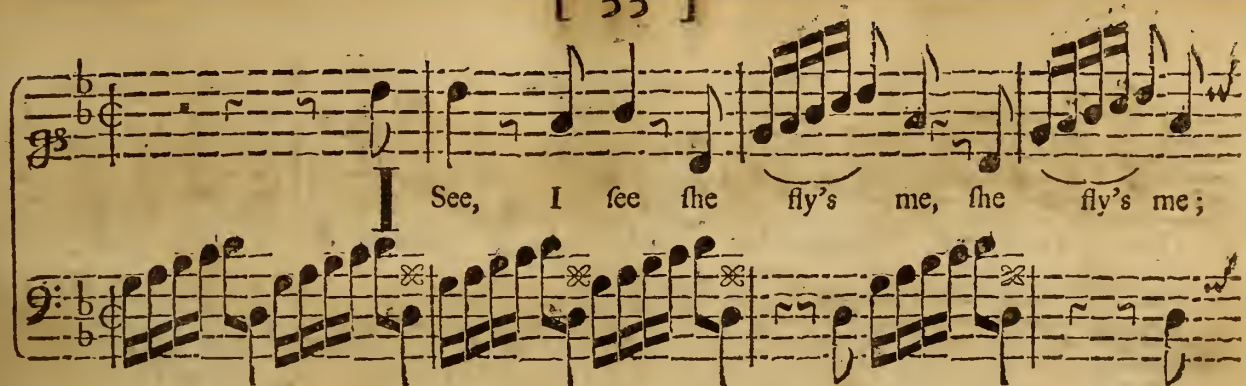


—bid by Fate, I am for-bid by Fate to tell,

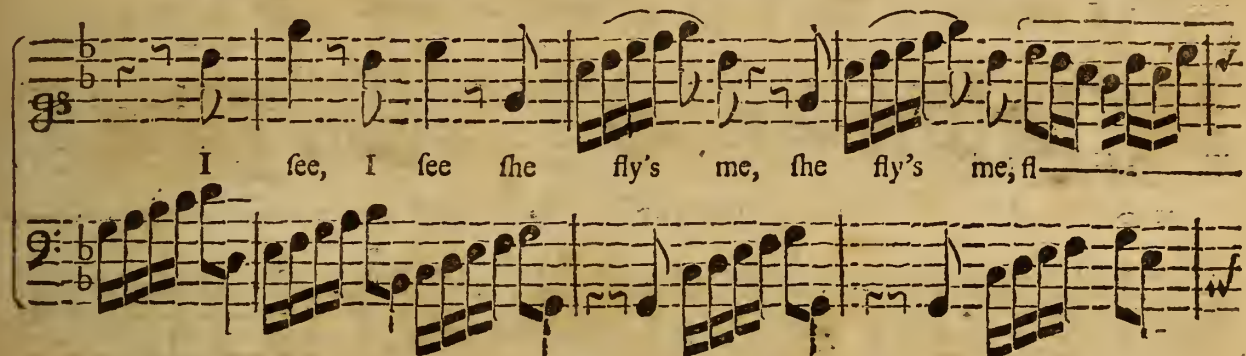


to tell the rest.

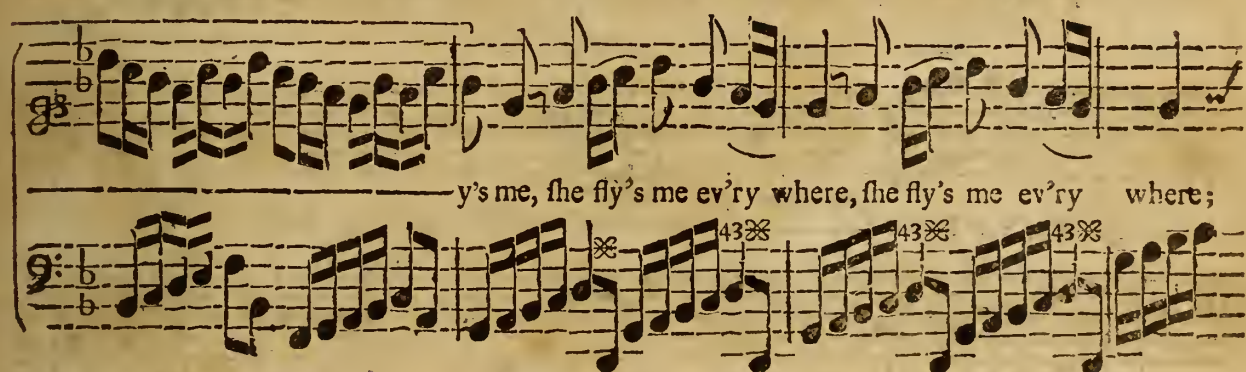




I See, I see the fly's me, the fly's me;



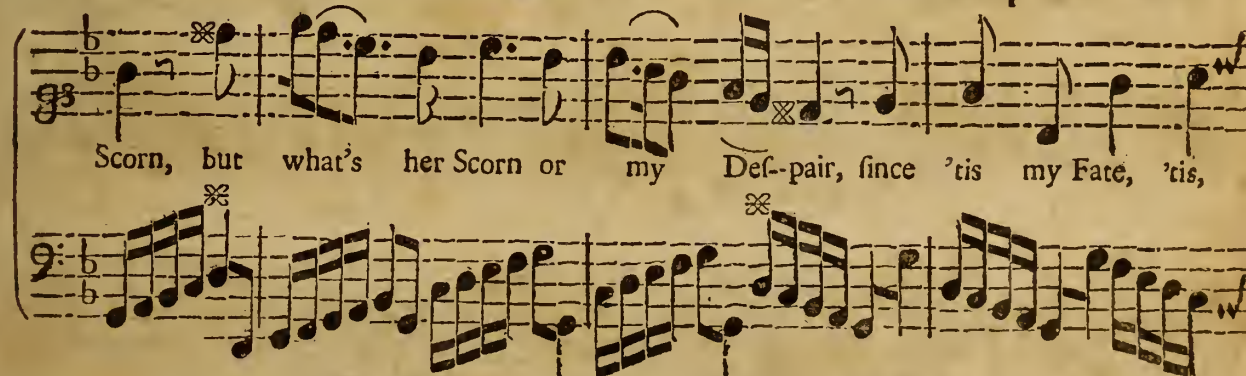
I see, I see the fly's me, the fly's me; fl



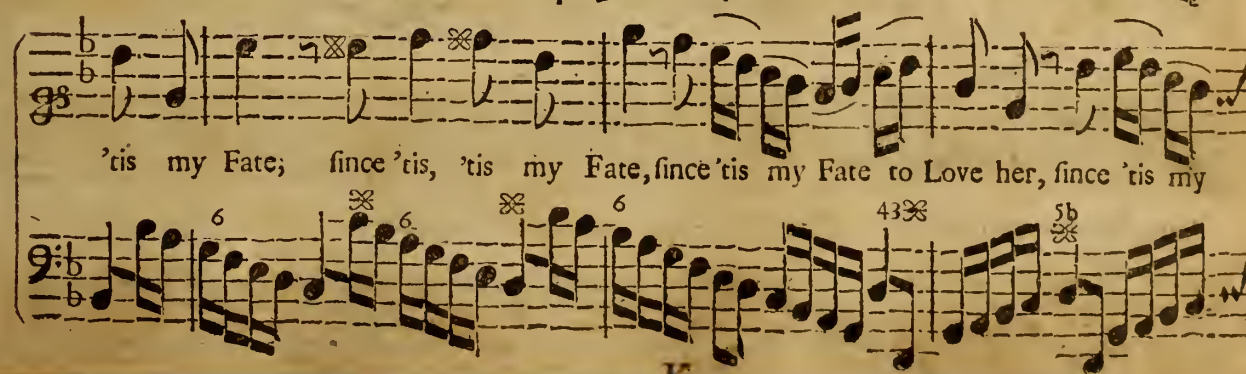
y's me, the fly's me ev'ry where, the fly's me ev'ry where;



her Eyes, her Eyes, her Scorn, her Scorn dis-covers, but what's her



Scorn, but what's her Scorn or my Des-pair, since 'tis my Fate, 'tis,



'tis my Fate; since 'tis, 'tis my Fate, since 'tis my Fate to Love her, since 'tis my

Fate to Love her? Were she but kind, kind, were she but kind, kind,

whom I a-dore, I might live lon-

ger, but not Lo-ve more; were she but kind,

kind, were she but kind, kind, whom I a-dore; I might live

lon-ger, live lon-ger, but

not Lo-ve her more.

A Two Part SONG in King *Arthur*.

Two Daughters of this A-ged stream are we, Two Daughters of this A-ged stream are we, two Daughters of this A-ged stream are we, and of this A-ged stream are we, two Daughters of this A-ged stream are we, both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd, and both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd, have and both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for yee, and both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for yee; come, come, come, come Bathe with us an Hour or two, come, comb'd for yee; come, come Bathe with us an Hour or two, come,

come, come, come Na — ked in for we are so, what danger, what dan-ger

come, come, come Na — ked in for we are so, what dan-ger fro—

6 43 4 2 b

from a Na — ked Foe? come, come Bathe with us, come, come Bathe

— m a Na — ked Foe? come, come, come, come Bathe with us, come, come Bathe

43 6 65 43

and share what Plea — sures in the Floods ap — pear; we'll

and share what Plea — sures in the Floods ap — pear; we'll beat the

6 43

beat the Waters till they bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir—

Waters till they bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir—

O

cle roun d, and cir cle

cle roun d, and cir cle

roun d, and cir cle round.

roun d, and cir cle round.

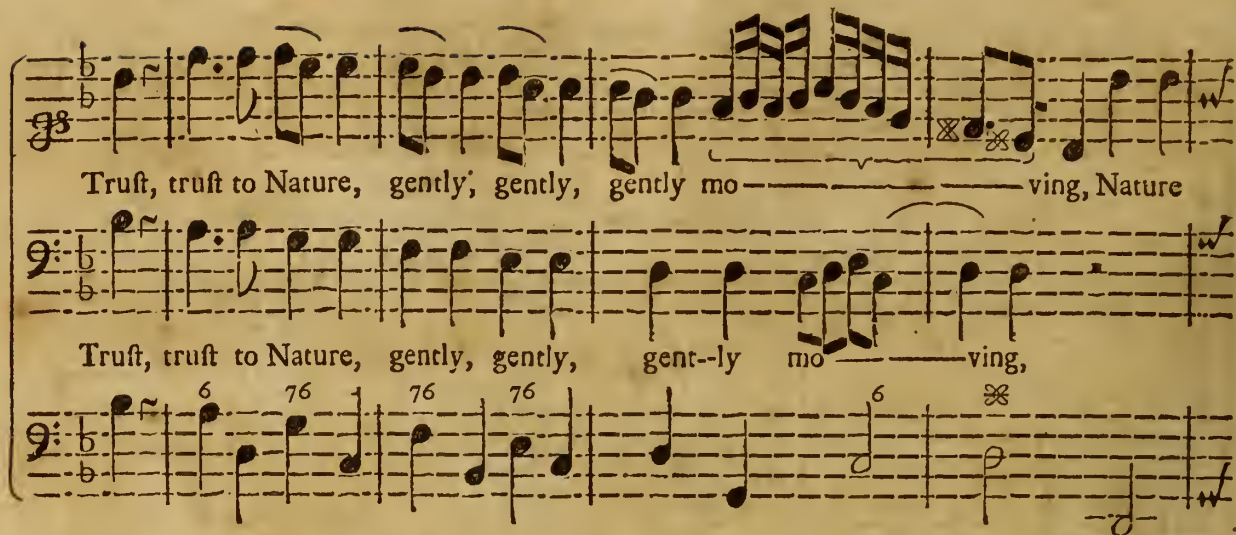
A Two Part SONG, in *Epsome-Wells*.

Leave, leave these useless Arts, leave, leave these use- less Arts in loving; seeming

Leave, leave these useless Arts, leave, leave these useless Arts in loving;

an ger and dif- dain :

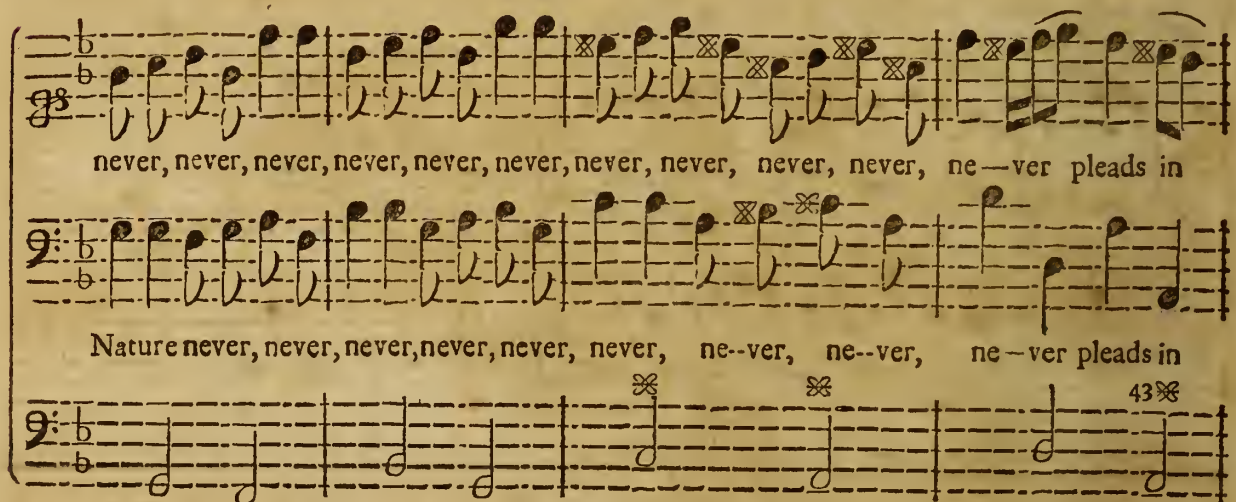
seeming an ger and dif- dain :



Trust, trust to Nature, gently, gently, gently mo—ving, Nature

Trust, trust to Nature, gently, gently, gent-ly mo—ving,

6 76 76 76 6



never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver pleads in

Nature never, never, never, never, never, never, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver pleads in

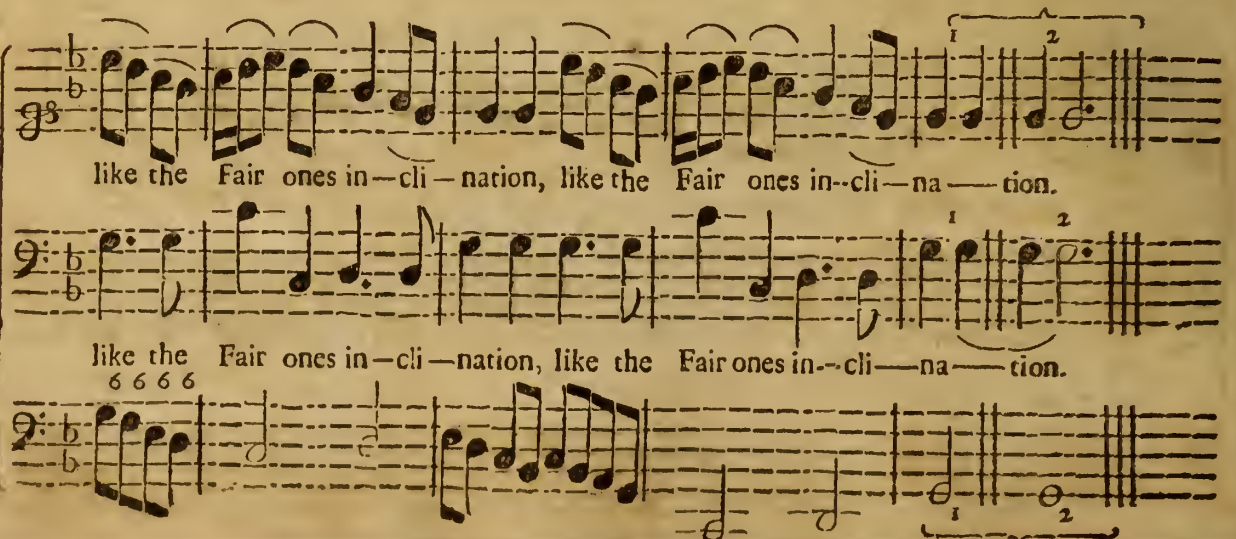
43



vain; nothing, nothing guides a Lovers passion, nothing guides a Lo-vers passion, like,

vain; nothing, no-thing guides a Lovers passion, nothing guides a Lovers passion, like,

6 6



like the Fair ones in—cli—nation, like the Fair ones in—cli—na—tion.

like the Fair ones in—cli—nation, like the Fair ones in—cli—na—tion.

6 6 6 6 1 2

A Two Part SONG,

Ove, thou art best, Love thou art best, Love thou art best of Humane joys; our

Love, thou art best, Love thou art best, thou art best of Humane joys;

chief—est, chief—est, chief—est hap—pi—nefs be—low;

our chief—est, chief—est hap—pi—nefs be—low; all, all,

all, all, all o-ther Pleasures; all, all o-ther, all o-ther Pleasures are but Toys, all,

all o-ther Pleasures; all, all o-ther Pleasures, all, all o-ther Pleasures are but Toys; all,

all, all, all are but Toys, Musick without that is but Noi—

all, all, all are but Toys, Musick with—

fe; And Beauty,
out that is but Noi fe; And Beauty, Beauty, and Beauty,

Beauty but an empty show, but an empty show. Heaven who knew best what Men
Beauty but an empty show, but an emp-ty show. Heaven who knew best what Men

cou'd move, and raise his thoughts, and raise his
cou'd move, and raise his thoughts, and raise his

thoughts a--bove the Brute; said let him, let him be, said let him, let him be, and
thoughts a--bove the Brute; said let him, let him be, said let him, let him be, and

let him Love; That, that, that, that alone, that, that a-lone, must his

let him Love; That, that, that, that a-lone, that a-lone, that, that alone, must his

Soul improve; How—e're Phi-lo-so-phers dis-pute, that, that, that,

Soul improve; How—e're Phi-lo-so-phers dis-pute, that, that, that,

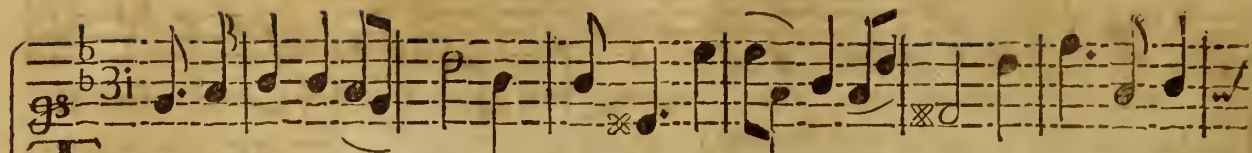
that alone, that alone, must his Soul improve; How—e're Phi—

that a-lone, that a-lone, that a-lone, must his Soul improve; How—e're Phi—

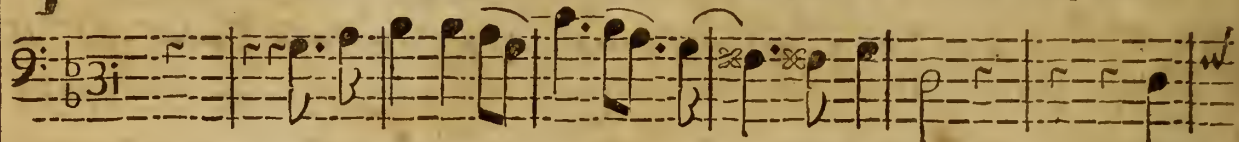
lo—so-phers dis-pute

lo—so-phers dis-pute.

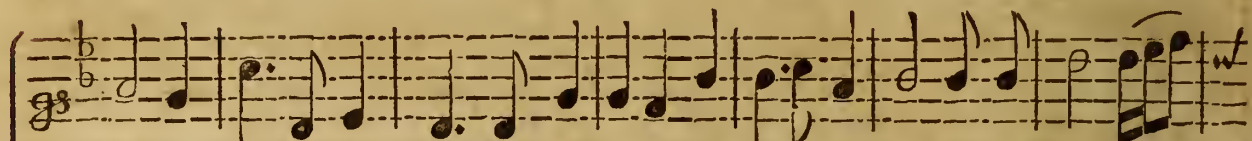
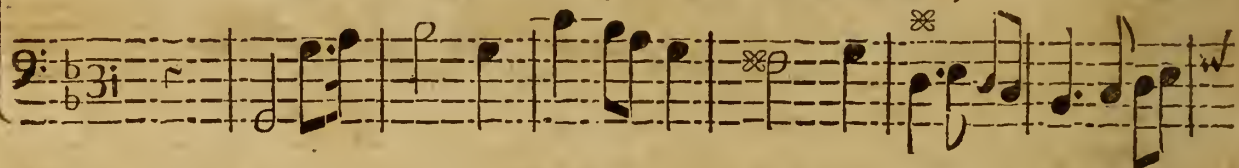
A Two Part SONG.



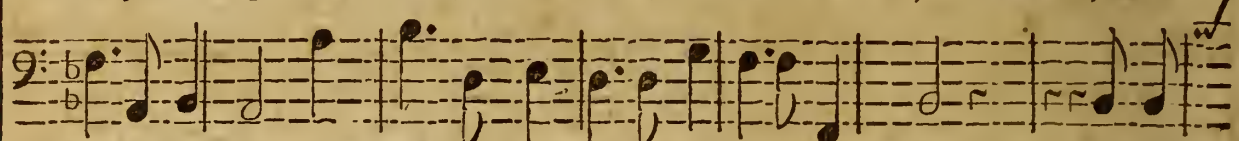
T Hough my Mistrefs be Fair, yet froward, yet froward she's too, then hang the dull



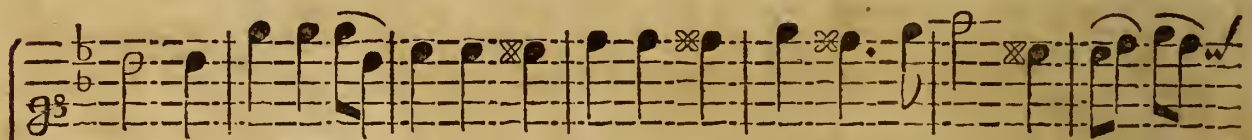
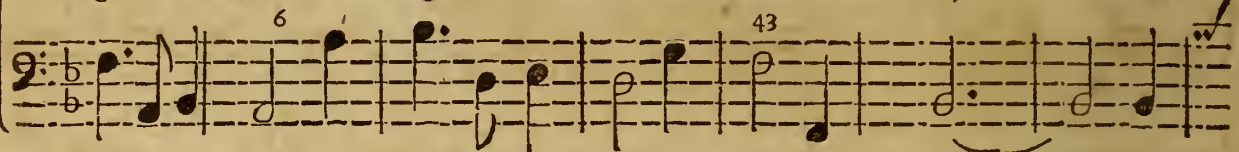
Tho' my Mistrefs be Fair, yet frow — and she's too, then



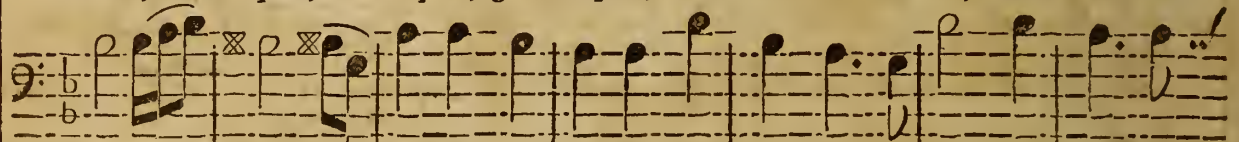
Soul, then hang the dull Soul, that will offer, will of-fer to Woo; but 'tis Wine, brave



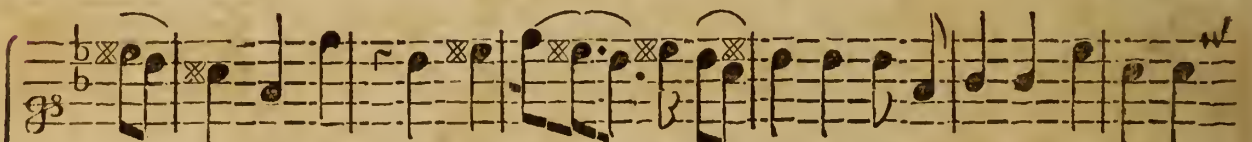
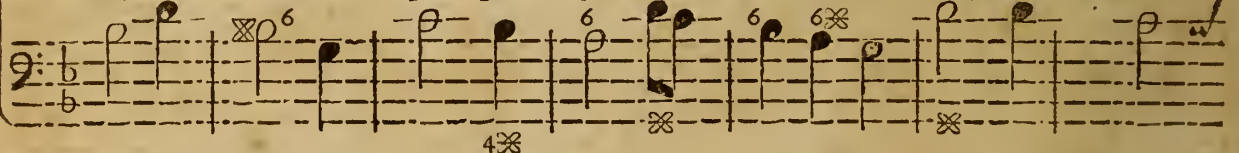
hang the dull Soul, then hang the dull Soul, that will offer to Woe; but 'tis



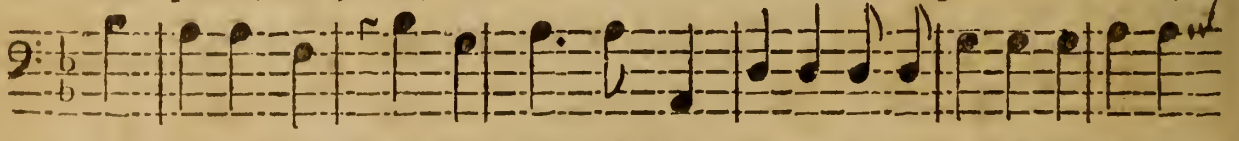
Wine, 'tis Liquor, 'tis Liquor, good Liquor, that's much more sublime, much brif—ker



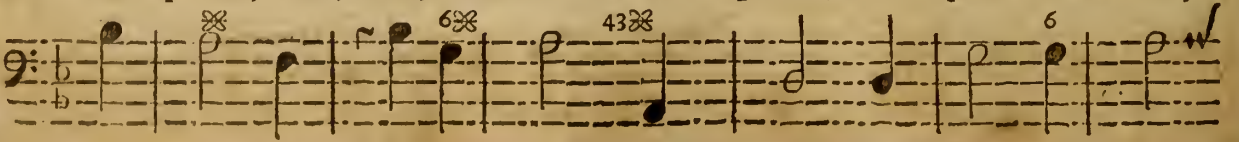
Wine, brave Wine, 'tis Liquor, good Liquor that's much more sublime, much brisker



and quicker, much, much, much brif—ker and quicker; it in Sparkles smiles on me,



and quicker, much, much, much brif—ker and quicker; it in Sparkles smiles on me,



tho' she frown up-on me: Then with Laugh—ing and

tho' she frown up-on me: Then with Laugh—ing and

Quaffing, I'le Time and Age be—guile, owe my Pimples and Wrinkles, owe my Pimples and

Quaffing, I'le Time and Age be—guile, owe my Pimples and Wrinkles, owe my Pimples and

Quaffing, I'le Time and Age be—guile, owe my Pimples and Wrinkles, owe my Pimples and

Wrinkles, to my Drink, and a Smile. Come fill up, come fill up my Glafs, and

Wrinkles, to my Drink, and a Smile. Come fill up my Glafs, come fill up my Glafs, and

Wrinkles, to my Drink, and a Smile. Come fill up my Glafs, come fill up my Glafs, and

a—pox on her Face; may it never want Scars and Scratches, may it never want Scars and

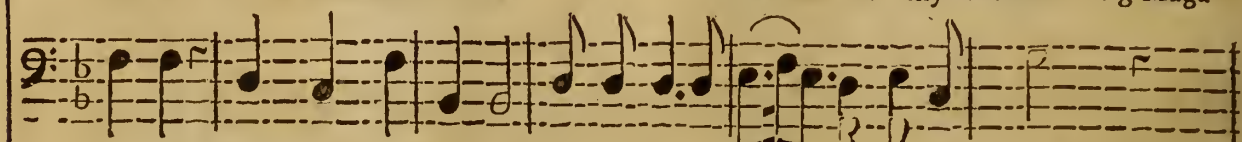
a—pox on her Face; may it never, may it never want Scars, want Scars and

a—pox on her Face; may it never, may it never want Scars, want Scars and

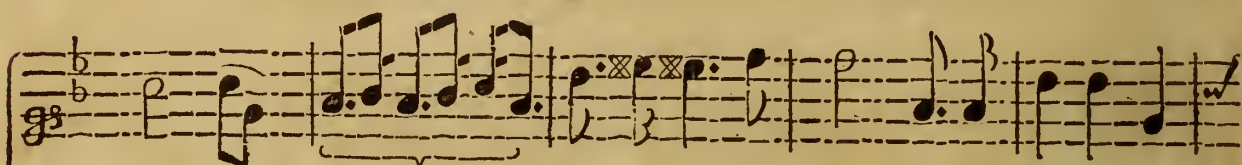
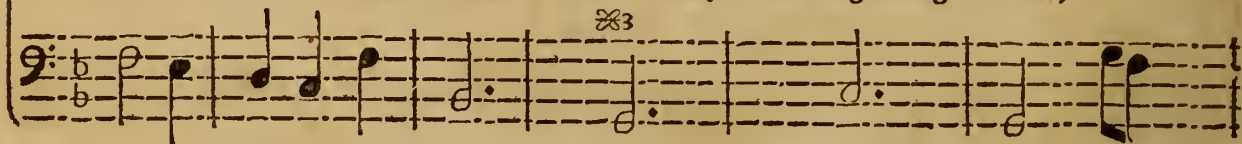


Scratches, Wash, Paint and Patches:

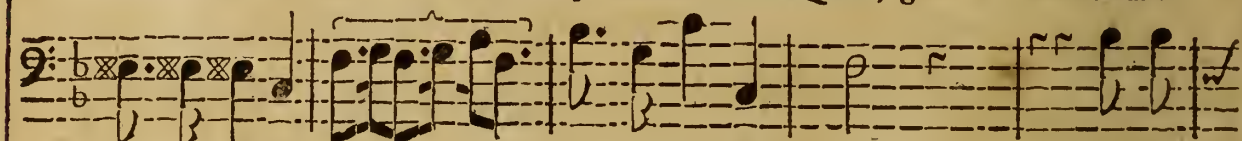
Give me all my Drink—ing Maga—



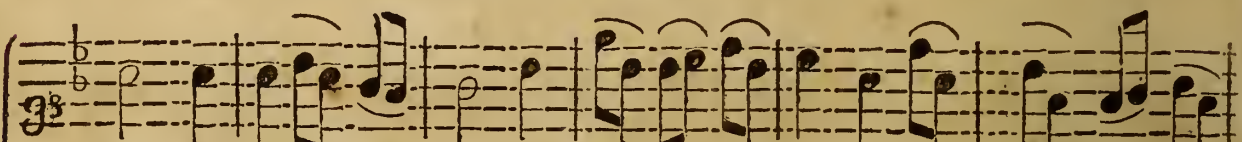
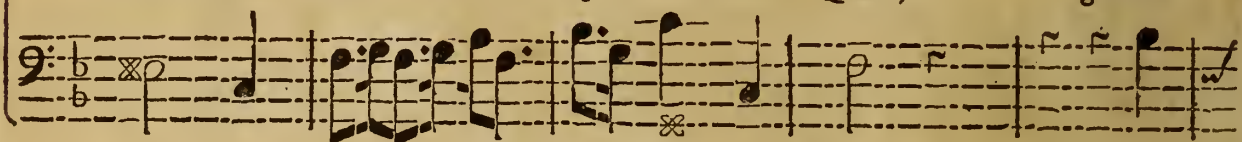
Scratches, Wash, Paint and Patches: Give me all my Drink-ing Ma-ga—zine,



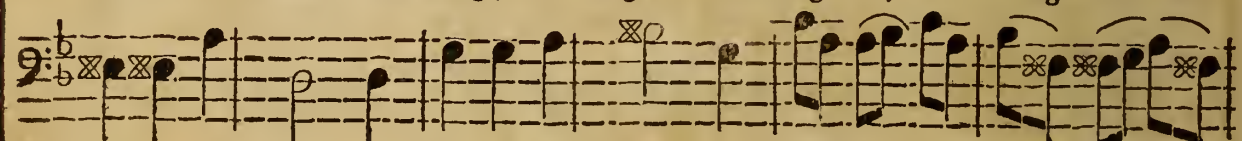
—zine, I'll blo—w up the Scornfull Quean; give me Bottles and



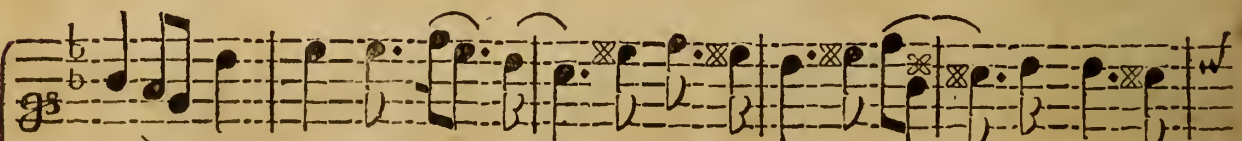
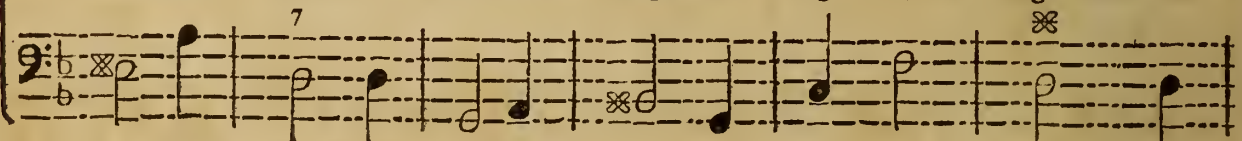
Give me all, I'll blo—w up the Scornfull Quean; give me



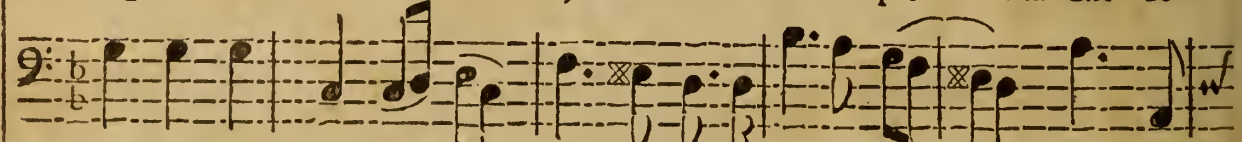
Jugs, and Glas-fes and Mugs, I'll hug 'em and tug 'em, I'll hug 'em and



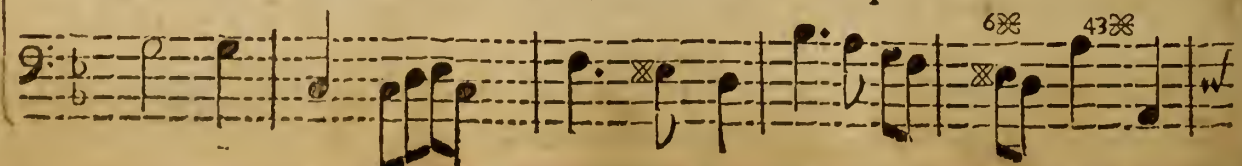
Bottles and Jugs, and Glas-fes and Mugs, I'll hug 'em, I'll hug 'em and



tug 'em, and Court 'em much more, than e're I did the pee—vish Girl be—



tug 'em, and Court 'em much more, than e're I did the pee—vish Girl be—



—fore, than e're I did, than e're I did the pee vish

—fore, than e're I did the pe vish Gir

Girl be—fore.

—l be—fore.

A Two Part SONG,

For Love ev'ry Creature is form'd, for

For Love ev'ry Creature is form'd by his Nature, for Love ev'ry Creature is

Love ev'ry Creature, for Love ev'ry Creature is form'd by his Nature:

form'd, for Love ev'ry Creature is form'd, is form'd by his Nature:

No Joy es are a—bove the plea—

No, no, no, no Joys are a—bove the plea—

fures of Love, no Joys are a—bove the pleasures of Love, no

Joy es are a—bove, no, no, no, no, no no, no Joys are a—bove, no, no, no, no, no Joys are above the pleasures, the pleasures, the

pleasures of Love.

pleasures of Love.

A Two Part SONG.

When *Teucer* from his Fa—ther fled, and from the Shore of *Sa—la—mine*; when

When *Teu—cer* from his Fa—ther fled, and from the Shore, and

Teu—cer from his Fa—ther fled, and from the Shore of *Sa—la—mine*, and

from the Shore of *Sa—la—mine*; when *Teucer* from his Fa—ther fled, and

from the Shore of *Sa—la—mine*; with a Poplar Wreath he crown'd his

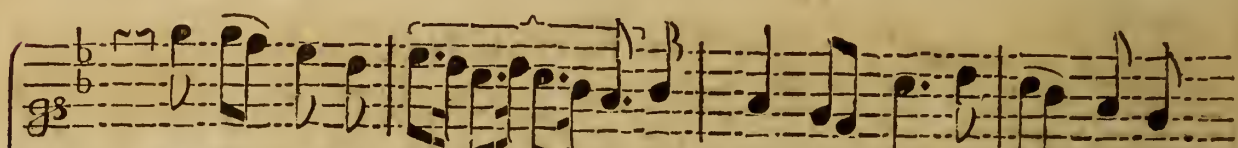
from the Shore of *Sa—la—mine*; with a Poplar Wreath he



Head, that glow'd with the warmth of ge- ne-rous Wine;

crown'd his Head, that glow'd with the warmth of ge-ne-rous Wine; and thus to his

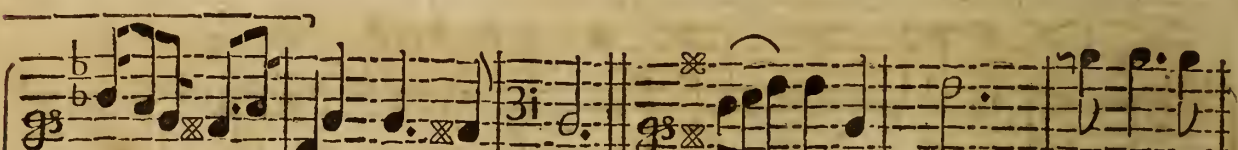
643 43



and thus to his droo- ping Friends he said, and thus to his

droo- ping Friends he said, and thus to his droo-

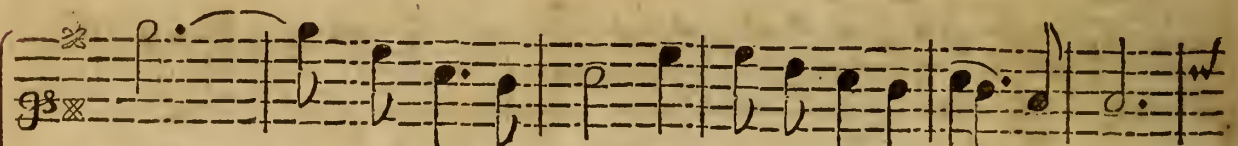
643



droo- ping Friends he said, Chear up my Hearts, chear up my

ping Friends he said, Chear up my Hearts,

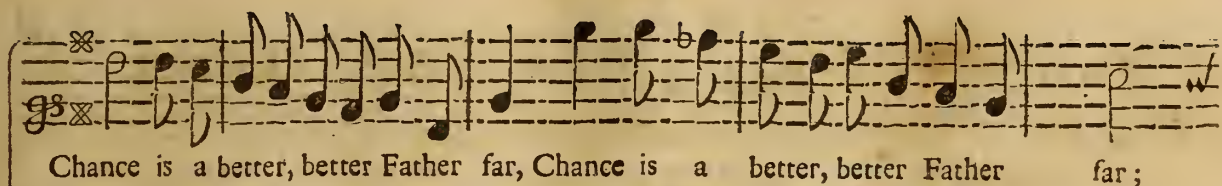
43



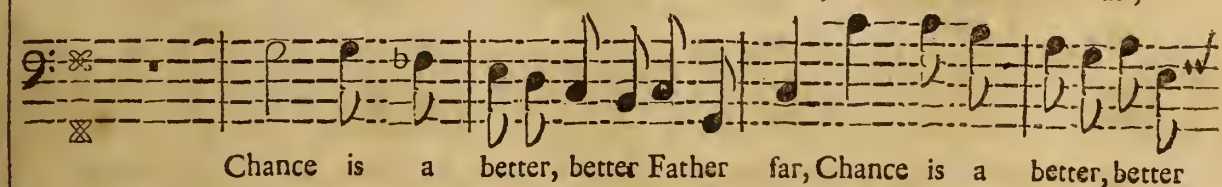
Hearts, your Anchors weigh; tho' Fate our Native Soil de-bar,

chear up my Hearts, your Anchors weigh; tho' Fate our Native Soil de-bar,

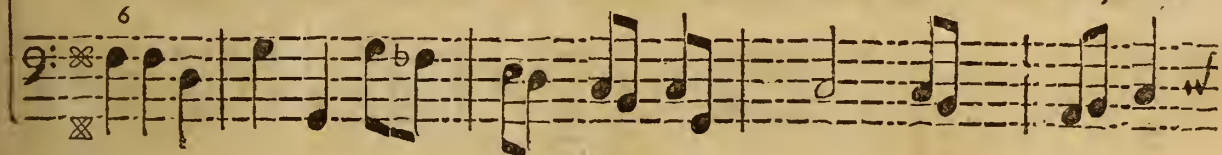
6 43 5 6



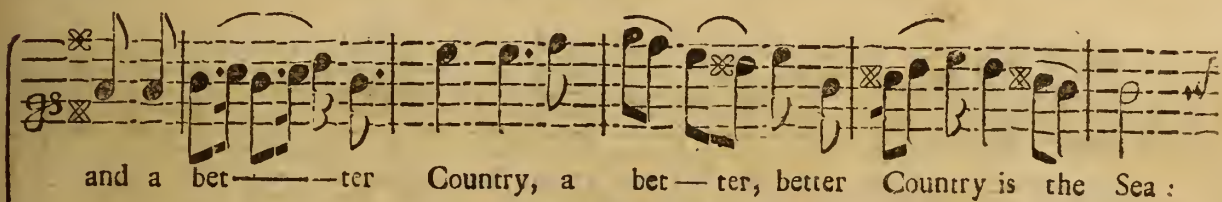
Chance is a better, better Father far, Chance is a better, better Father far;



Chance is a better, better Father far, Chance is a better, better



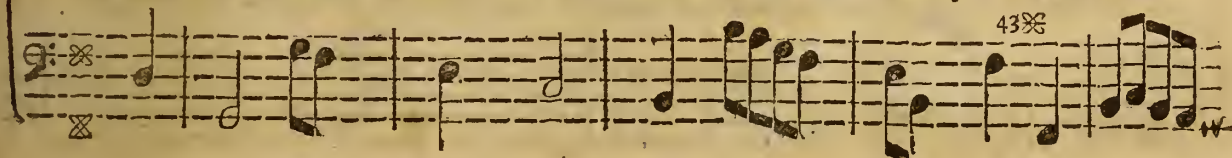
6



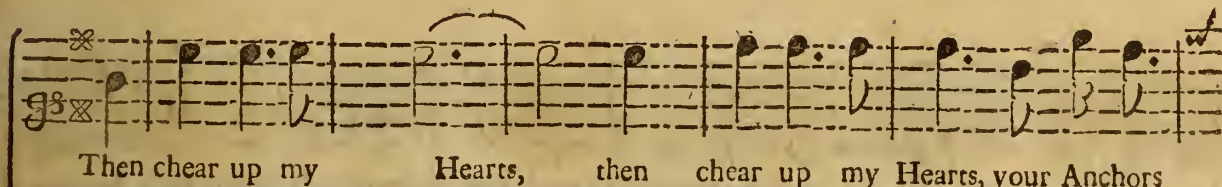
and a bet—ter Country, a bet—ter, better Country is the Sea :



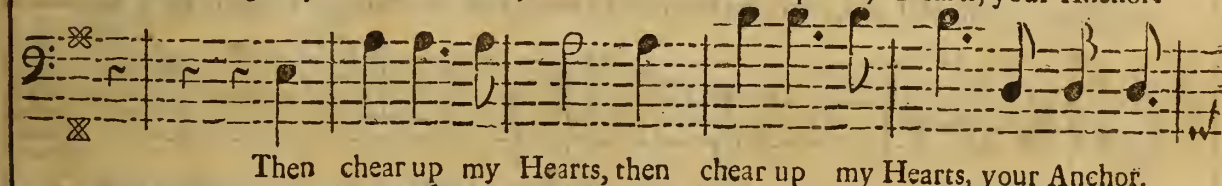
Father far; and a bet—ter Country, a better Country is the Sea :



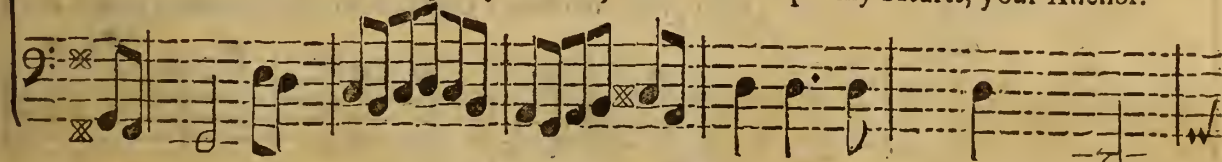
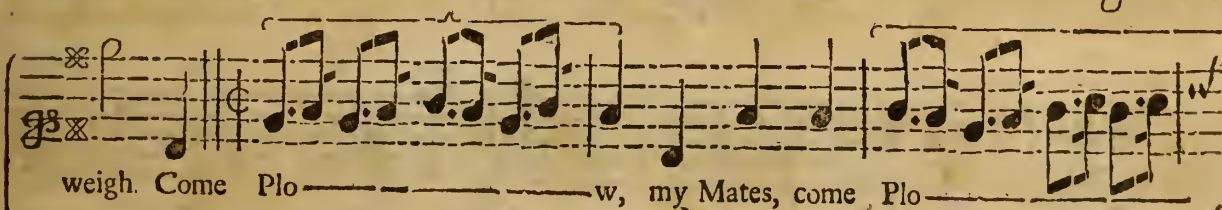
43%



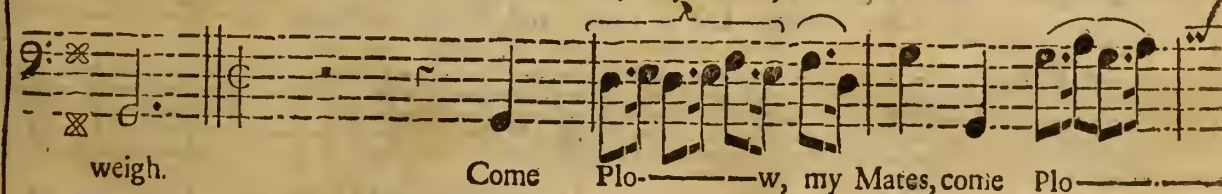
Then chear up my Hearts, then chear up my Hearts, your Anchors



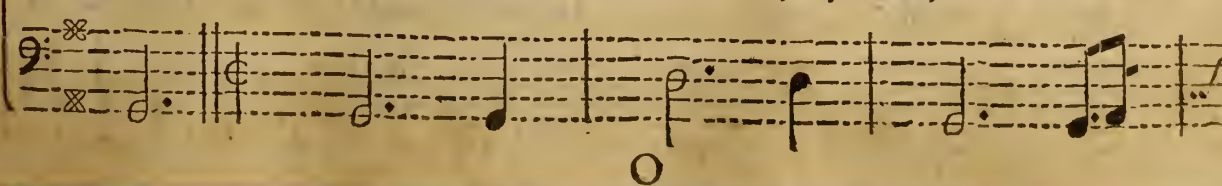
Then chear up my Hearts, then chear up my Hearts, your Anchor.

weigh. Come Plo—w, my Mates, come Plo—



weigh. Come Plo—w, my Mates, come Plo—



O

w, my Mates, the wa—try, wa—try way, and fear not, and fear not, fear not

w my Mates, the wa—try, wa—try way, and fear not, and fear not, fear not

un—der my Command ; we that have known, have known the worst, we that have

under my Command ; we that have known, have known the worst, we that have

known the worst at Land, with the morrow's Dawn, with the morrow's Dawn, we'll An—

known the worst at Land, with the morrow's Dawn, with the morrow's Dawn, we'll

chor weigh: Let us drink and drown our Cares a—wa—

An—chor weigh: Let us drink and drown our Cares, let us

y, let us drink and drown our Cares a—way, and drown our

drink and drown our Cares a—way; let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us

Cares, and drown our Cares; let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us

drink, let us drink, let us drink and drown, and drown our Cares a—way; let us

drink and drown, and drown our Cares a—way; let us drink and drown, and

drink and drown, and drown our Cares a—way; let us drink and drown, and

drown our Cares a—way.

drown our Cares a—way.

A DIALOGUE in *King Arthur*.

Y O U say 'tis Love creates the pain, of which so fad—ly you complain;

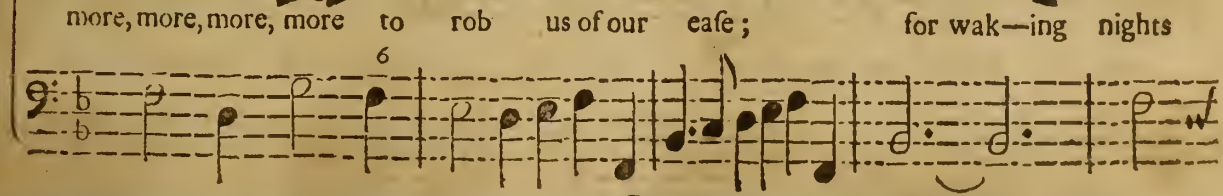
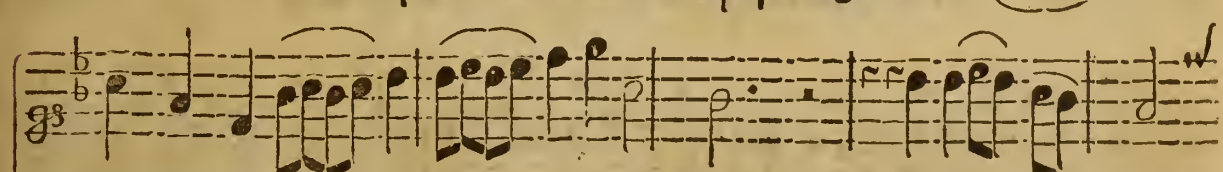
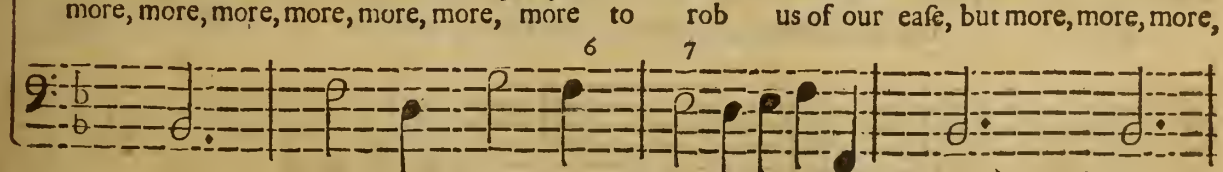
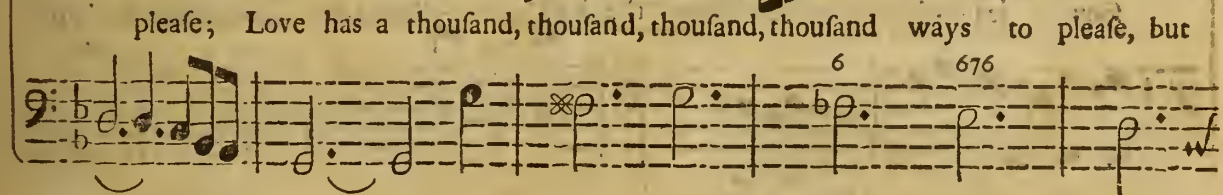
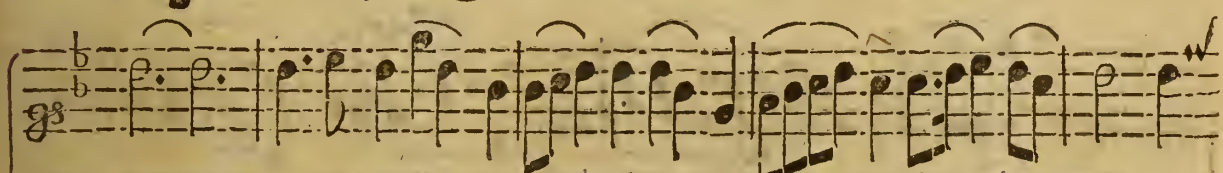
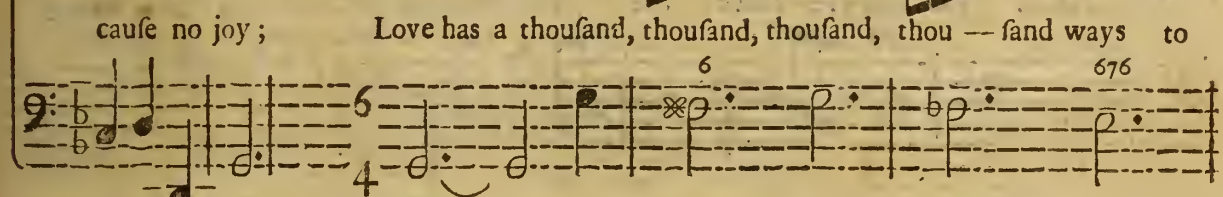
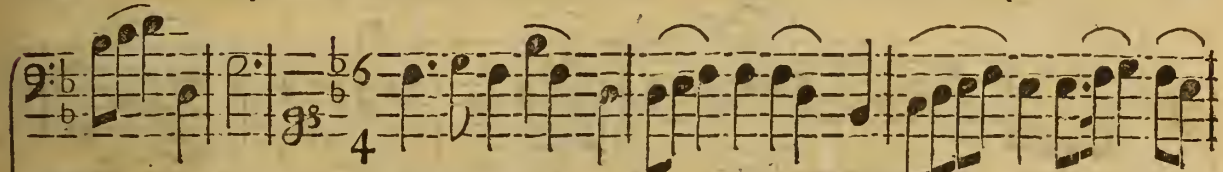
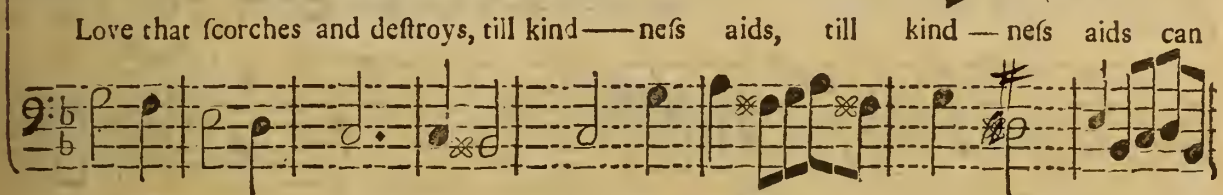
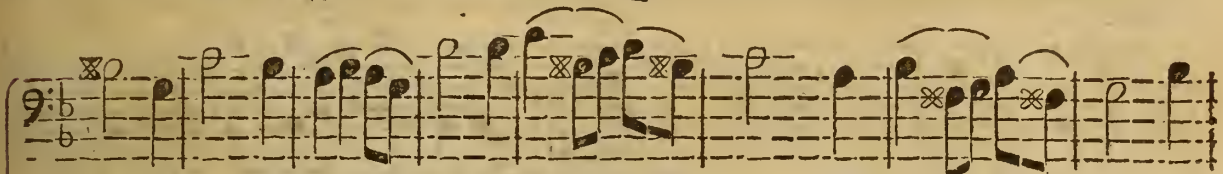
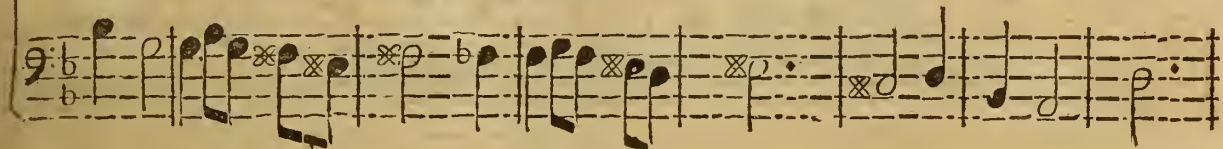
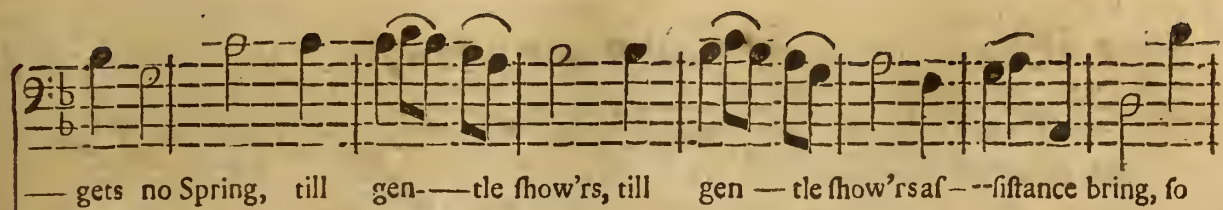
and yet wou'd fain engage my Heart, in that un—ea—sy cru—el, cru—el part;

but how a—las, how a—las think you that I can bear the woun—

—ds of which you die? how a—la—s, how a—las think you that I can

bear the wounds of which you die? 'Tis not my pas—sion makes my care,

but your indifference gives de—spair; the lu—fly Sun, the lu—fly Sun be—



and care—full days, from hours of plea

—sures he re—pays; But ab—sence soon, or jea—lous fears o're

—flows the joy, o're—flows the joys with floods of Tears; but ab—sence

soon or jea—lous fears o're—flows the joys, o're—flows the joys with floods of

Tears: But one soft moment makes amends for all the tor—ment that attends,

one soft moment makes a—mends for all the tor—ment that at—tends,

CHORUS.

Let us Love, let us Love, and to hap-piness hast, hast, hast, hast,

Let us Love, let us Love, and to hap-piness hast, hast, hast, hast,

hast; let us Love, let us Love and to happines hast, hast, hast, hast,

hast; let us Love, let us Love and to happines hast, hast, hast, hast,

hast, Age and Wis-dom comes too fast; Youth for Lo-ving was design'd, Youth for

hast, Age and Wis-dom comes too fast; Youth for Lo-ving was design'd,

Loving, Youth for Lo-ving was de-sign'd; You be constant

Youth for Loving, Lo-ving was de-sign'd; Ple be constant, you be kind,

Ple be kind, Ple be kind, Ple be kind, kind, Ple, Ple be kind; Heav'n can give no

Ple be constant, Ple be constant, Ple be constant, Ple be kind; Heav'n can give no grea

grea ter blef sing than faithfull Love, and kind, and king pos

ter blessing, no grea ter blef sing than faithfull Love, and

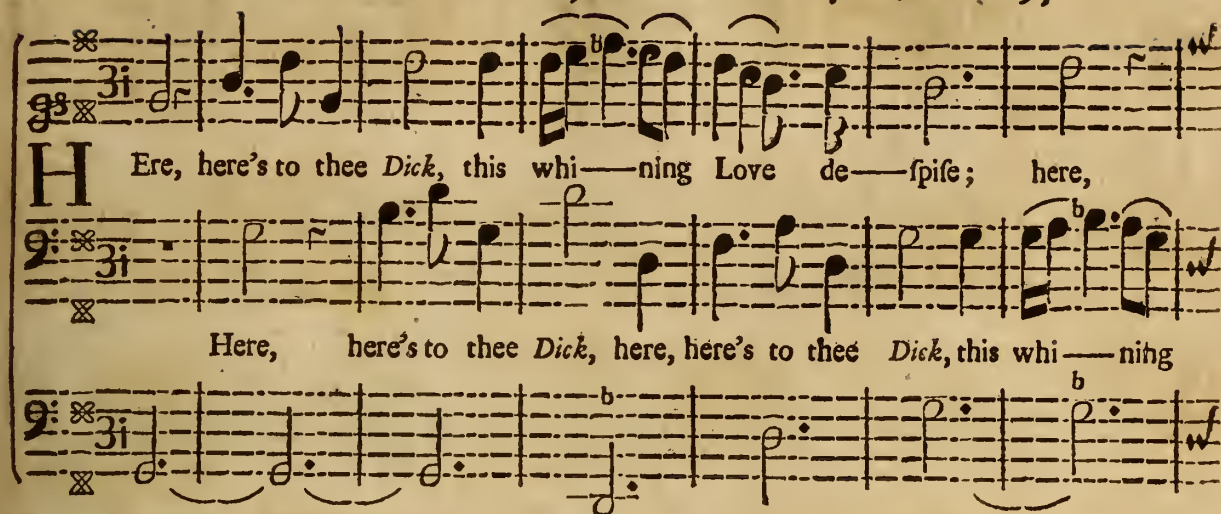
ses sing, than faithfull Love, than faithfull Love, and kind, and kind pos ses sing, and

kind, and kind pos ses sing, than faithfull Love, and kind, and kind pos ses sing, and

kin d, and kind, and kind pos ses sing.

kin d, and kind, and kind pos ses sing.

A Two Part SONG, the Words by Mr. Cowley,



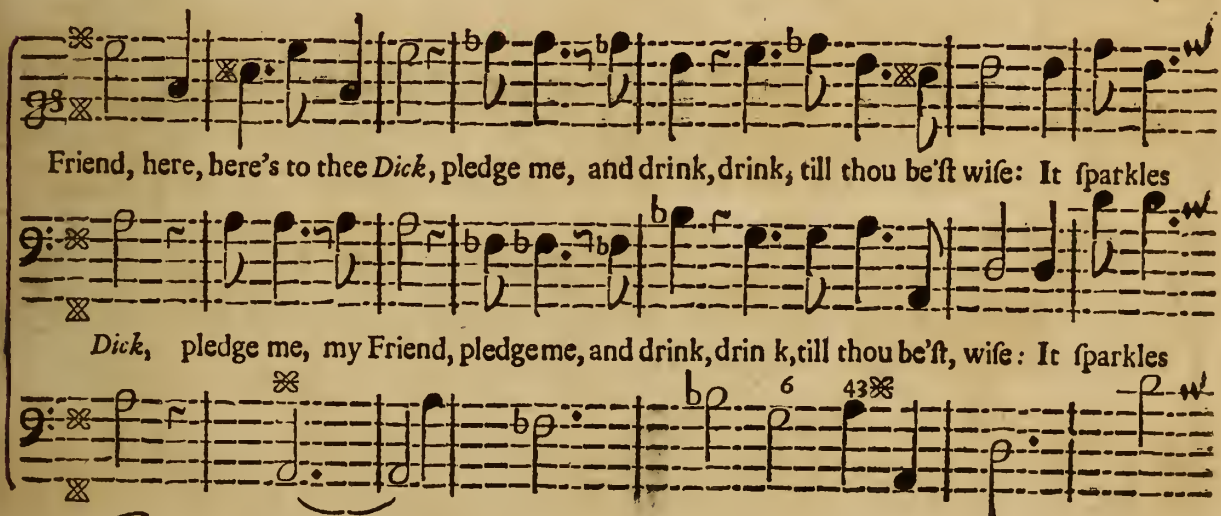
Here, here's to thee *Dick*, this whi—ning Love de—spise; here,

Here, here's to thee *Dick*, here, here's to thee *Dick*, this whi—ning



here's to thee *Dick*, this whining, whining Love de—spise; pledge me, pledge me, my

Love de—spise, this whining, whi—ning Love despise; pledge me, here's to thee



Friend, here, here's to thee *Dick*, pledge me, and drink, drink, till thou be'st wife: It sparkles

Dick, pledge me, my Friend, pledgme, and drink, drin k, till thou be'st, wife: It sparkles



brigh—ter far than she, 'tis pure, 'tis pure, and right without de—ceit, and

brigh—ter far than she, 'tis pure, 'tis pure, and right, without de—ceit, and

fuch, fuch, no Woman e're will be, no, no, no, they're all so—phi—sti—cate,

fuch, fuch no Woman e're will be: no, no, they're all so—phi—sti—cate,

6 43 76 54 6

they're all, all, all sophisticate. With all thy servile paines, what can't thou

they're all, all, all so—phisticate. With all thy servile paines, what

6

win, with all thy servile paines, what can't, what can't thou win, but an ill favour'd, and un—

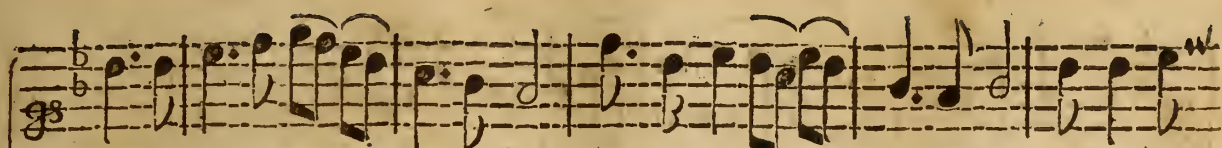
can't thou win, with all thy servile paines, what can't thou win, but an ill favour'd, and un—

6 76

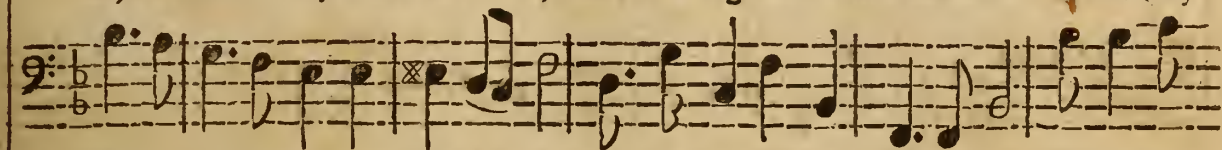
—clean—ly Sin? A thing, a thing, so vile, and so short—liv'd, that Venus Joys, as well as

—clean—ly Sin? A thing so vile, so vile, and so short—liv'd, that Ve—nus Joys, as well as

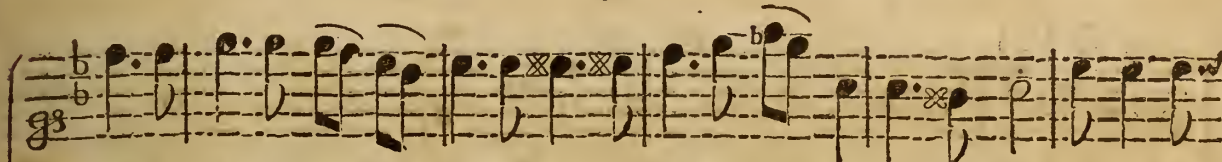
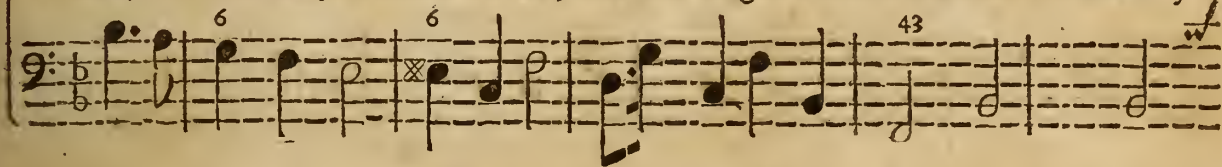
43 6 6 6



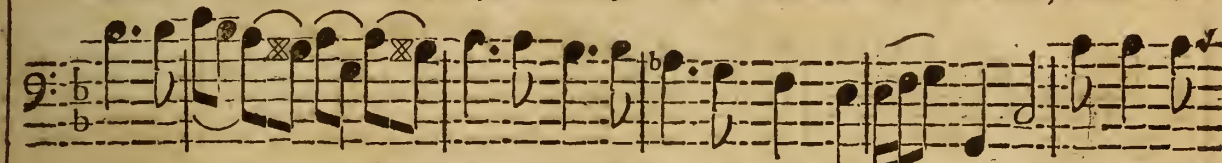
he, with reason may be said to be, from the neg-le-cted Foam deriv'd. Follies they



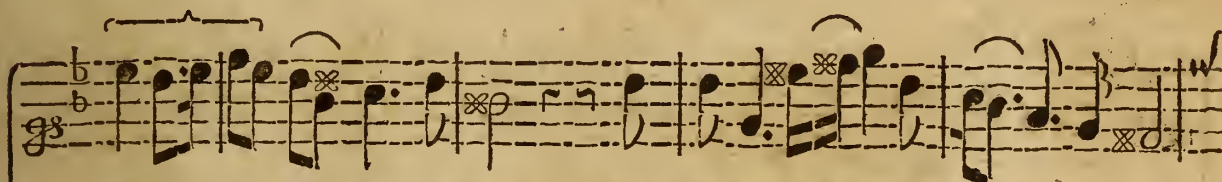
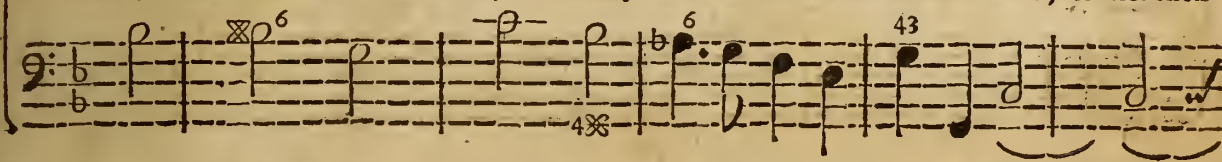
he, with reason may be said to be, from the neg-le-cted Foam deriv'd. Follies they



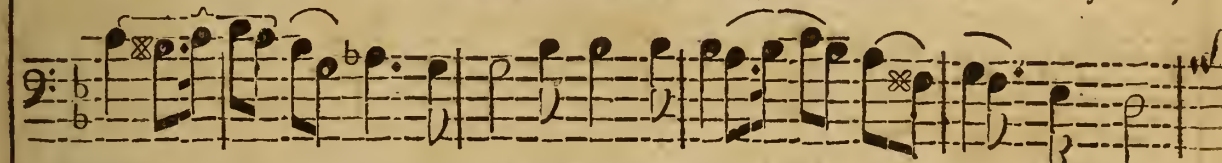
have, so number--less in store, that on--ly he who loves them can have more; neither their



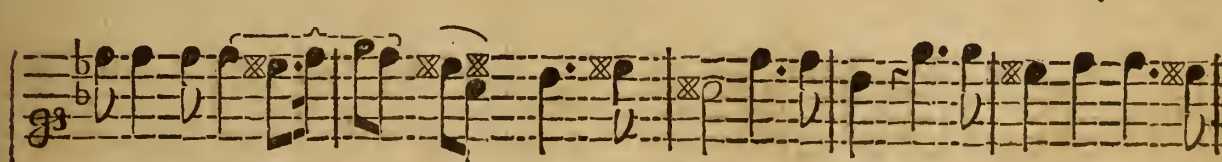
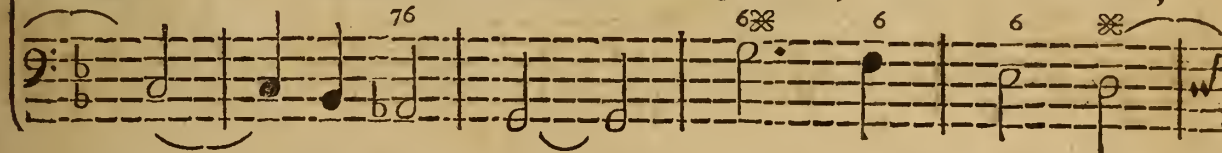
have, so num-ber-less in store, that on-ly he who loves them can have more; neither their



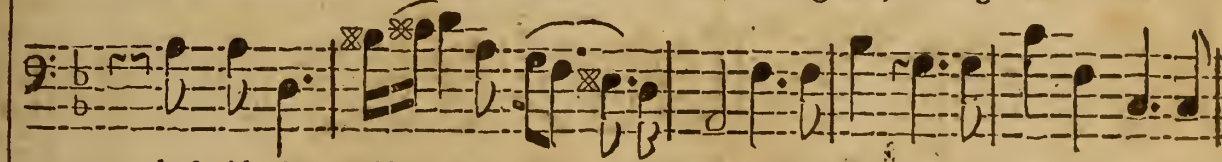
Sigh—s, nor Tears are true, those id--ly blow, these id—ly fall;



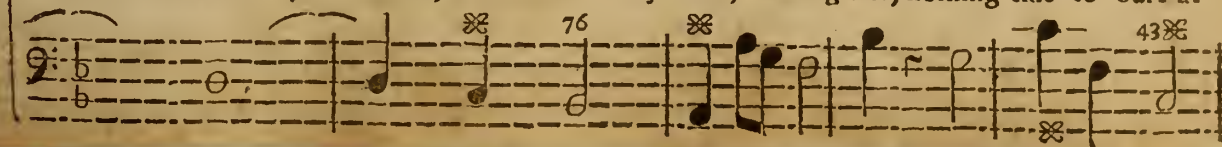
Sigh—s, nor Tears are true, neither their Sigh—s, nor Tears are true,



neither their Sigh—s nor Tears are true, nothing like, nothing like to ours at



those id—ly blow, these id—ly fall; nothing like, nothing like to ours at



all, but Sighs and Tears, but Sighs and Tears, have Sex—es too. Hear's to thee a—

all, but Sighs and Tears, but Sighs and Tears, have Sex—es too. Here's

6 43

—gain, here's to thee a—gain, thy senseless Sor—rows down'd; here's to thee, thy

to thee a—gain, here's to thee a—gain, thy senseless Sor—rows down'd, thy

6 6

sense—less Sor—rows down'd, let the Glas walk, 'till all things too go rou—

sense—less Sor—rows down, let the Glas

43

—nd, 'till all things too go rou—

walk, 'till all things too go rou—nd, 'till

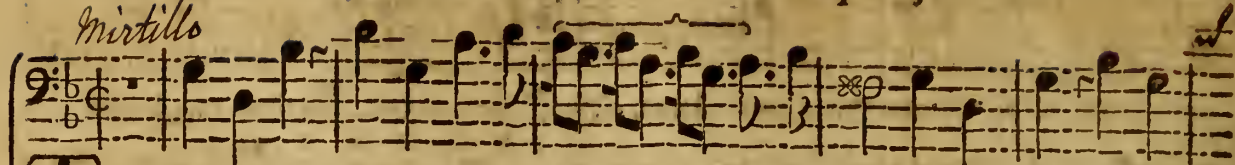
76

nd, 'till all things too go round: Again, again, again, again, 'till these two Lights be
all, all things too go round: Again, again, again, again, 'till these two Lights be

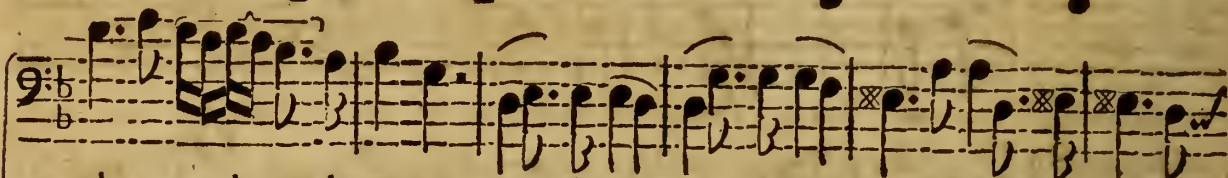
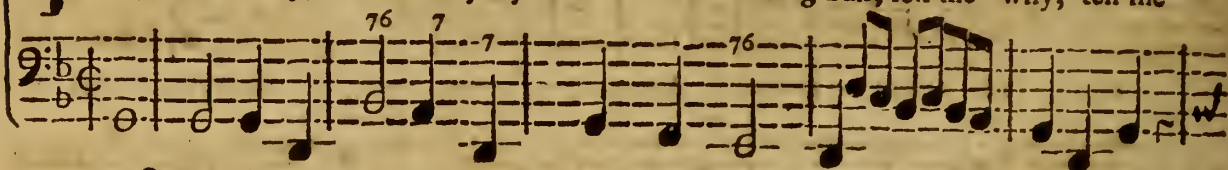
four, no Er-ror here can dan--ge-rous prove; thy Passion Man deceiv'd thee more, none
four, no Er-ror here can dan--ge-rous prove; thy Passion Man deceiv'd thee more, none

dou—ble fee like Men in love; none dou—ble fee, none dou—ble
dou—ble fee, none dou—ble fee like Men in Love; none dou—ble

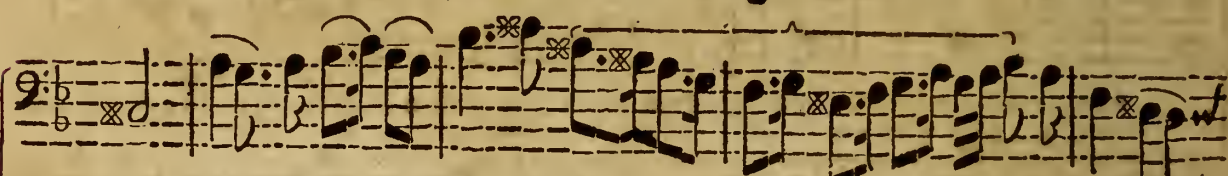
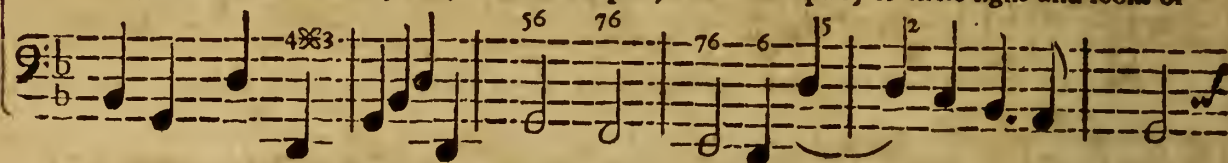
fee like Men in love.
fee like Men in love.

A DIALOGUE in the *Prophetess*.*Mirtillo*

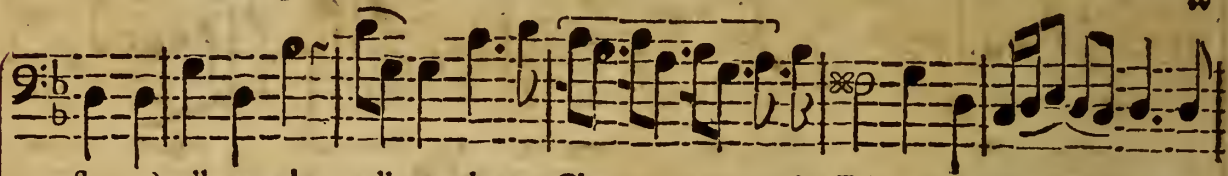
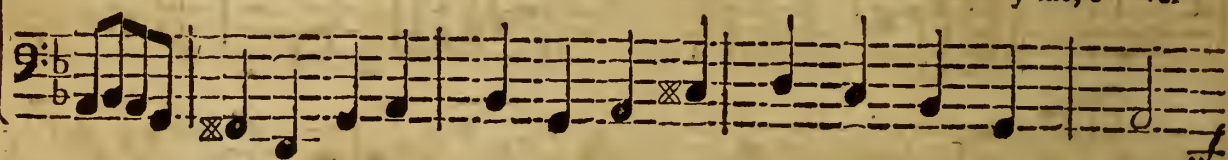
Tell me why, tell me why my Char———ming Fair, tell me why, tell me



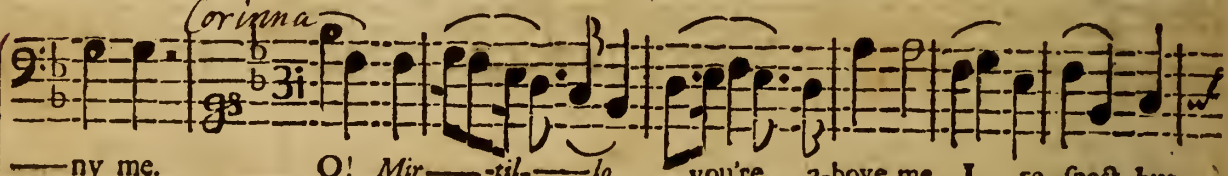
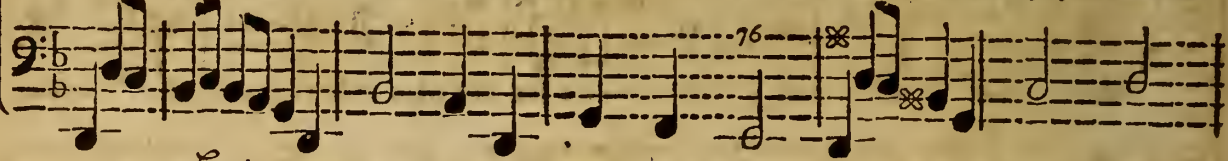
why you thus de--ny me; can dis-pair, can dis-spair, or these sighs and looks of



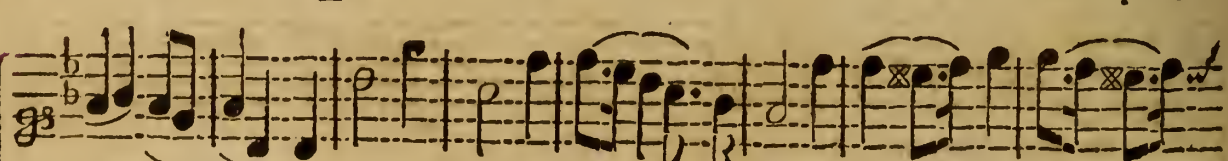
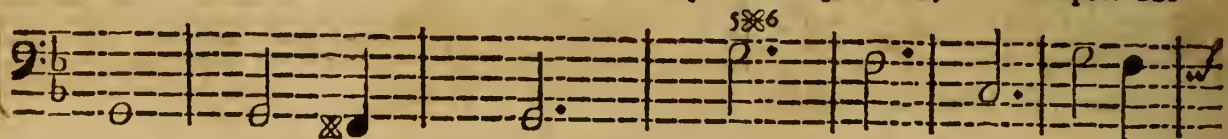
care make Co--rin--na e--ver fl———y me, e--ver



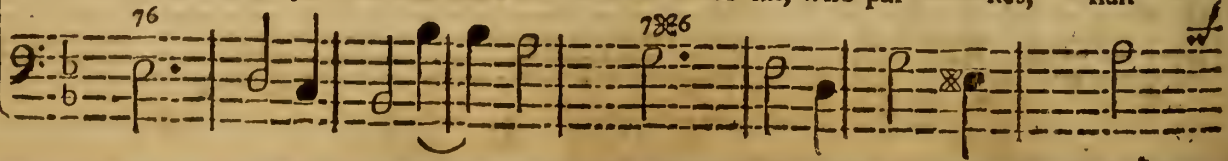
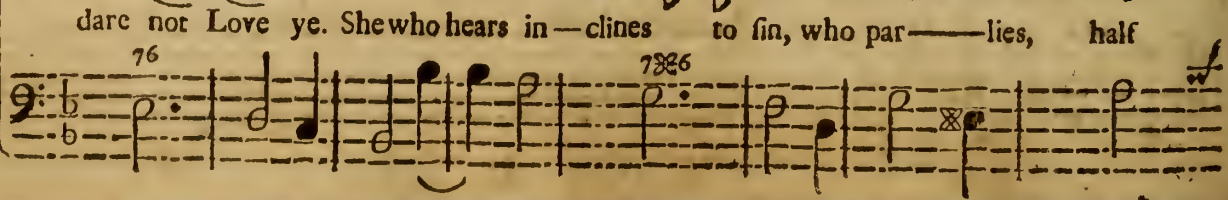
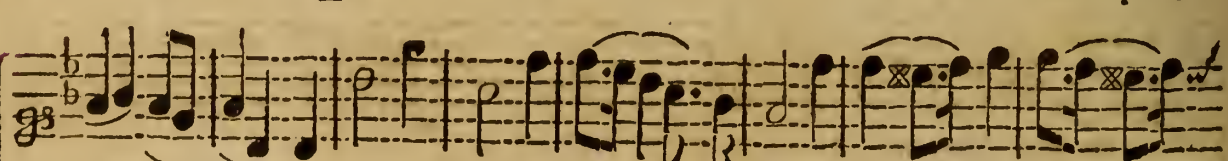
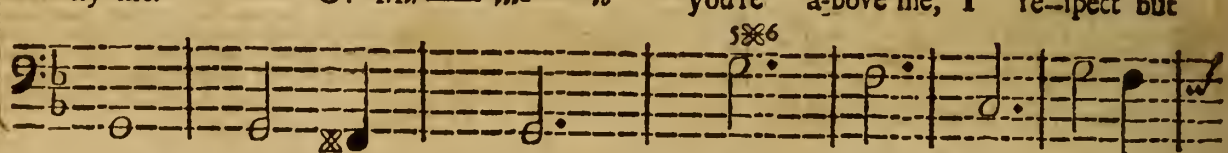
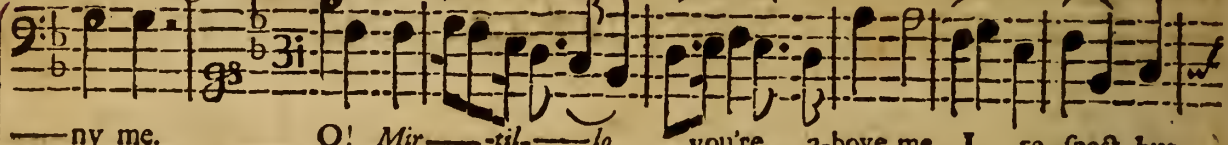
fly me? tell me why, tell me why my Char———ming Fair, tell me why you thus de--



—ny me. O! Mir——-til——-lo you're a-bove me, I re-spect but



dare nor Love ye. She who hears in—clines to sin, who par——lies, half

*Corinna*

gives up the Town, and ra-ve-nous Love soon en-ters in, when once the

Out-work's bea-ten down: Then my Sighs and Tears won't move ye, no, no,

no, no, no Mir-til-lo you're a-bove me, I ref-pect, but

dare not Love ye: no, no, no, no, no, Mir-til-lo you're a—

—bove me; I re-spect, but dare not Love ye, I re-spect but

Mir-lo
dare not Love ye. Cou'd this lovely Charming Maid think Mir-til-lo

wou'd deceive her? cou'd *Corin-na* be afraid, she by him shou'd be betray'd? No, no,

no, no, too well, too well I Love her, therefore can-not be above her. Oh!

oh! oh! oh! let Love with Love be paid: My Heart, my Life, my

Heart, my Life, my all I give her: Let me now, now, now, let me now, now, now, ah!

now, now, now, re-ceive her. Oh! how glad-ly we be-leive, when the

Heart is too too willing; can that look, that face deceive? can he take de-

light in Killing? Ah! I dye, ah! I dye, I dye if you deceive me;

yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will be-lieve ye. Ah! I die, ah! I

die if you de-ceive me; yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will, yet,

yet I will, I will be-lieve ye.

CHORUS.

Oh! how glad-ly we be-lieve, when the Heart is too too willing; can that

Oh! how glad-ly we be-lieve, when the Heart is too too willing; can that

Look, that Face deceive? Can he take de—light in killing? ah! I dye,

Look, that Face de—ceive? Can he take de—light in killing? ah! I

ah! I dye, I dye if you de—ceive me; yet I will, I will, yet I will,

dye, ah! I dye if you de—ceive me; yet I will, I

I will be—lieve ye; ah! I dye, ah! I dye, if you de—ceive me;

will, I will be—lieve ye; ah! I dye, I dye if you de—ceive me;

yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will, be—lieve ye.

yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will be—lieve ye.

The Thralldom, the Words by Mr. Cowley.

I Came, I saw, and was undone, Lightning did thro' my Bones and Mar — row

run; a pointed Pain pierc'd deep my Heart, a swift col — d trem — bling seiz'd

on ev'ry part; my Head turn — d round, nor cou'd it bear the Poison tha — t was

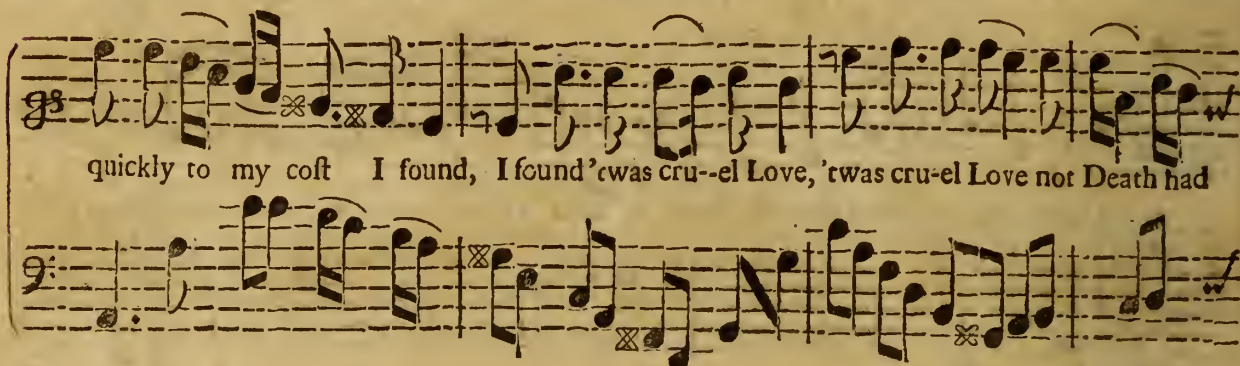
entred there: So a de — stroying Angel's breath blo — ws in the Plague, and with it

hasty Death; such was the pain, did so be — gin, to the poor wretch when Legion enter'd in:

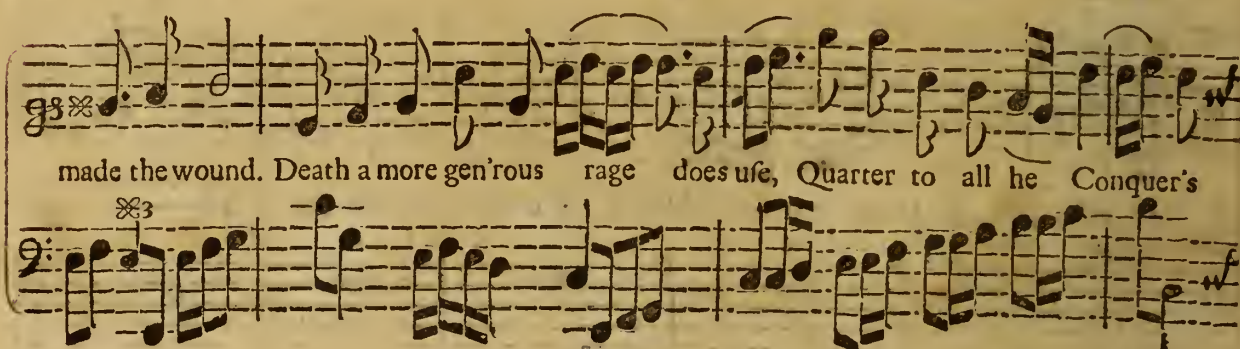
forgive me God I cry'd, for I flatter'd my self I was to dye; but quickly to my



cost I found, I found 'twas cru-el Love, 'twas cruel Love not Death had made the wound; but



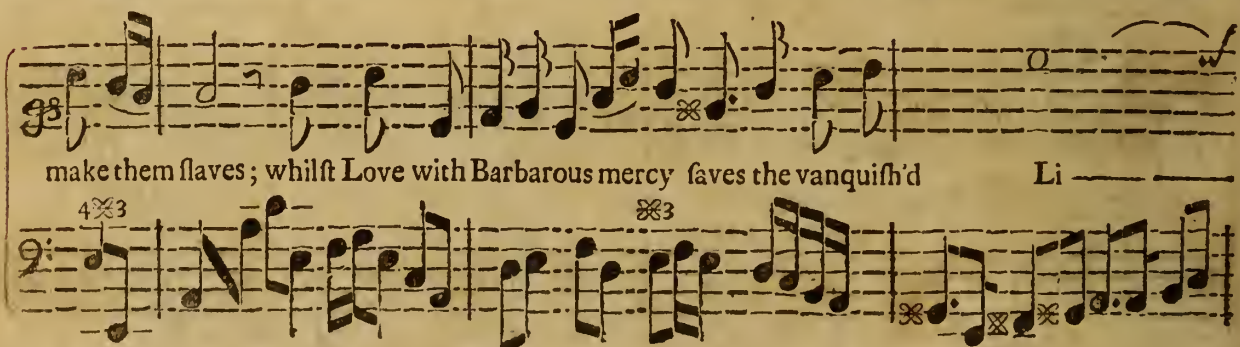
quickly to my cost I found, I found 'twas cru-el Love, 'twas cru-el Love not Death had



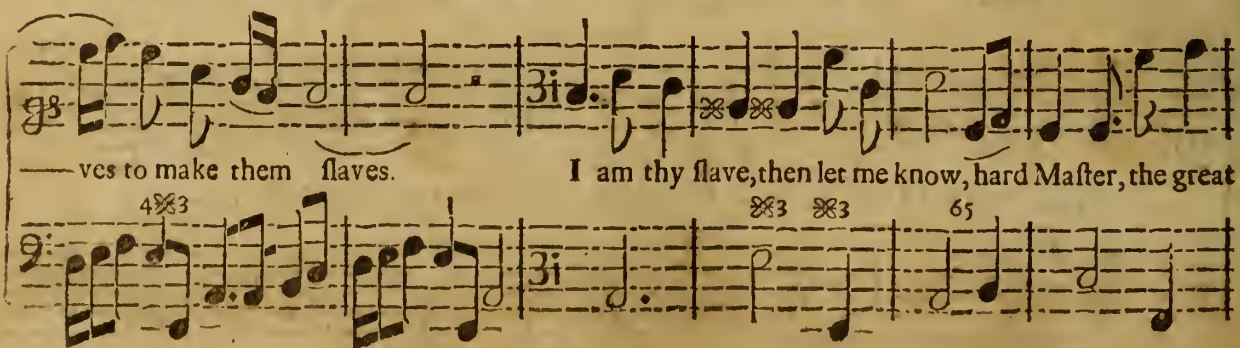
made the wound. Death a more gen'rous rage does use, Quarter to all he Conquer's



doth re--fuse, whilst Love with Barbarous mercy faves the vanquish'd Lives to



make them slaves; whilst Love with Barbarous mercy faves the vanquish'd Li



—ves to make them slaves. I am thy slave, then let me know, hard Master, the great

task I have to doe; who Pride and Scorn do un-der-goe, in Tem-pests and

rou—gh Seas thy Galleys row, they Pant, and Groan, and Sigh, but find their

Sig—hs encrease the an-gry Wind; like an E-gyptian Tyrant, some

thou wea'-riest out in buil—ding but a Tomb; others with fad and ted-'ous

Art labour i'th Quarries of a Sto-ny Heart: Of all the works thou dost assign, to all the

sev'ral Slaves of thine, employ me migh-ty Love to dig the Mine; of all the

works thou dost af-sign, to all the Sev'ral Slaves of thine, employ me Migh-ty

Love to dig the Mine.

A SONG in the *Double-Dealer*.

Intbia frowns when e're I Woe her, yet she's vex'd, she's vex'd if I give o-ver ;

much, much she fears I shou'd, I shou'd undoe her, but much more, but much more, much

mo-re to lose her Lover ; thus, thus in

doubting, she re-fu-fes, and not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus,

thus she looses; And not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus, thus, thus,

thus, thus she looses; Prethee Cynthia look be-hind you

prethee Cynthia look behind you, Age and Wrinkles, Age and Wrinkles

will o'take you; then, then too late, too late, too late, then, then too late De-

- fire will find you; when the po w'r does

for-fake you; Think, think, oh! think,

think, think, oh! think, oh! sad con — dition, to be past, yet

with, yet wish fru — ition; to be past, be past, yet wish,

with, wish fru — ition, yet wish, wish, wish fru — ition.

An Elegy on the Death of Mr. John Playford. Words by Mr. Tate.

Gentle Shepherds, you that know the Charms of Tune-full Breath, that Harmony in

Grief can show, La-ment, La-ment, for Pi-ous The-ron's Death!

Theron, the good, the friend-ly Theron's gone! Theron, Theron, the good, the friend-ly The-

ron's gone! ren ding Mountains, weep-ing Fountains, groaning Dales, and

Soft.

ecchoing Vales, if you want Skill, will teach you how to moan, to moa n;

Loud.

ren ding Mountains, weep-ing Fountains, groaning Dales, and

Soft.

ecchoing Vales, if you want Skill, will teach you how to moan, to moa n; will teach, will

Loud.

teach you how to moan. Could Innocence or Pi-e-ty, ex-pi-ring Life main-tain; or

Slow.

Art pre-vail on De-fi-ny, Theron still, still had grac'd the Plain, below'd of Pan, and

dear to Pha-bus Train; Theron still had grac'd the Plain, belov'd of Pan, and dear

to Pha-bus Train. Muses, bring your Ro-ses hither, strew them gent-ly

on his Hearse; Muses, bring your Ro-ses hither, strew them gent-ly on his Hearse; and when those

short-liv'd Glo-ries wither, crown it with a lasting Verse, crown it with a la--sting

Verse; and when those short-liv'd Glories wither, crown it with a last-ing Verse.

Roses soon will fade away, Verse and Tomb must both de-cay; yet Theron's Name in

spight of Fate's Decree, and end--less Fame shall meet; no Verse so du-ra-

-ble can be, nor Ro-ses half so sweet, nor Ro-ses half so sweet.

CHORUS.

Then wast no more, no more; then wast no more in Sighs your Breath, nor think his

Then wast no more, no more; then wast no more in Sighs your Breath, nor think his

Fate was hard; there's no such thing as Suddain Death, to those that al-ways

Fate was hard; there's no such thing as Suddain Death, to those that al-ways

are pre-par'd: Prepar'd like him by Har-mo-ny and Love,

are pre-par'd: Prepar'd like him by Har-mo-ny and Love,

to joyn at first ap—proach, to joyn at first approach the Sa—cred Quire a—bove; to

to joyn at first approach, at first approach the Sa—cred Quire a—bove;

joyn at first approach, to joyn at first ap—proach, at first approach the Sa—cred Quire a—bove.

to joyn at first approach, to joyn at first approach the Sa—cred Quire a—bove.

A SONG in the 3^d. Act of the *Prophetess*.

W Hen first I saw the Bri—ght Aure—lia's Eyes, when first I

saw the Bri—ght Aure—lia's Eyes, a sudden trem—

bling did my Limbs sur—prize, in ev'ry Vain, in ev'ry Vain I

felt a tin ——— 6 ——— gling, ting-ling smart, and a co ———

ld faintness, and a co ——— 67b ——— ld faintness all a-rou ———

nd my Heart, all a-rou ———

nd my Heart. But oh! oh! ——— 43 ——— nd my Heart. But oh! oh! ———

oh! oh! the piercing, piercing, pier ——— 46 ——— oh! oh! the piercing, pier ———

joy, but oh! oh! oh! oh! the plea-sing, plea ——— 6 ——— joy, but oh! oh! oh! oh! the plea-sing, plea ———

-sing pain; and oh! and oh!

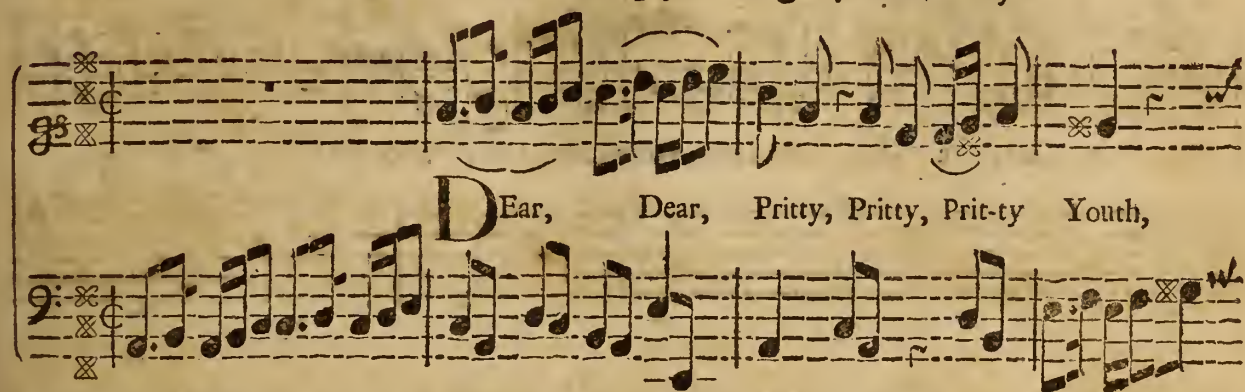
oh! oh! and oh! may both ten thou

sand Years, ten thou sand

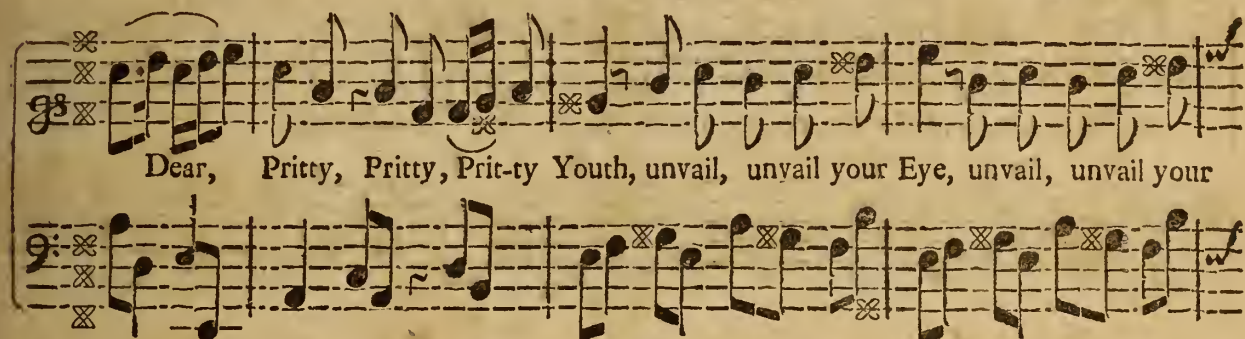
Yea rs re main, ten thou

sand Years re main, ten thou

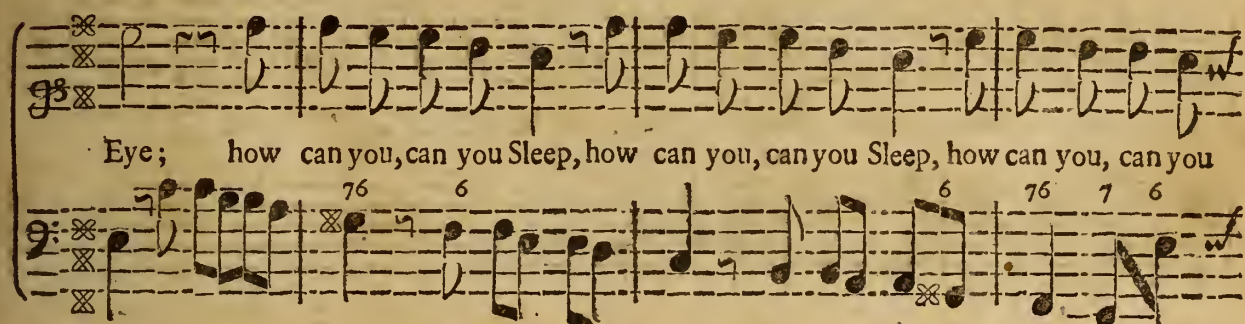
sand Years re main.

A SONG in the *Tempest*, Sung by *Mis Crofs*.


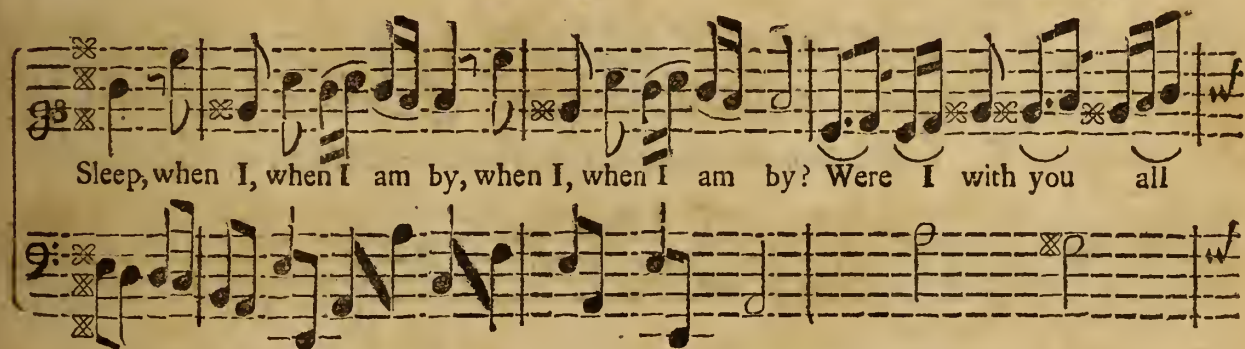
Dear, Dear, Pritty, Pritty, Prit-ty Youth,



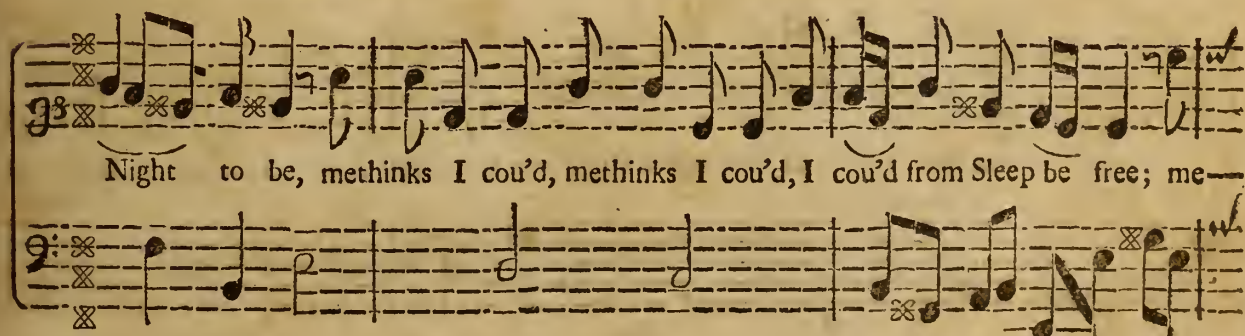
Dear, Pritty, Pritty, Prit-ty Youth, unvail, unvail your Eye, unvail, unvail your



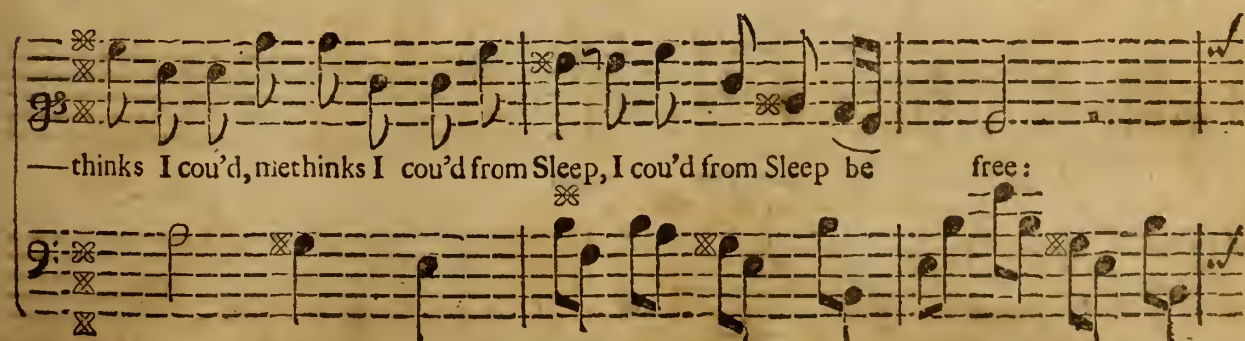
Eye; how can you, can you Sleep, how can you, can you Sleep, how can you, can you



Sleep, when I, when I am by, when I, when I am by? Were I with you all



Night to be, methinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd, I cou'd from Sleep be free; me—



—thinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd from Sleep, I cou'd from Sleep be free:

a — lafs, a — lafs my Dear, you'r Cold, Cold as Stone; you must no longer,

no, no longer, no, no longer, no, no longer, longer lye a — lone; but

be with me my Dear, my Dear, Dear, Dear, but be with me my Dear, and I in each

Arm, and I in each Arm will Hugg you, Hugg you close, will Hugg you, Hugg you close,

Hugg you close and keep you Warm, will Hugg you, Hugg you close, will Hugg you, Hugg you

close, Hugg you close and keep you warm.

The Rich RIVAL. Words out of *Cowley*.

T Hey say you're angry, and rant migh-ti-ly, because I Love the same as you,

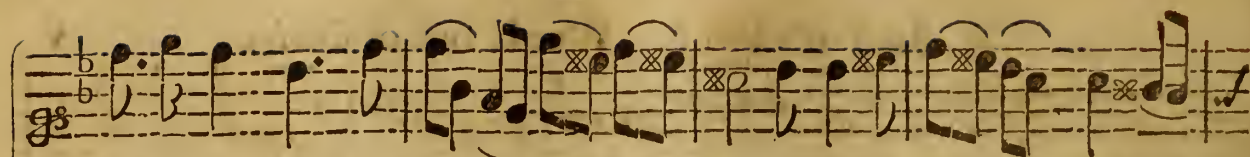
a-las! you're ve-ry Rich 'tis true; but prethee Fool! what's that to Love and me? Your

Land and Money let that serve, and know you're more by that than you de--serve. When

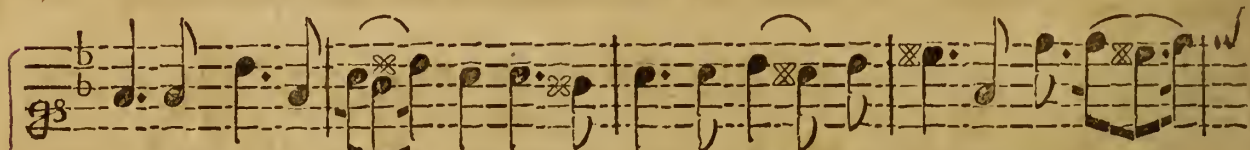
next I see my Fair one, she shall know how worth-les thou art of her Bed; and,

Wretch, I'll strike thee dumb, and dead with no—ble Verse, not un—der—

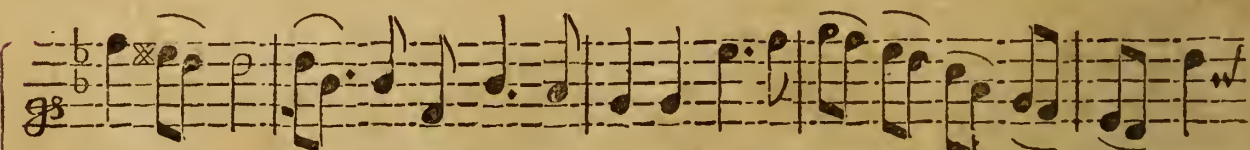
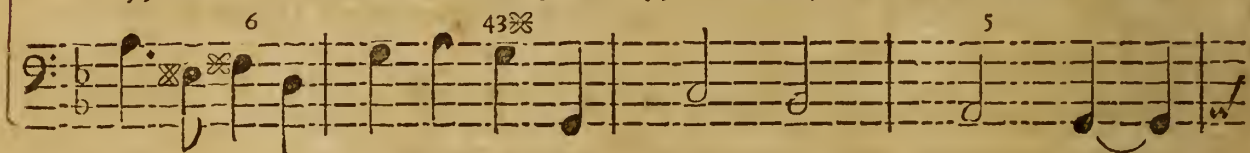
—stood by you; while thy sole Rhet'rick shall be Joynture and Jewels, and our Friends a-gree.



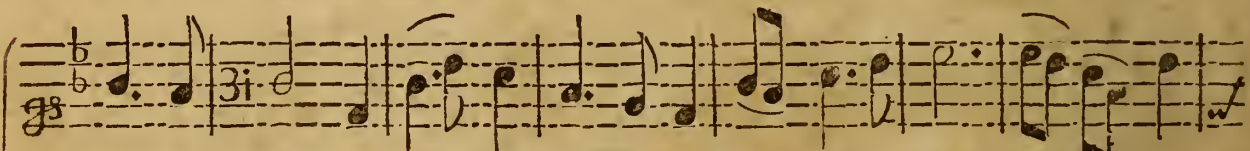
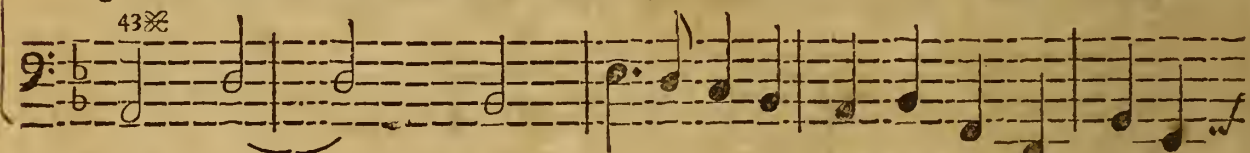
Pox of your Friends that dote and do — mi — neer, Lovers are bet — ter Friends than



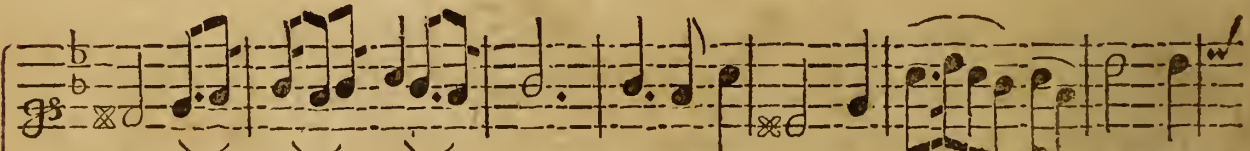
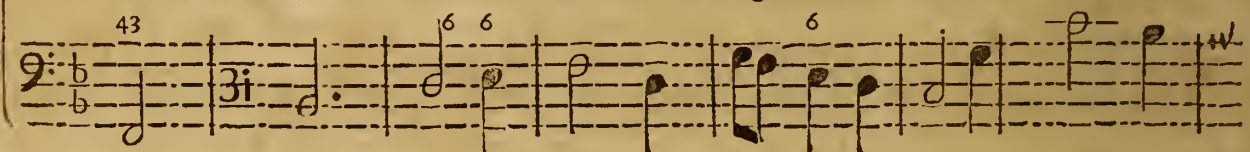
they, let's those in o — ther things o — bey, the Fates, and Stars, and Gods must



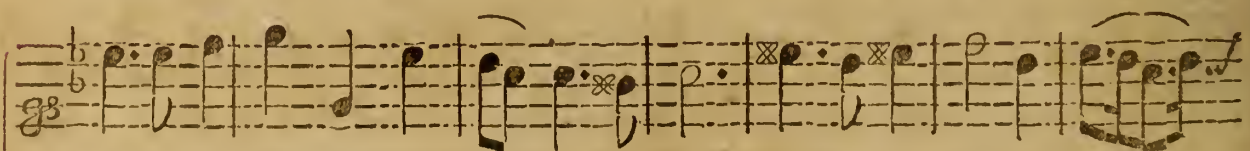
go — vern here: Vain name of Blood! in Love, let none ad — vise with a — ny Blood, but



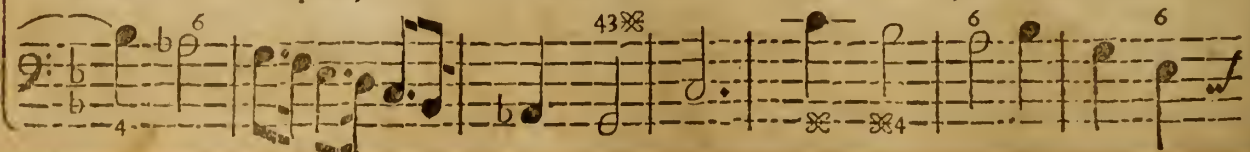
with their own; 'Tis that which bids me this bright Maid a — dore, no o — ther



Thought has had ac — cefs, did she now beg, I'd Love no less; and



were she an Empreß, I shou'd Love no more. Were she as just and true



to me, ah, sim-ple Soul! what wou'd become of thee.

A SONG in King *Arthur*.

Fairest Isle of Isles Ex-cel-ling, Seat of Plea-sures and of Loves;

Ve-nus here will chuse her Dwelling, and for-sake her Cy-prian Groves. Cu-pid,

from his Fav'rite Nation, Care and En-vy will Remove; Jea-lou-sie, that

poy-sons Passion, and De-spair that dies for Love.

II.

Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complaining,
 Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
 Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
 Shall be all the Pains you prove.
 Every Swain shall pay his Duty,
 Gratefull every Nymph shall prove;
 And as these Excell in Beauty,
 Those shall be Renown'd for Love.

A SONG in *Bonduca*, Sung by Miss Cross.

O H! Oh! lead me, lead me to some peace—full Gloom,

where none but sigh—ing, none but sigh—ing, sigh—ing Lo—vers

come; where the shrill, the shrill Trumpets never fou

—nd; never, never, found, but one E—ter—nal Hush, one e—ter—nal Hush goes round.

There let me sooth my plea—sing pain, there let me

sooth my plea—sing pain, and never, never think of War, never, never think of

War, never, never think of War, never, never, never, never, never

think of War a — gain : what glo — ry, what glo —

ry, what glo — ry can, can a Lover have to Conquer, to Con —

quer, yet be still a slave ; what glo — ry, what glo —

ry can a Lo — ver have, to Conquer, to Conquer, to Conquer,

yet be still, still a Slave, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, still a Slave ?

Sweeter than Roses, a single SONG.

S Wee—ter then Ro—fes, or cool, cool Ev'ning Breeze;

Musical score for two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It contains a melody with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It contains a bass line with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics "Sweetest then" and "Cool, cool" are written below the staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

Ev'ning Breeze on a war-m Flow-ry shore, was the

7 6 76

Dear, the dear, the dear, dear, de ——— ar Kiss; First tre ———

Handwritten musical score for the song "The Merry Bell". The score is written on two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves: "m—bling, first tre—mbling made me, made me free". The music features a melody in the treble staff and a bass line in the bass staff. The melody includes a triplet of eighth notes and a series of beamed eighth notes. The bass line includes a triplet of eighth notes and a series of beamed eighth notes. The score is written in ink on aged paper.

ze, made me freeze ; then shot like Fire, all, all, all, all o're, then

43 6

shot like Fire, all, all, all, then shot like Fire, all, all, o're.

What Magick has Vic-to

rious Love,

what Magick has Vic-to

rious, Love for all, all, all I touch, all,

all, all, all I touch or fee; since that dear, dear, Kifs I hourly, hour-ly

prove, all, all, all, all is Love, all, all, all, all, all is Love, all, all, all, all is Lo—ve all, all,

all, all, all, is Lo—ve, is Love to me.

SONG Sung by *Jemmy Bowen*, at the opening the Old Play-houſe.

U-cin-da is Be-witch-ing Fair, Lu-cin-da is Be-witch-ing Fair, all

[illegible]

o're, all o're, all o're in-ga-ging is her Air; all o're,

all o're in-ga-ging is her Air: In ev-'ry Song Lu - cin-da, Lu -

— cinda, Lu-cin—da's Fam'd, She is the Quee — n of Love proclaim'd, to all, to

all She does, She does a Flame im—part, ex—pi—ring Victims, ex—pi—ring,

ex—pi—ring Vic—tims feel her Dart; Lu—&c. Strephon for her has Love

ex—prest, Phi-lan—der sighs, sighs, sighs too with the rest; Wrack'd,

Wrack'd with Despair each one complains, un—mo—

—v'd, un—touch't, She all, She all, She all dis—dains. Lu—&c.

This was the last Song that Mr. *Purcell* Sett, it being in his Sickneſs.

F Rom Roſie Bow'rs where Sleep's the God of Love, hither, hither ye little waiting

Cupids fly, fly, fly, fly hither ye lit-tle waiting Cu—pids fly;

teach me, teach me in ſoft Me—lodiouſ Songs, to move with ten—der, ten—der

Paſſion, my Heart's, my Heart's dar—ling Joy: Ah! let the Soul of Muſick Tune my

Voice, to Win dear Strephon, ah! ah! let the Soul of Muſick Tune my Voice to

Win dear Strephon, dear, dear, dear Strephon who my Soul en—joys. Or if more

in-flu-encing is to be brisk and Ai-ry, with a Step and a Bound, and a Frisk from the

Ground, I will Trip like a--ny Fairy; As once on Y-da Dancing, were three Ce-lestial Bodies,

with an Air, and a Face, and a Shape, and a Grace, let me Charm like Beauty's Goddess; with an

Air, and a Face, and a Shape, and a Grace let me Charm like Beauty's Goddess. Ah! ah!

'tis in vain, 'tis all, 'tis all, all in Vain, Death and De-spair must end the Fa-tal

pain; cold Despair, cold, cold, De-spair disguis'd like Snow and Rain, falls, falls, falls

on my Breast, Bleak Winds in Tempests Blo — w, in Tempests Blo — w,

my Veins all Shiver, and my Fingers Glow, my Pulse beats a Dead, Dead March; my

Pulse beats a Dead, Dead March for lost repose, and to a so-lid lump of Ice, my

poor, poor fond Heart is froze.

Or, say ye Pow'rs, say, say ye Pow'rs my Peace to Crown, shall I, shall I, shall I

Thaw my self or drown? shall I, shall I, shall I Thaw my self or drown? a--

—mongst the foaming Billows in—creasing, all with Tears I shed on Beds of Ooze, and

Chrystal Pillows, lay down, down, down, lay down, down, down my Love-sick Head;

say, say ye Pow'rs, say, say ye Pow'rs my Peace to Crown, shall I, shall I,

shall I Thaw my self or drown? shall I, shall I, shall I Thaw my self or drown?

Quick.

No, no, no, no, no, I'll straight run Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, that soon, that soon my Heart will

warm, when once the Sense is fled, is fled, Love, Love, has no pow'r, no, no, no,

no, no pow'r to Charm; Love has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, Love has no pow'r, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to Charm: Wild thro' the Woods I'll fl—

y, Wil—d thro' the Woods I'll fl—y, Robes, Locks shall

thus, thus, thus, thus be tore; a Thousand, thousand deaths I'll dye, a thousand,

thousand deaths I'll dye, e're thus, thus in vain, e're thus, thus in vain, thus in

vain a—dore.

A Song on a Ground, the Words by Madam Phillips.

O H So-li-tude! my swee- test Choice! Oh

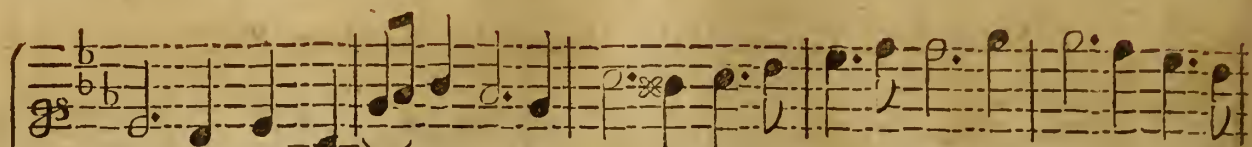
So-li-tude! Oh So-li-tude! my swee- test, sweetest Choice!

Places de-vo-ted to the Night, re-mote from Tumult, and from Noise, how ye my

Rest- less Thoughts de-light! Oh So-li-tude! Oh So-li-

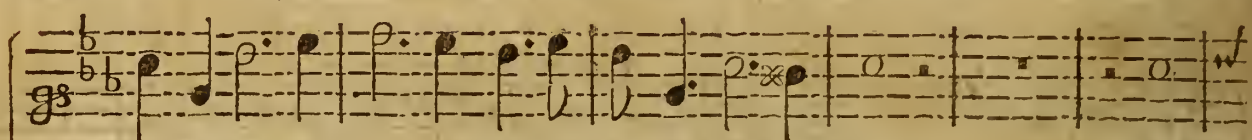
-tude! my swee- test, sweetest Choice! Oh Heavens! what Con-

-tent is mine, to see those Trees, which have appear'd, from the Na-ti-vi-ty of



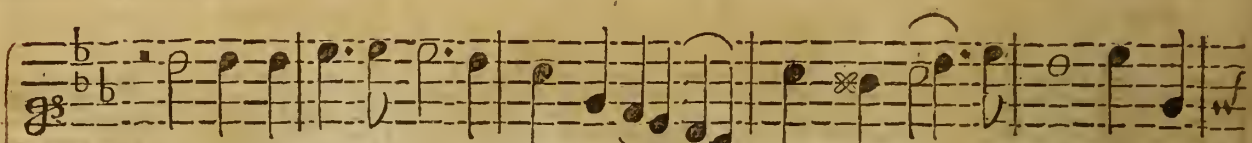
Time; and, which all A—ges have re-ver'd, to look to day as fresh and green, to look to

43

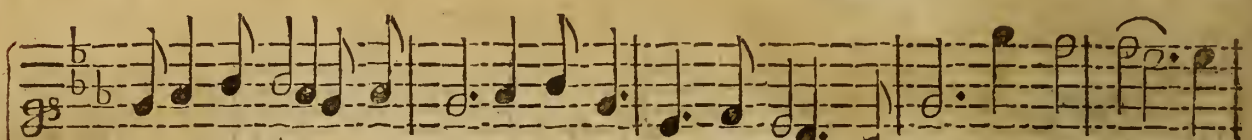


day as fresh and green, as when their Beauty's first were seen? Oh!

6 56 6 76 6 43



Oh how a-gree-a—ble a Sight these hanging Mountaines do ap-pear, which th'un-



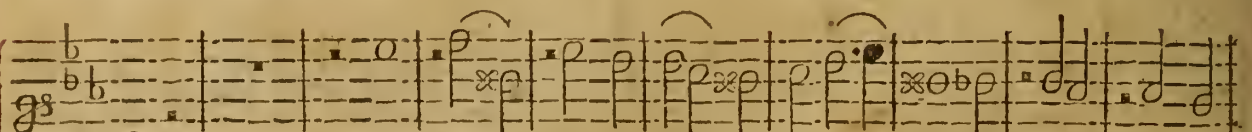
—hap—py wou'd in—vite, to fi—nish all their Sorrows here; when their hard, their

7 b5



hard Fate makes them endure, such Woes, such Woes, as on—ly Death can

6 43 2 3 5



Cure. Oh! Oh how I So—li—tude a—dore! Oh! Oh how I

7 7 6 b 7 5

So—li—tude a—dore, that E—lement of no—blest Wit, where I have learn'd, where

I have learn'd A—pollo's Love, without the pains, the pai—ns, to study it: For thy

fake I in Love am grown, with what thy fancy, thy fancy does pursue; but when I

think upon my own, I hate it, I hate it, for that reason too; because it needs must

hinder me from seeing, from seeing, and from serving thee. Oh

So—li—tude! Oh how I So—li—tude A—dore!

[90]
Sighs for our late Sovereign *King Charles the Second.*

I F Pray'rs and Tears, the Shields the Church of *England* on-ly bears, in some great

Ex — igeance of State, cou'd those, cou'd those have warded off the blows of Fate,

we had not fall'n, we had not sunk so low under the gre — vous heavy

weight, the pressures of this day's sa — — — d o-verthrow. Oh! Oh! how the

first amazing Blow bow'd down, bow'd down each Loyal Head, and as we trem

bling stood, fixt like a standing Water all our Blood, in ev'ry Face you might such

for rows Read, that what the Prophet Wish'd but cou'd not show, was

in our mourn full Land made good; all Eyes as Rivers swell'd, did

strangely o-verflow, our weepings seem'd increas'd in-to a no-ther Flood:

Thus, thus Uni-ver-sal was our Grief, and in those Agonies of our Souls, we lay

till the kin-d Heav'ns roll'd the Cloud a-

way, and gave us some faint, some faint glim'rings of re-lief: The Waters then a-

— bated for a while, and welcome, wel— come joy— s hung hov—'ring o're our

drooping *I*lle, Oh! then, Oh! then, what Pi— — ous Groans, what Pi— ous Sighs, the

Church sent up be—yond the yielding Skies ; Lord save our King, ev'ry good Subject

cries, whilst ev'ry bro— ken Hearts Al—tar and Sacrifice ; Lord save the King was never

faid, with greater fer—vency than now, not in the Chapel only, but the Streets, no

sort of People cou'd you meet, but did De—vout—ly bow, and as Devoutly Pray'd; and

yet no Phariſaick Hypocrites, in corners with well guided Zeal their Oriſons were

made; Al-bion is now become a Holy Land, and wages Ho-ly Warr to ſtay

the threat'ning Hand; Oh! Oh! that we might pre-vail, ſuch well ap-pointed Numbers

never uſ'd to fail, Oh! Oh! that we might prevail, Numbers of

Old by a Wiſe Prelate led, with Arms ſtretch't tow'rds Heav'n took the Field, no other Weapons

did thoſe Champions wield, but leavy Boughs (and Pray'rs no doubt,) we Read to thoſe a'

mighty, a mighty Conquerour did yeild, a-las we'd Conquer'd too, but for our former

Crimes, Treasons, Rebellions, Perjury's, with all, with all the in-i-quities of the Times, whole

Legions doe against us rise, these, these are the powers that strike the Kingdom dead, and

now the Crown is fall'n, now the Crown is fall'n from our Je--si--ah's Head.

A SONG in *Henry the Second*; Sung by Mrs. Dyer.

N vain, in vain, in vain, in vai n'gainst Love, in vai

—n I strove, Reason nor Honour, Reason nor Honour could its for

ce re-move ; Tho' Honour fresh objections brought, and

each had won — d'rous Sense I thought, each had won — d'rous

Sense I thought : Yet Love, Love, Love more stro — ng, yet Love, Love,

Love more stro — ng, tho' not so wise, be — lyes my Tongue in my

fond, my fond, my fo — nd Eyes. One an — swers faint — ly

no, no, no, but yes, oh yes, oh yes, yes, yes, oh yes, oh

yes, yes, yes, oh yes, the last much lou—

der cry's.

A Two Part SONG.

W Hen Myra Sing—s, when Myra Sing—

When My-ra Sing—s, when Myra Sing—

s, we seek th'in—chant—ing

s, we seek th'in—chant—ing

Sound;
76 76 6b

Sound, th'in-chant ————— ing Sound, and

th'in-chant ————— ing Sound,

4 6 76 43 6 43

blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes which doe fo sweet-ly, fo sweet-ly, fo

and blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes that doe fo sweetly, fo sweetly, fo

b54b 6 7 65 65

sweet-ly, wound; what Mu ————— sick, what Mu ————— sick needs must

sweet-ly wound; what Mu ————— sick needs must

6 6 67 43

dwel up ————— on that Tongue, whose speech is Tunefull, whose speech is Tunefull, is

dwel up ————— on that Tongue, whose speech is Tunefull, whose speech is

76

Tune full as a no-ther Song:

Such Harmo--ny, fuch Wit, fuch Harmo--ny, fuch Wit, fuch

Wit, a Face so Fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows who, who can

bear? the slave that from her Wit, or Beau--ty flies, if she but

if she but reach him, but reach him with her Voice,

reach him, but reach him with her Voice, if she but reach him.

Very slow.

if she but reach him with her Voice; he dies, he dies, he

with her Voice; he dies, he dies, he dies, he

6 76

The image shows a page from a music book with three staves of music. The title at the top is "DIE HEIDELBERGER LIEDER" in a decorative font, followed by "VON MARTIN LUTHER" in a smaller font. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It contains the first line of the song. The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the second line of the song. The third staff is also a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the third line of the song. The lyrics are written below the staves in German. The first line of lyrics is "dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies." The second line is "dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies." The third line is "dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies." There are some musical notations like slurs, ties, and accidentals (flats) throughout the score. The page number "65" is visible at the bottom left.

DIE HEIDELBERGER LIEDER
VON MARTIN LUTHER

dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.

dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.

dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.

65

This image shows a single page from an old manuscript. The paper is aged and yellowed. It features three distinct sections of horizontal ruling, each consisting of five parallel lines. These sections are separated by wider, unruled margins. On the left side of the page, there are faint vertical markings or possibly remnants of binding holes. The overall appearance is that of a clean but unused sheet of music paper or a ledger page from a historical document.

Come let us leave the Town, a two Part SONG.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in G major (one flat). The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "Come, come, come, come let us leave; let us, let us leave the Town; Come, come,"

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "Come, come, come, come let us leave, let us leave the Town;"

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "come, come, come, come, come let us leave, let us, let us, let us leave"

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "Come, come, come, come, come, come, come let us leave, let us, let us leave"

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "the Town; And in some lonely place, where Crowds and Noise, where Crowds and"

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "the Town; And in some lonely place, where Crowds, where Crowds and"

Seventh system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "Noise were never, never, never, ne-ver known, re-fo — lve"

Eighth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "Noise were never, never, never, ne-ver known, re-fo — lve"

Ninth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "Noise were never, never, never, ne-ver known, re-fo — lve"

to spend our days. In Pleasant, Pleasant Shades, in

to spend our days. In Pleasant, Pleasant, Pleasant, in Pleasant, Pleasant,

Pleasant, Pleasant shades upon the Grass at Night our selves we'll lay, our days in harmless

Pleasant shades, up-on the Grass at Night our selves we'll lay, our

sports shall pass, our days in harmless Sports, in harmless Sports shall pass; thus

days in harmless Sports shall pass, our days in harmless Sports shall pass; thus

Time shall slide away.

Time shall slide away.

A Two Part SONG.

Loft is my Quiet for e—ver, loft is my Qui—et for e—ver, loft

Loft is my Quiet for e—ver, e—ver, loft is my Quiet

for e—ver, for e—ver loft; loft is my Qui-et for e—ver, e-ver,

for e—ver, for e—ver, loft is my Quiet for e—ver, for e—ver, e-ver,

loft is Life's hap—pi—est part; loft all, all, all my ten—der En—

loft is Life's hap—pi—est part; loft all, all my ten—der En—

—deavours to tou — ch an in—sen—si—ble

—deavours to tou — ch an in—sen—si—ble

Heart. But tho' my De-spair is past curing, but tho' my De-

Heart. But tho' my De-spair is past curing, but

—spair, my De—spair is past curing, and much unde-serv'd is my Fate; I'll show by a

tho' my De—spair is past curing, and much undeserv'd is my Fate;

patient en—du—ring my Love, I'll show by a patient en—du—ring

I'll show by a patient en—during my Love is unmov'd, I'll show by a patient

my Love is un—mov—'d, is unmov'd as her Hate.

en—du—ring my Love is unmov'd as her Hate.

A Two Part SONG. The Words by Mr. Congreve.

Here ne're, ne're was so wretched a Lover as I, so wretched, so wretched, so

There ne'er, ne'er was so

wretched a Lover as I; there ne'er, ne're was so wretched a Lover as I;

wretched a Lover as I, so wretched, so wretched, so wretched a Lover as I; whose

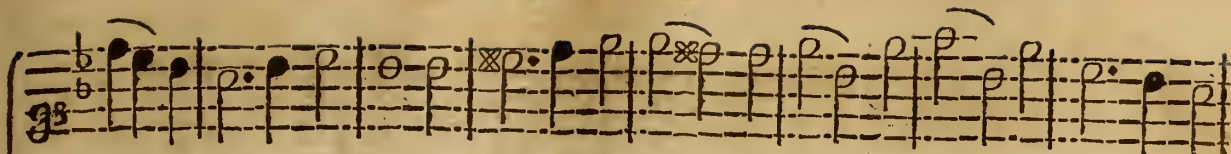
whose hopes are for ever, for e-ver, for e-ver pre-vented:

hopes are for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever pre-vented: I'm neither at

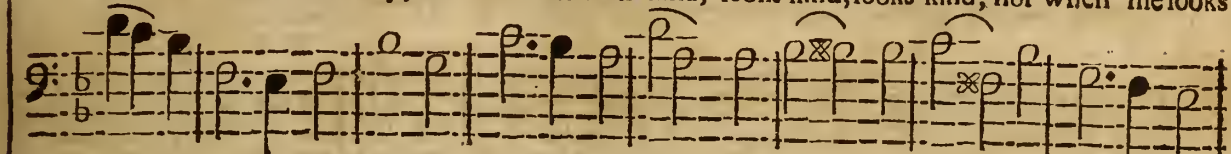
I'm nei-ther at re

ft

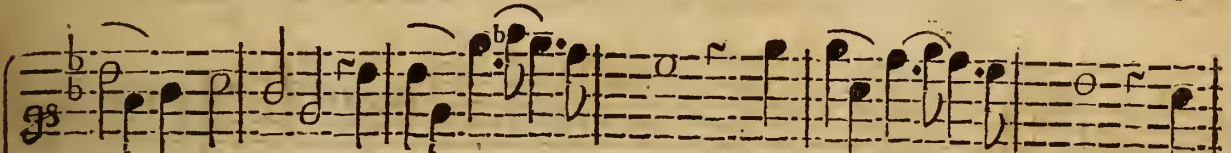
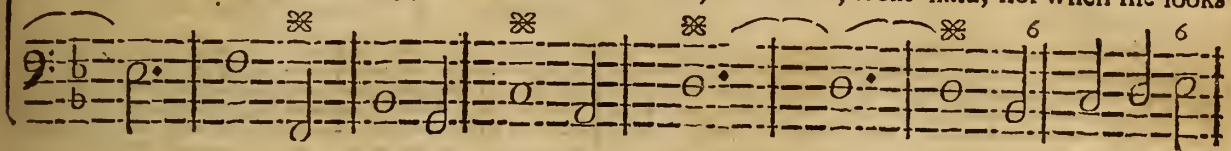
re



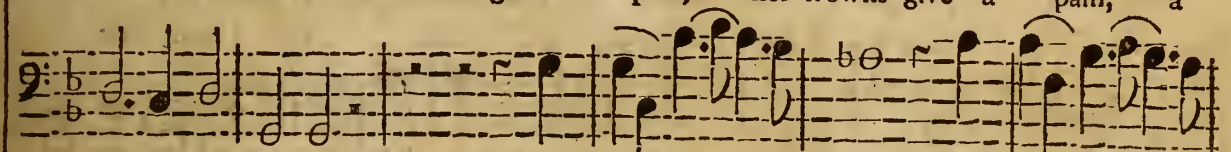
when A-minta looks Coy, nor when she looks kind, looks kind, looks kind, nor when she looks



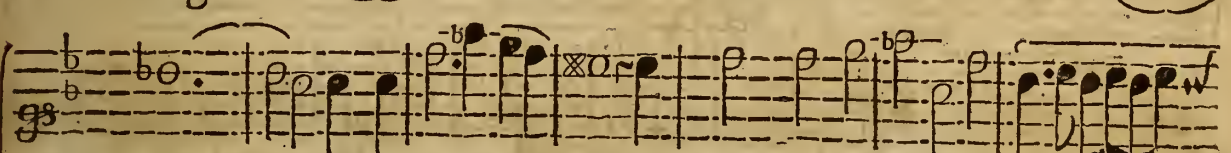
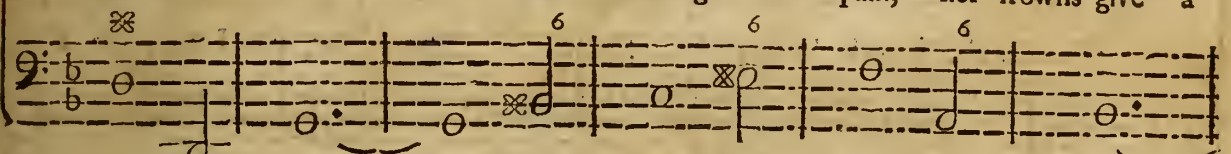
when A-minta looks Coy, nor when she looks kind, looks kind, looks kind, nor when she looks



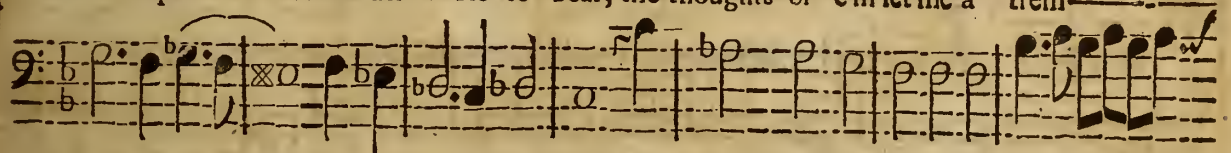
kind am contented: Her frowns give a pain, her frowns give a pain, a



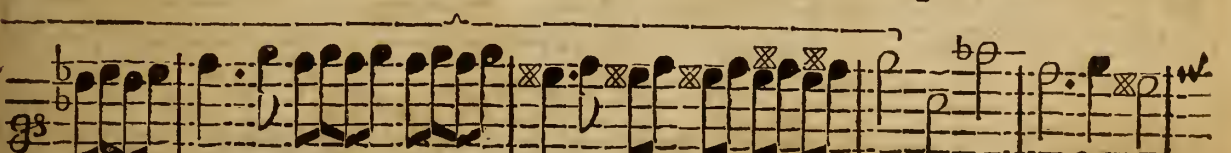
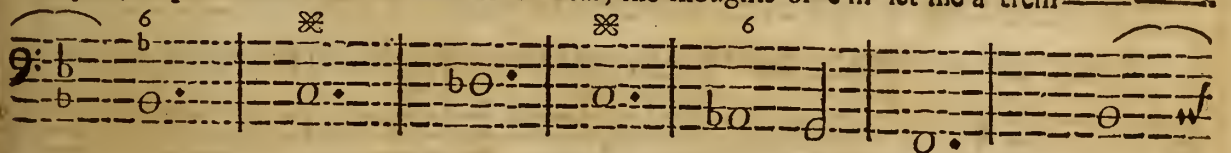
kind am con--tent-ed: Her frowns give a pain, her frowns give a



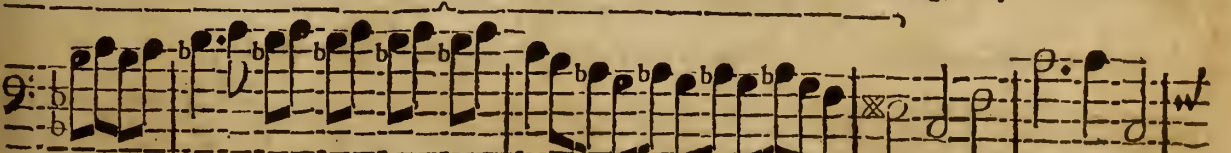
pa—in I'me un--a--ble to bear, the thoughts of e'm set me a trem



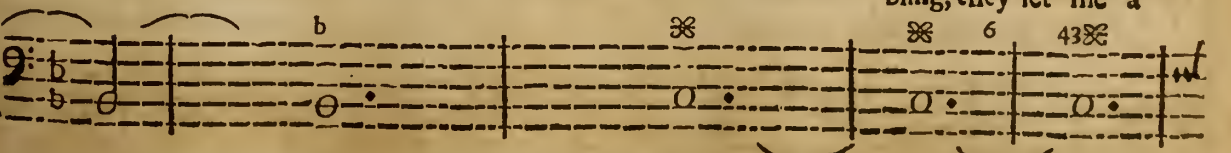
pain, a pa—in I'me un--a--ble to bear, the thoughts of e'm set me a trem

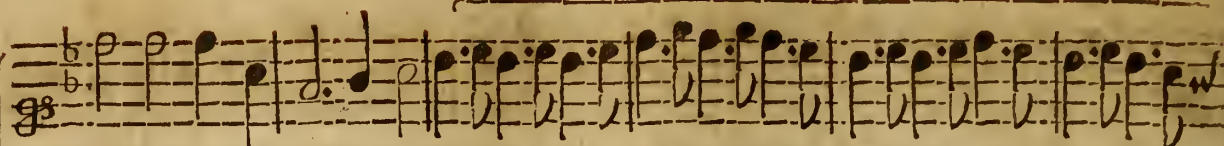


bling, they set me a

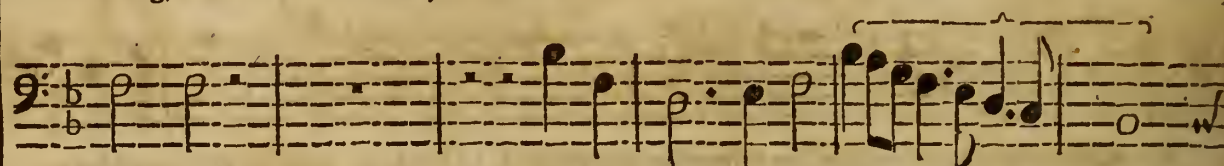


bling, they set me a

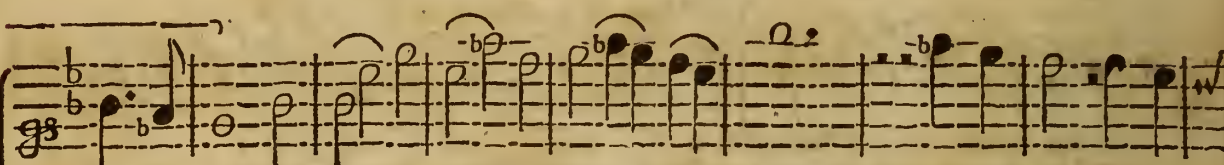
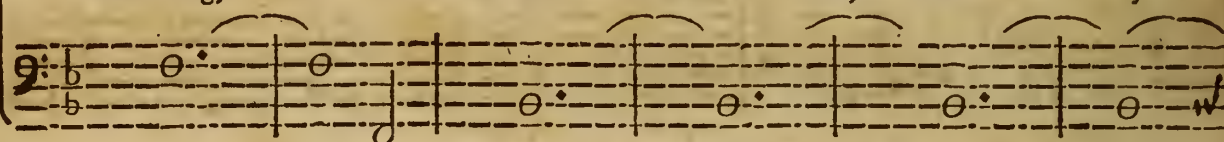




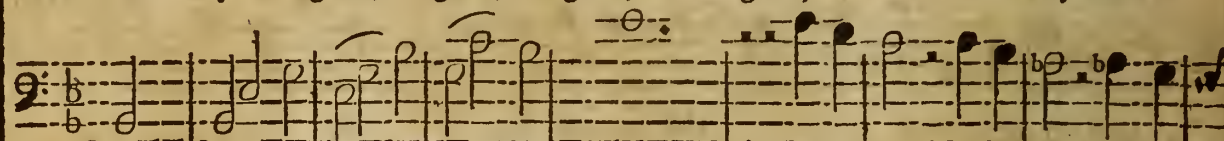
trembling, and her Smiles are a jo



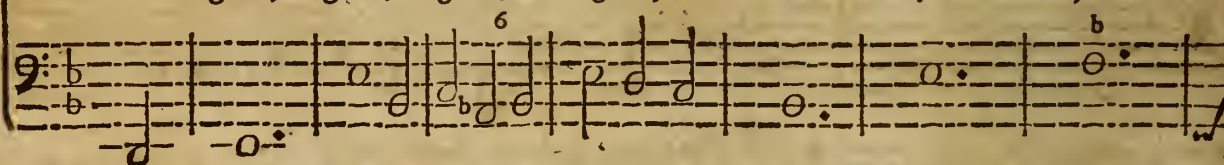
trembling, and her Smiles are a jo y



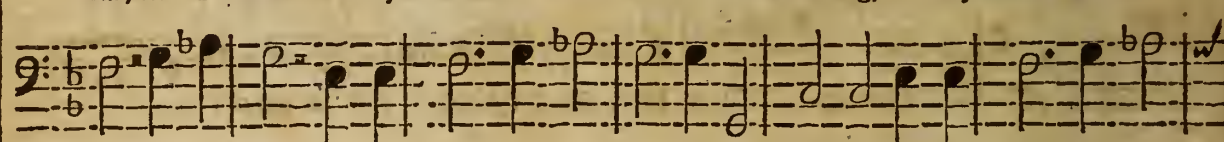
y so great, so great, so great, so great, that I fear, that I



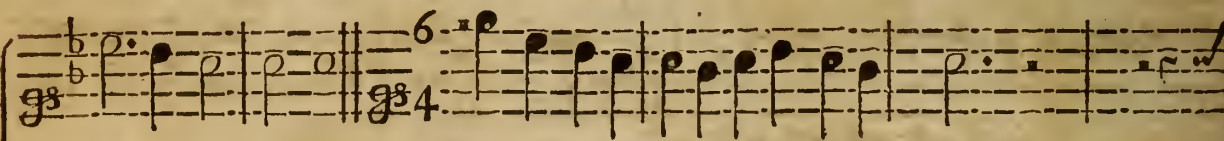
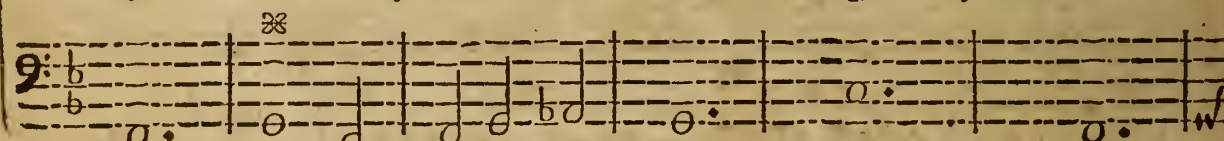
so great, so great, so great, so great, that I fear, that I fear, that I



fear, that I fear lest they shou'd be no more but dif-sembling, lest they shou'd be no



fear, that I fear lest they shou'd be no more but dissembling, lest they shou'd be no

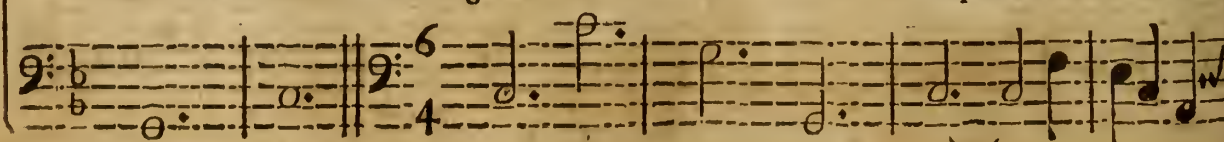


more but dif-sembling. Then prithee *A-minta* consent and be kind ;



more but dif-sembling.

A pox of this troublesome,



A pox of this troublesome, troublesome Wooing, then prithee *A-minta* con—

troublesome Wooing, then prithee *A-min-ta* consent and be kind, a pox of this troublesome,

43

—sent and be kind, a pox of this troublesome, troublesome Wooing, then prithee *A-minta*

troublesome Wooing, then prithee *A-min-ta* consent and be kind, a pox of this trouble—

43 43 43

consent and be kind, a pox of this troublesome, troublesome Wooing, for I find I shall

—some, troublesome Wooing, then prithee *A-minta* consent and be kind, for I find I shall

6, 43 43

ne're be at peace in my Mind, till once you and I have been do—ing, been do—ing, been

ne'er be at peace in my Mind, till once you and I have been do-ing, been do-ing, been

6 6 76 76 7

do-ing, been do-ing, been do-ing, till once you and I have been do-ing: for

do-ing, been doing, been do-ing, till once you and I have been do-ing: for shame, for

shame, for shame let your Lover no lon-ger com — plain, complain, complain of

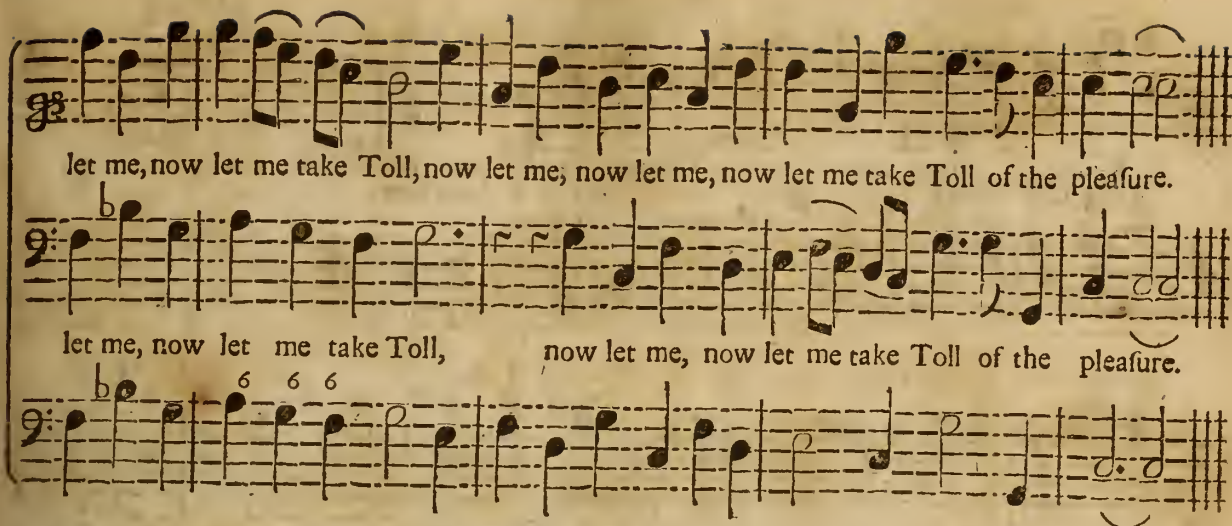
shame let your Lover no longer, no lon-ger complain, complain, com — plain of

u-sage that's hard, hard, hard, of u-sage that's hard, hard a-bove measure, but since I have

u-sage that's hard, hard, hard, of u-sage that's hard, hard a-bove measure, but since I have

carry'd, have carry'd such loads of Love's pain, now let me, now let me, now let me, now

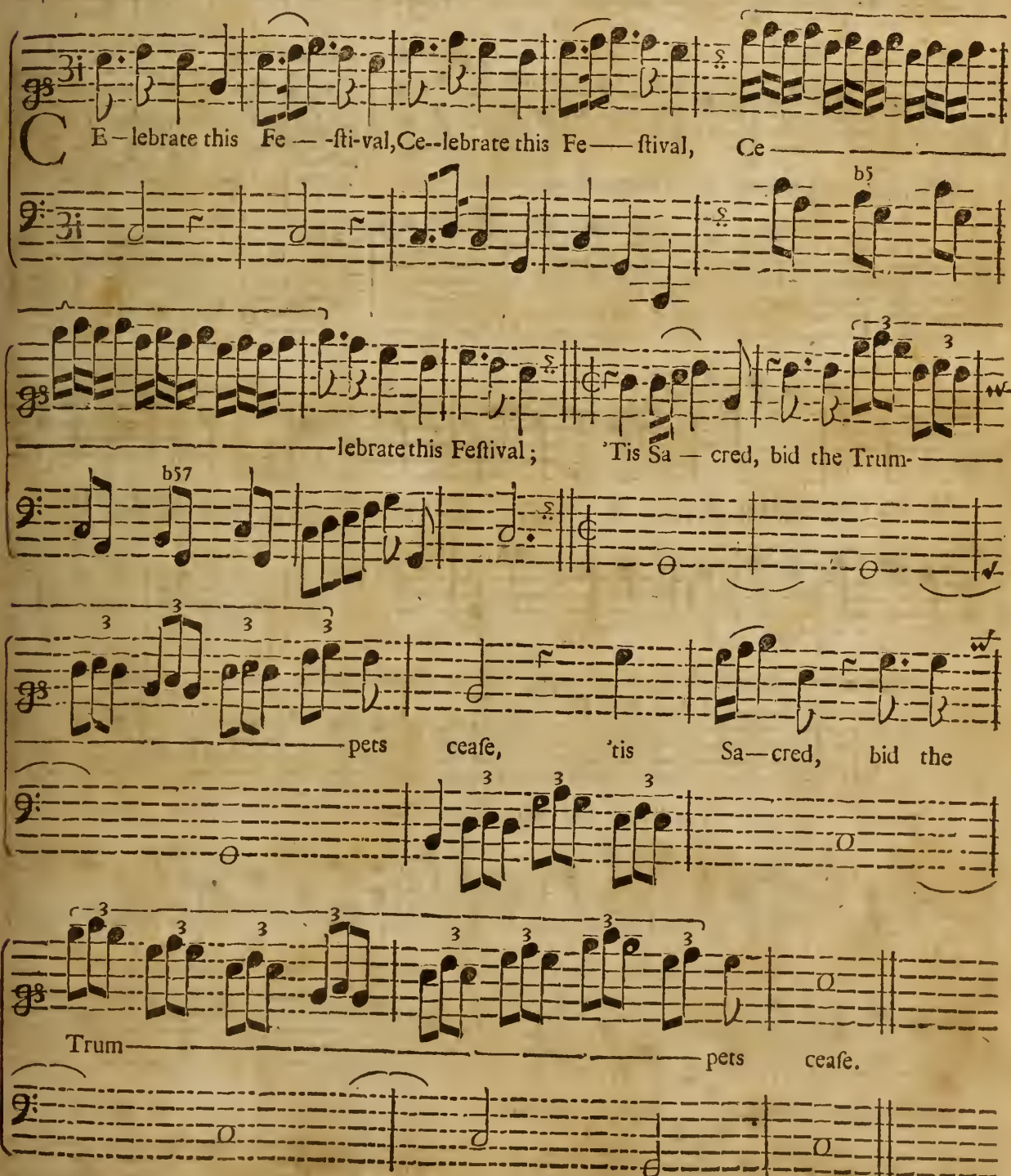
carry'd, have carry'd such loads of Love's pain, now let me, now let me, now



let me, now let me take Toll, now let me, now let me, now let me take Toll of the pleasure.

let me, now let me take Toll, now let me, now let me take Toll of the pleasure.

A SONG Sung before the Queen on Her Birth Day.



Celebrate this Festival, Celebrate this Festival, Celebrate this Festival; 'Tis Sacred, bid the Trumpets cease, 'tis Sacred, bid the Trumpets cease.

Trum ————— pets cease.

Kind-ly Treat *Ma—ri—a's* Day, and your Ho-mage 'twill re-pay;

Bequeathing Blessings on our *Ile*, the te—dious Mi—nutes to be—guile; Till

Conquest, till Conquest, till Conquest to *Ma—ri—a's* Arms re—store; Peace and her

He—ro, Peace and her *He—ro* to de-part no more, no, no more, no, no more, no, no

mo—re, Peace and her *He—ro*, Peace and her *He—ro* to de—part no

more, no, no more, no, no more.

ANACREON'S Defeat.

His Po-et si ngs the Tro-ian Wars, a-no-ther of the Theban

jarrs, in rat ling Numbers, in rat

ling Numbers, Verse that

da res;

this Po-et Si ngs the Tro-ian Wars, a-no-ther of the The-ban jarrs, in

rat ling Numbers, in

rat ling Numbers, Verse that dares. Whilst I in

rat ling Numbers, Verse that dares. Whilst I in

rat ling Numbers, Verse that dares. Whilst I in

rat ling Numbers, Verse that dares. Whilst I in

soft and hum—ble Verse, my own, my own Cap-ti-vi-ties re-hearse; whilst

7 6 76 76

I in soft, in soft and hum—ble Verse, my ow

76 76 6 765/3

n Cap-ti-vities rehearse; I sing my own Defeats, which are not the E-

43 6

-vents of Common War; I sing my own Defeats, which are not the E-vents of Common

43 6 6b 6 6

War, which are not the E-vents of Common War: Not Fleets at Sea have

6 6 6

vanquish'd me, nor Brigadeers, nor Ca-val-ry, nor Ranks and Files, nor Ranks and Files of

6 6

In--fan-try; not Fleets at Sea have vanquish'd me, nor Bri-gadeers, nor Ca--val--

ry, nor Ranks and Files, nor Ranks and Files of In-fan-try: No, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, A--na--cre--on still de--fies, all,

all your Ar--til--le--ry Com--pa--nies; save those encamp'd in kil-ling, kil-ling

Eyes, each Dart his Mistress shoots he dyes, each Dart his Mistress shoots he dyes.

A SONG in the 4th. Act of the *Fool's Preferment*.

'Le Sail up-on the Dog-Star, I'le Sail up-on the Dog-Star, and

then pursue the Morning, and then pursue, and then pursue the Morning; I'le

chase the Moon till it be Noon, I'le chase the Moon till it be

Noon, but I'le make, I'le make her leave her Horning. I'le climb the Frosty

Mountain, I'le climb the Frosty Mountain, and there I'le Coyn the Weather; I'le

tea—r the Rain-Bow from the Sky, I'le tea—r the Rain-Bow from the

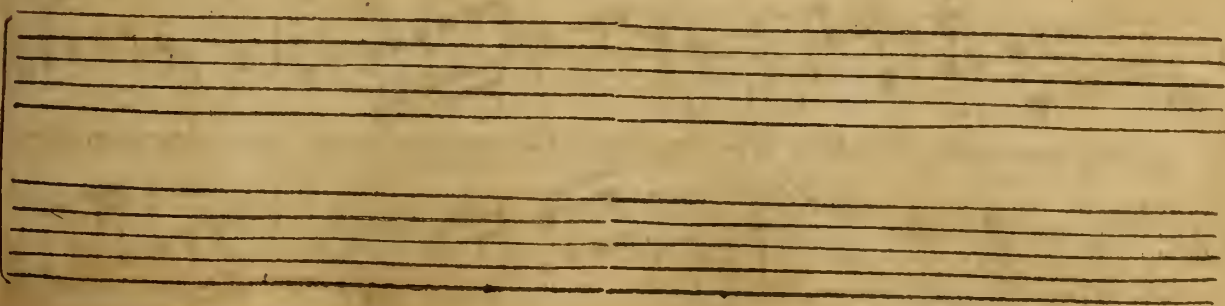
Sky and T—ye, and Tye both ends to—ge—ther. The

Stars pluck from their Orbs too, the Stars pluck from their Orbs too, and crowd them in my

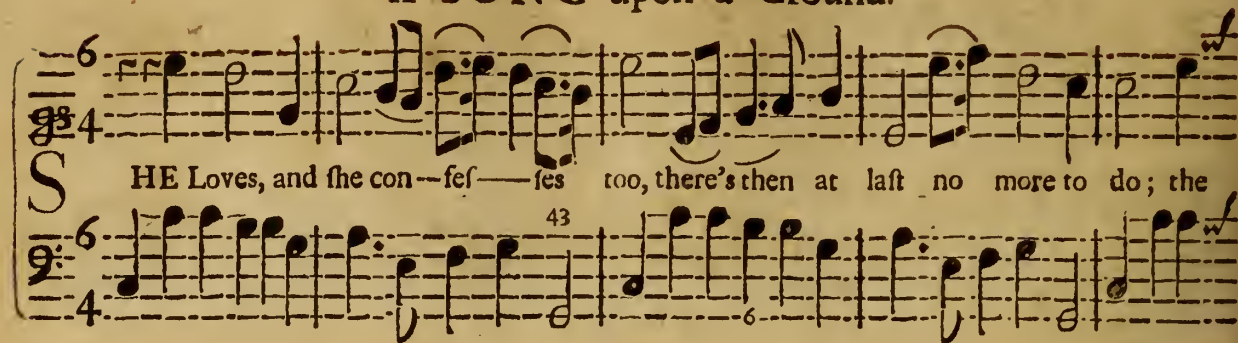
Budget; And whether I'm a Roar

ing Boy, a Roar ing Boy, let

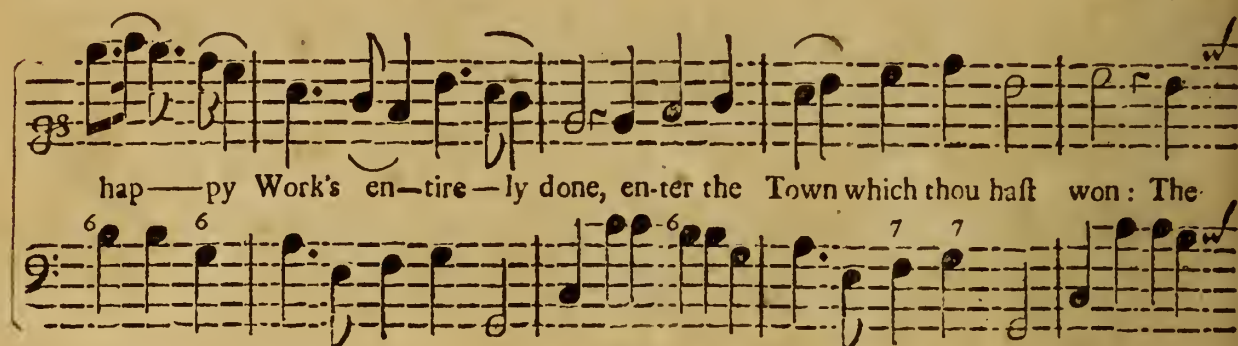
a—ll, let all the Nation judge it.



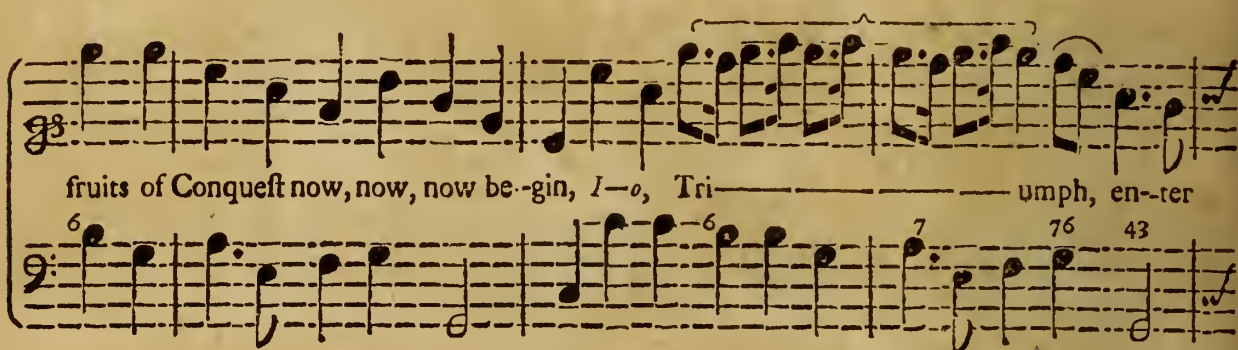
A SONG upon a Ground.



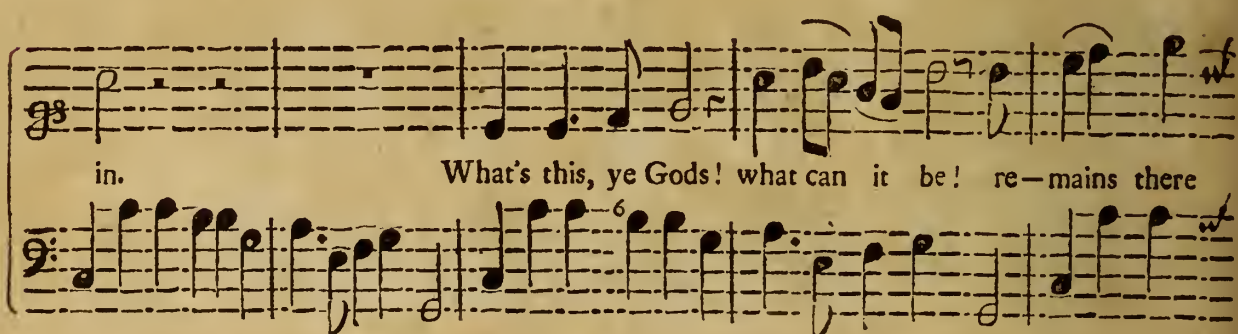
HE Loves, and she con--fes--fes too, there's then at last no more to do; the



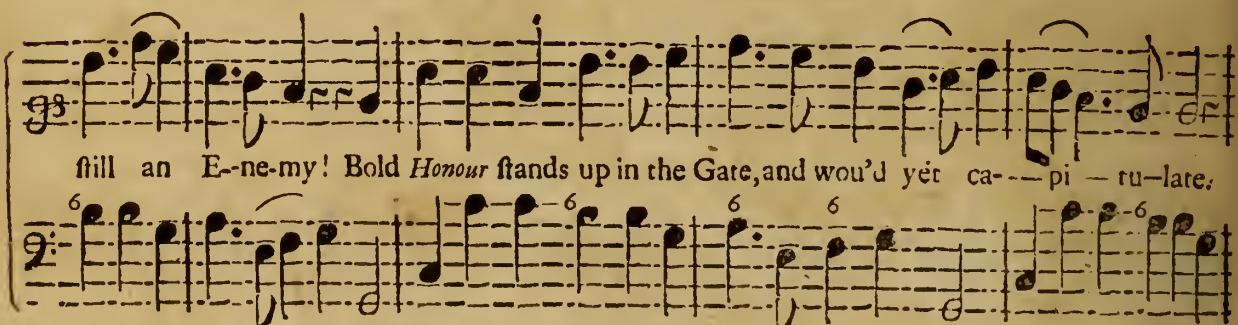
hap--py Work's en--tire--ly done, en-ter the Town which thou hast won: The



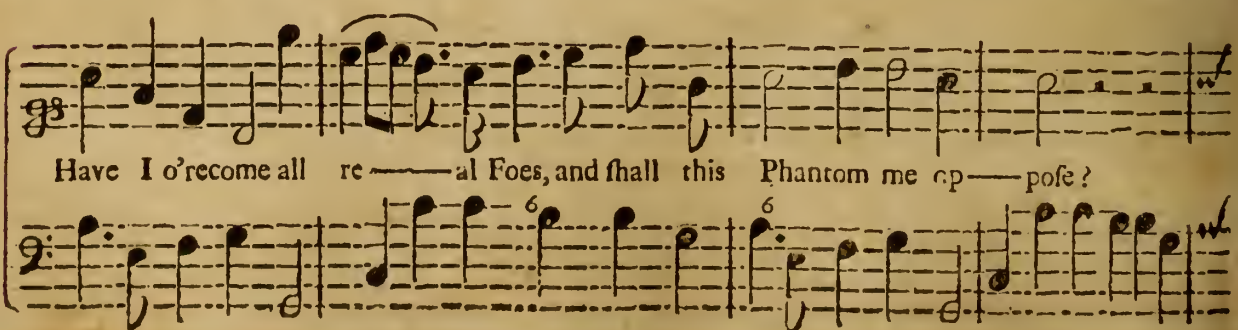
fruits of Conquest now, now, now be-gin, I--o, Tri--umph, en-ter



in. What's this, ye Gods! what can it be! re--mains there



still an E-ne-my! Bold Honour stands up in the Gate, and wou'd yet ca--pi--ru--late,



Have I o'recome all re--al Foes, and shall this Phantom me op--pose?

Noi-sy not hing, stalking Shade, by what Witchcraft wert thou made, thou emp-ty

cause of fo — lid Harms? But I shall find out Counter Charms, thy

Ai — ry Devil-ship to remove from this Cir cle here of

Love : Sure I shall rid my self of thee, by the Nighr's ob-scurity, and ob-

-fou — rer secre-cy. Un-like to ev' — ry o-ther Spright, thou at-

--tempt'ft not Men to affright, nor appear'ft, nor appear'ft but in the Light.

BESS of BEDLAM.

Rom silent Shades and the E-lizium Groves, where sad de-parted Spirits mou

—rn their Loves from Chrystall streams, and from that Country where Jove Crowns the

Feilds with Flowers all the year, poor Sense-less Bess, cloath'd in her Raggs and fol-ly, is

come to cure her Love — sick Me-lanchol-ly: Bright Cyn-thia kept her Re-vells late, while

Mab the Fai-ry Queen did Dance, and O — be — ron did sit in State, when Mars at

Ve-nus ran his Lance; In yonder Cow-slip lies my Dear, entomb'd in li-quit

Gemms of Dew, each day I'll wa-ter it with a Tear, its fa-ding Blossom to re—

—new: For since my Love is dead, and all my Joys are gone; poor *Bess* for his sake a

Garland will make, my Mu-sick shall be a Groan, I'll lay me down and dye, with—

—in some hollow Tree, the *Raven* and *Cat*, the *Owl* and *Bat*, shall war—ble for—

—th my E--le--gy. Did you not see my Love as he past by you? His two flaming

Eyes, if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your Hearts; Ladies be--ware ye, lest he shou'd

dart a Glance that may ensnare ye; Hark! Hark! I hear old *Charon* bawl, his Boat he will no

longer stay, the Furies lash their Whips and call, come, come a-way; come, come a-way. Poor

Be's will return to the place whence she came, since the World is so Mad she can hope for no

Cure; for Lov'es grown a Bubble, a Shadow, a Name, which Fools do ad-mire, and Wife Men en-

— dure. Cold and Hungry am I grown, *Am-bro-sia* will I feed up-on, drink

Nectar still and Sing; Who is con-tent, does all Sorrow pre-vent: And

Befs in her Straw, whilst free from the Law, in her thoughts is as great, great as a King.

A single SONG, the Words by Mr. Motteux.

Tript of their green our Groves ap-pear, our Vales lye bu-ried deep in Snow; the

blow — ing North controuls the Aire, a nipping cold chills all be — low.

The Frost has gla — z'd our deep — est streams, Phæbus withdraw

— s his kind-ly Beams, Phæbus withdraw — s his

kind-ly Beams. Yet Winter blest be thy return, thou'ft brought the Swain for

whom I us'd to mourn; and in thy Ice with plea sing flames we

burn, and in thy Ice with plea sing Flames we burn.

2d. Verse.

Too soon the Suns re-vi-ving heat will thaw thy Ice and melt thy Snow; Trum-

-pets will sound, and Drums will beat, and tell me the dear, dear Youth must goe: Then

must my wea- k un-wil-ling Arms, resign him up

to stronger Charms, resign him up to stronger

Charms: What Flowers, what Sweets, what Beauteous thing, when Damon's gone, can ease or

pleasure bring? Win-ter brings Damon, Win-ter is my Spring-

g; Win-ter bring Damon, Win-ter is my Spring.

Love Arms himself, a single SONG.

The musical score is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff, and the second system also has a treble and bass staff. The music is in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words underlined. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals. There are also some markings like '43' and '43%' that appear to be page or measure indicators.

Lyrics:

Love Arms himself, a single SONG.

—s him—self in *Celia's* Eyes, when e're weak Rea—son wou'd re—bell;

Love Arms himself in *Ce—lia's* Eyes, when

e're wea—k Rea—son wou—d re-bell; and ev'ry time I dare, I da—

re be Wife, a—las, a—las, a—las, a—las, a deep—er wound I

feel, re--peated thoughts, re-peated thoughts present the ill, which see-ing I must still, which

see-ing I must still, I must still, still, still endure; They tell me, they tell me, they tell me Love

has Darts to kill, and Wisdom has no pow'r, and Wisdom has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, and Wisdom has no pow'r, no pow'r to cure. Then cruel, cruel

Reason give me, give me, give me rest; quit, quit in my Heart thy fe-—ble hold, goe

try thy Force, go try thy Force in Ce — lia's Breast, for that is disingag'd and col —

d, that is dis — in — gag'd and cold; there all, all, all, there

all, all thy Nicest Arts em-ploy; Confess thy self, confess thy self her Beau-ty's

Slave, and argue whilst the may de-destroy, how gre-at, how

gre-at, how God-like 'tis to save

The last SONG Mr. Henry Purcell Sett before his Sicknes.

Ove-ly, Lovely Al-bi-na, Love-ly, Lovely Al-

bi-na's come, co-me a-shore, to enter her just, just claim;

Ten times more Char-ming, Ten times more Char-

ming than be — fore; To her Im-mor

tal Fame. Fame.

The Bel — gick Ly-on, as his brave, brave, brave, the Bel — gick Ly-on, as his

brave, brave, brave, this Beauty, this Beauty will relieve, this Beauty, this Beauty will re-lieve, will,

will relieve, for nothing, nothing, nothing but a mean blind Slave, can liv

e, and let her griev e, and let her grieve.

SONG, Sung in the Play call'd, *The Massacre in Paris.*

Thy Genius lo! lo! from his sweet Bed of rest, adorn'd with Jessimin, and with Ro-ses

drest; the Pow'rs Divine has rais'd to stop thy Fate, a true Repentance never, never

comes too late, a true Repentance never, never comes too late: So soon as Born she

made her self a Shrowd, the fleecy Man-tle of a weep-ing Cloud, and swift as

thought her Ai-ry Journey took, swi- ft as thought her Ai-ry

Journey took; her Hand Heav'ns Azure Gate with trem-

bling Struck; the Stars did with a-maze-ment on her

look, the Stars did with a-mazement on her look, did with a-mazement on her look;

She told thy Story in so sad a Tone, She told thy Story in so fa-d a

Tone, the Angels start from Bliss and ga-ve a groan. But Charles be-ware,

Oh! dal-ly not, Oh! dal-ly not, be-ware, Oh! dal-ly not with Heav'n; for af-ter

this no Pardon, no, no, no Par-don shall be giv'n; Oh! dally not, Oh! dal-ly not

this no Pardon, no, no, no Par-don shall be giv'n; Oh! dally not, Oh! dal-ly not

this no Pardon, no, no, no Par-don shall be giv'n; Oh! dally not, Oh! dal-ly not

this no Pardon, no, no, no Par-don shall be giv'n; Oh! dally not, Oh! dal-ly not

this no Pardon, no, no, no Par-don shall be giv'n; Oh! dally not, Oh! dal-ly not

this no Pardon, no, no, no Par-don shall be giv'n; Oh! dally not, Oh! dal-ly not

with Heav'n, for af-ter this, no, no, no Pardon shall be giv'n, no, no, no

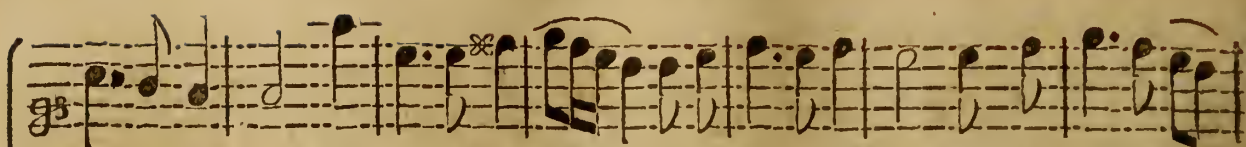
Pardon shall be given.

A Two Part SONG.

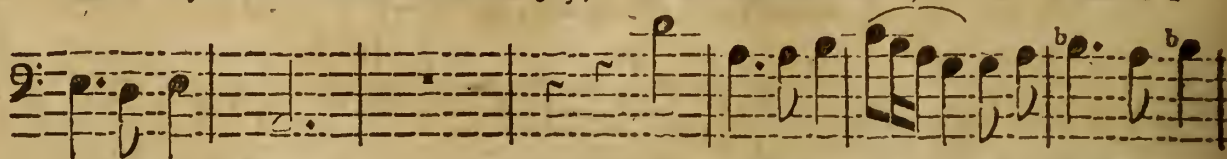
Air Clo-e my Breaft fo a-lar—ms, from her Pow'r I no

Fair Cloe my Breaft fo a-lar—ms, from her Pow'r, from her Pow'r I no

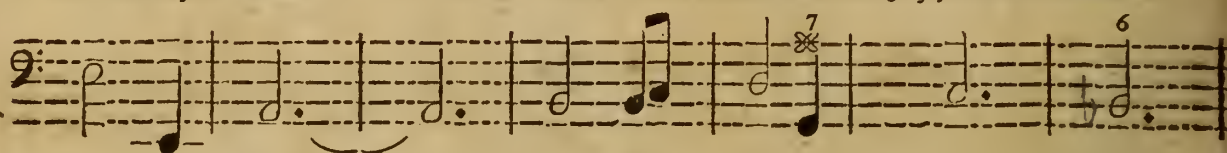
Refuge can find; If a--nother I take in my Arms, yet my Clo—e, yet my Clo—e is



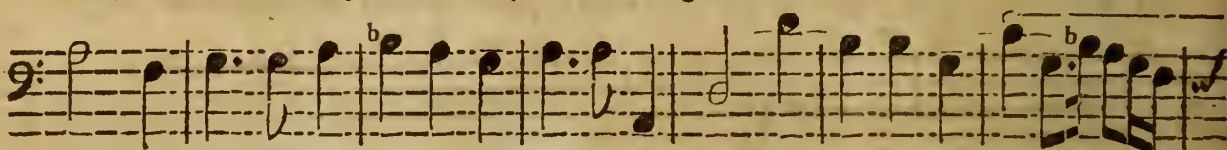
then in my Mind: Unblest with the Joy, still a Pleasure I want, still a Pleasure I



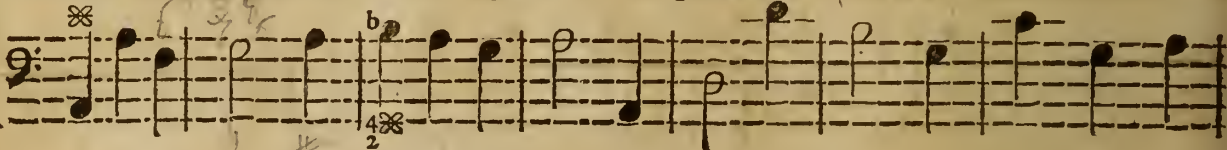
then in my Mind: Un-blest with the Joy, still a Pleasure I



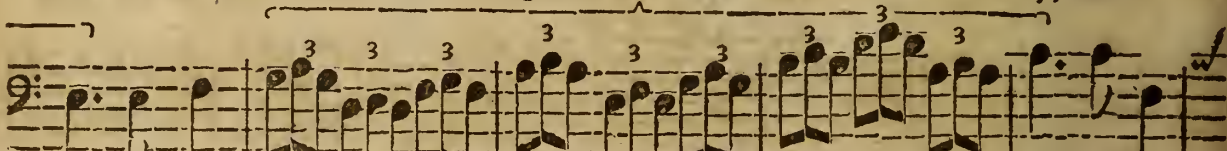
want, which none but my Clo-e, my Clo-e can grant; let Clo-e but



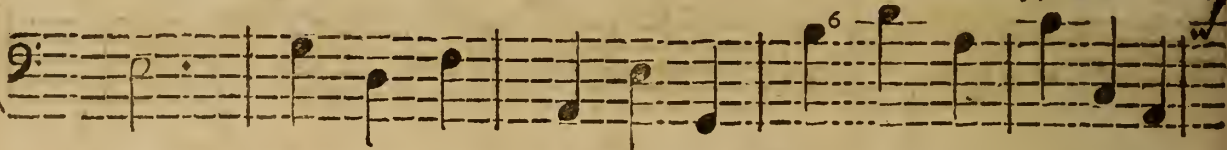
want, which none but my Clo-e, my Clo-e can grant; let Clo-e but fmi



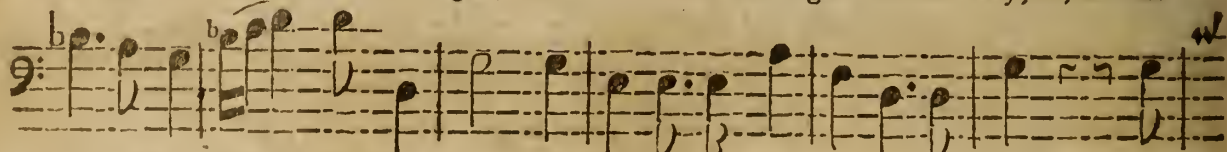
fmi le, I grow ga y, and I



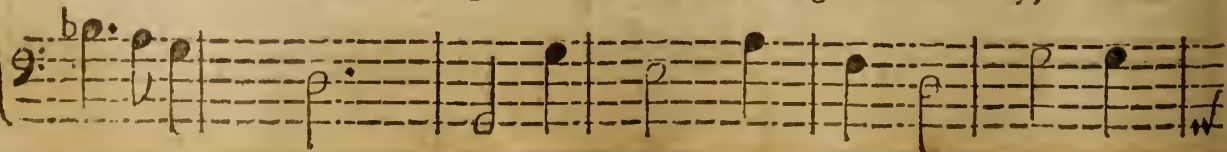
le, I grow ga y, and I



feel my Heart spring with De-light; on Clo-e I cou'd gaze all the day, all, all the



feel my Heart spring with De-light; on Clo-e I cou'd gaze all the day, all



day, all, all, all, all the day, all, all the day; on Clo-e I cou'd gaze all the

all the day, all, all, all, all the day, all, all the day; on Clo-e I cou'd gaze all the

day, and Clo-e do wish for, and Clo-e do wish for, and Clo-e do wish for each night.

Oh! Oh! did Clo-e, Oh! Oh! did Clo-e but

Oh! Oh! did Clo-e, Oh! Oh! did Clo-e but

know how I Love, and the Pleasure of Loving a - gain; my

know how I Love, and the Pleasure of Loving a - gain; my Pas - sion her

Pas—sion her Favour wou'd mo—ve, my Pas—sion her Favour wou'd
Fa—vour wou'd mo—ve, my Pas—sion her Fa—vour wou'd mo—

mo—ve, and in Prudence she'd pi—ty my Pain: Good Nature and
ve, and in Prudence she'd pi—ty my Pain: Good Nature and

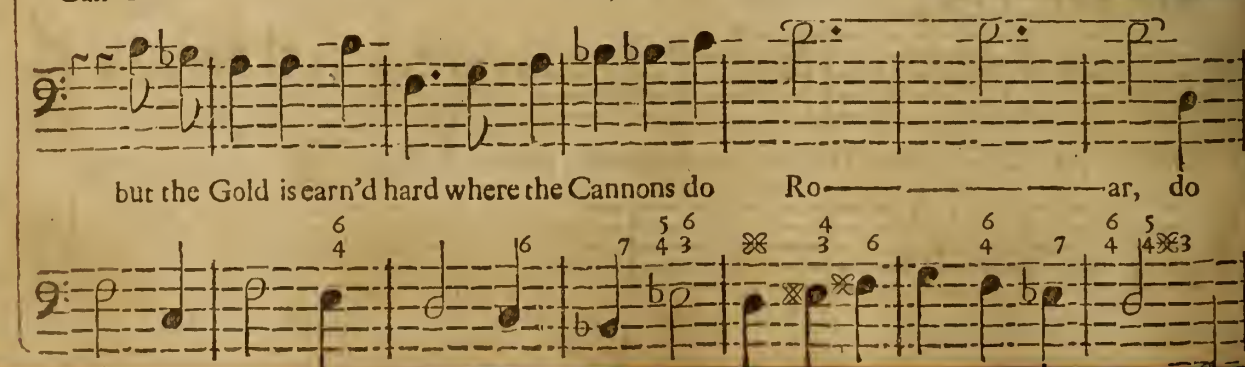
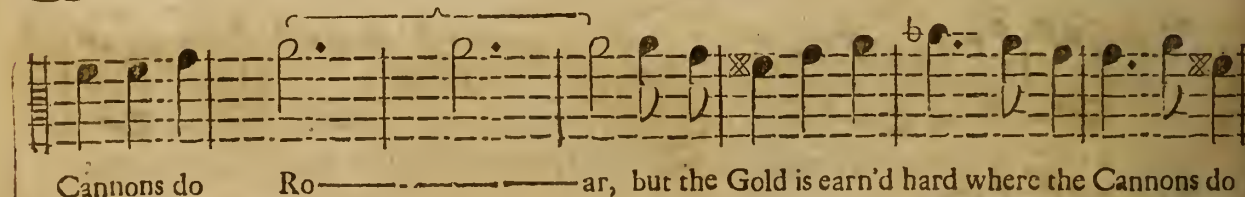
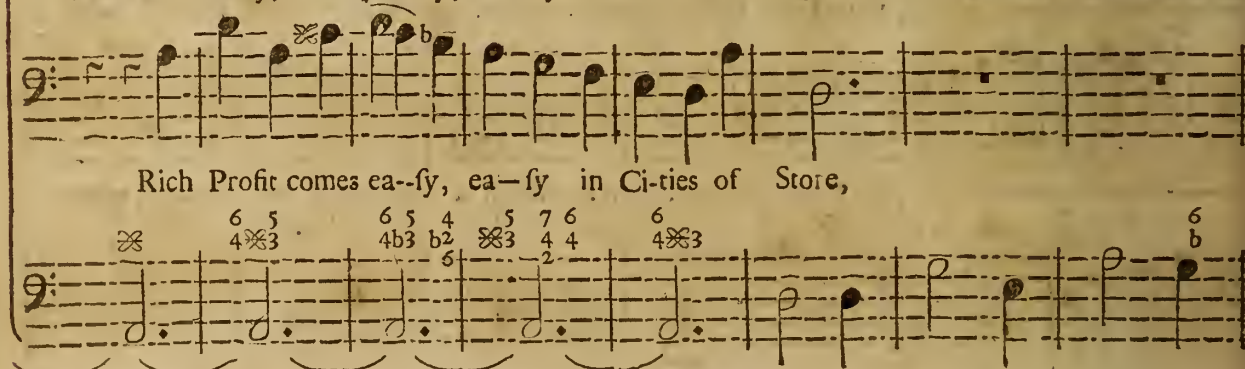
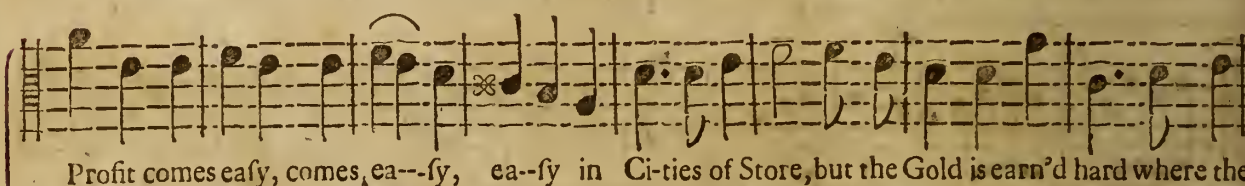
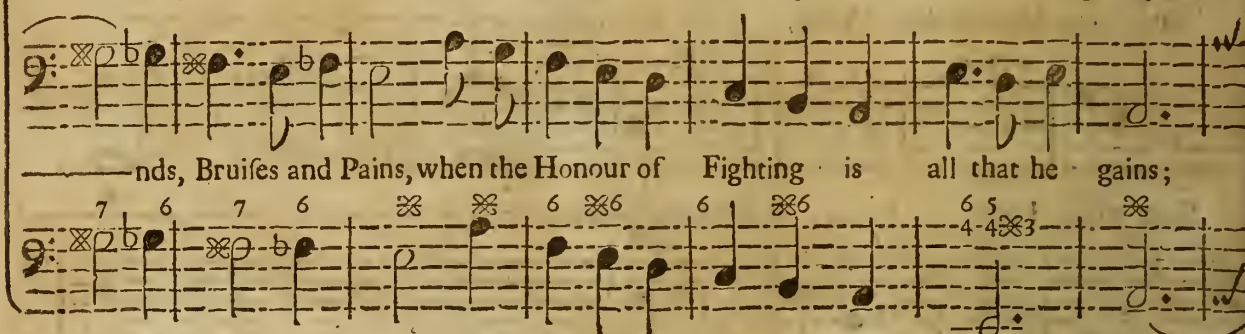
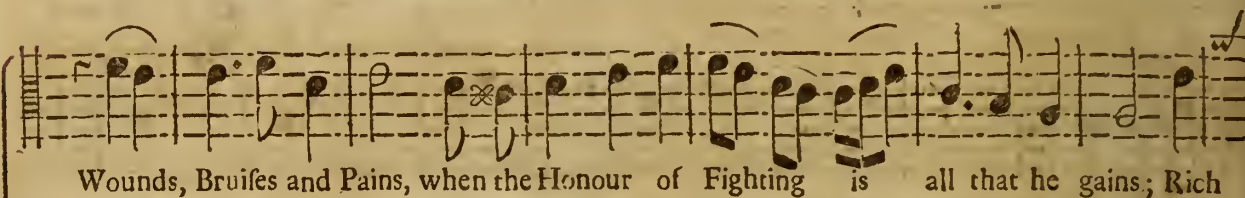
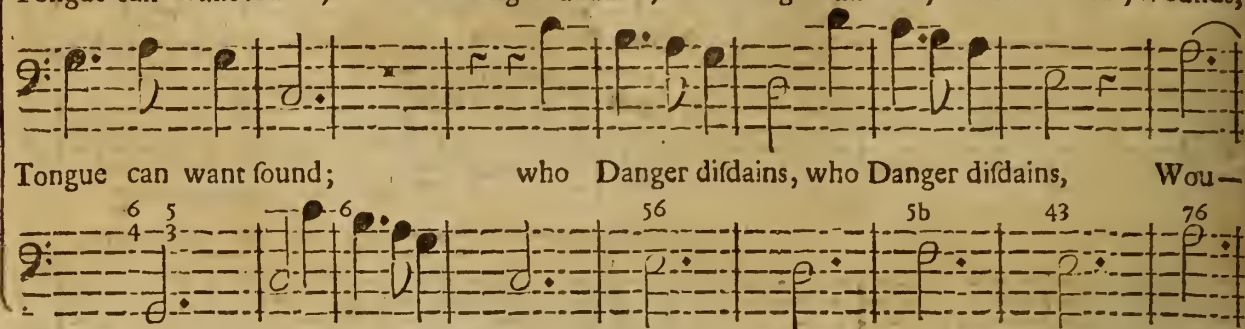
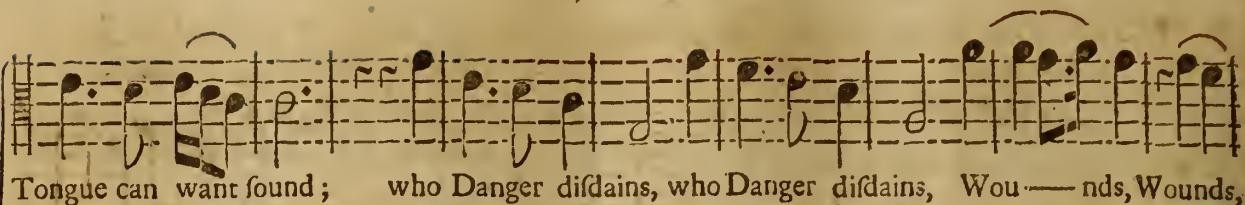
Int'—rest shou'd both make her kind, for the Joy she might give, and the
Int'—rest shou'd both make her kind, for the Joy she might give, and the

Joy she might find.
Joy she might find.

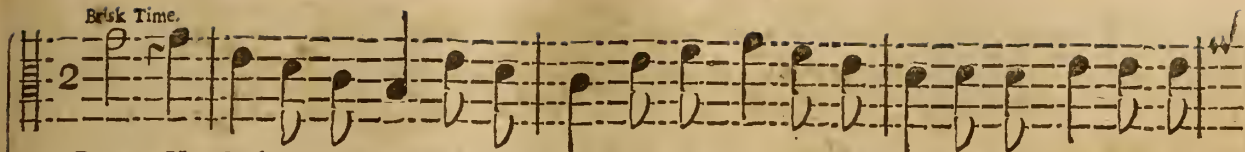
A SONG, Sung at the Knighting of *Don-Quixote*, in the 2d. Act.

Sing, Sing ——— g, all ye Muses, Sing ——— g, Sing,
 Sing, Sin ——— g, all ye Mu—ses,
 Sing, your Lutes strike, strike, strike a—round
 Sing, your Lutes strike, strike, strike a—round
 d, your Lutes strike a-round; when a Soldier's the sto—ry, when a
 d, your Lutes strike around; when a Soldier's the sto—ry, when a
 Soldier's the sto—ry, what Tongue can want sound; when a Soldier's the Sto—ry, what
 Soldier's the sto—ry, what Tongue can want sound; when a Soldier's the sto—ry, what

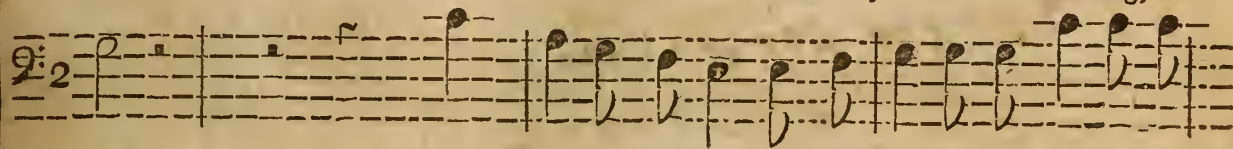
Musical notation includes treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and ornaments. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-7. Ornaments are marked with 'x' and '3i'. A 'Soft.' marking appears above the final vocal line.



Brisk Time.

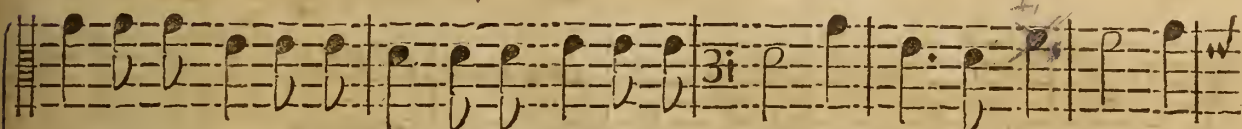
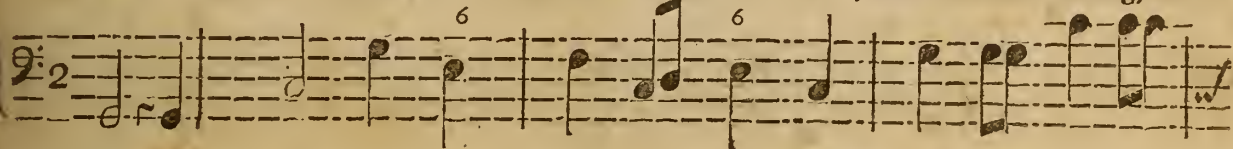


Roar ; Yet see how they run, how they run, how they run, how they run at the Storming, the

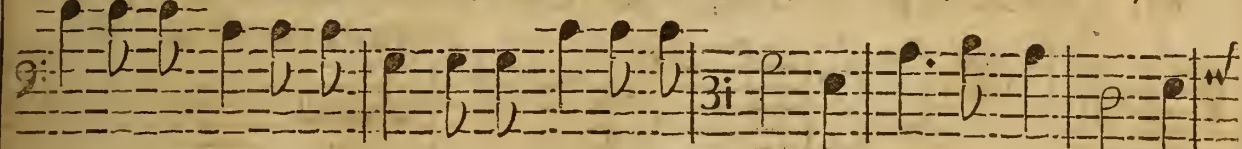


Roar ;

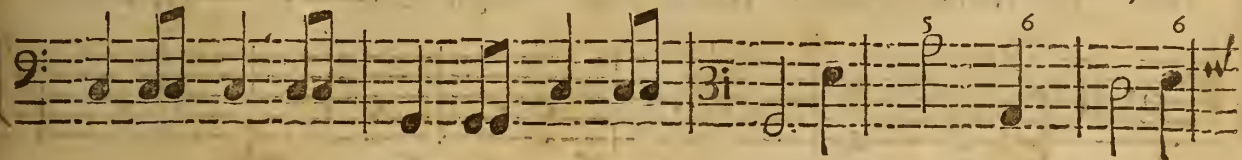
Yet see how they run, how they run at the Storming, the



Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro' Fire, to



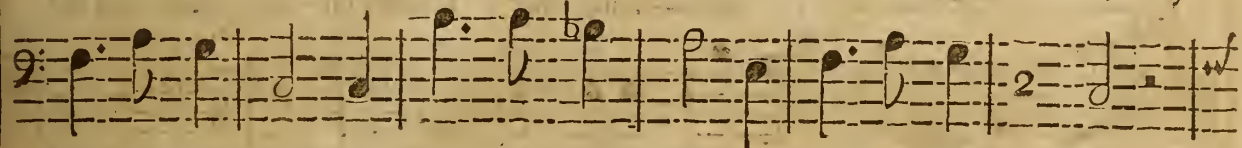
Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro' Fire, to



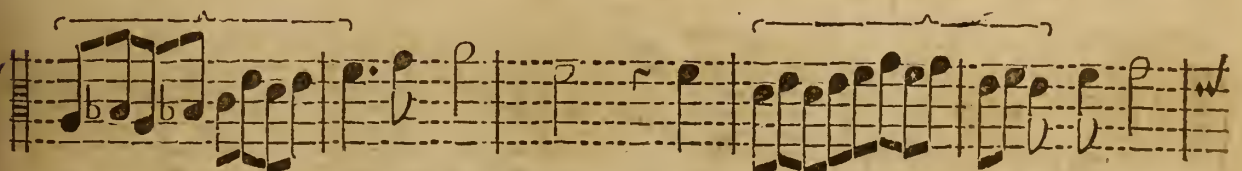
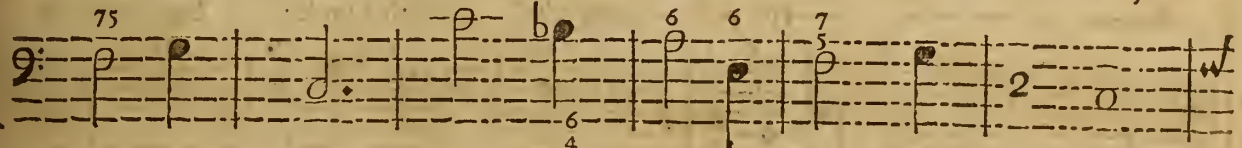
Soft.



take the Half Moon, thro' Blood, and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon; they



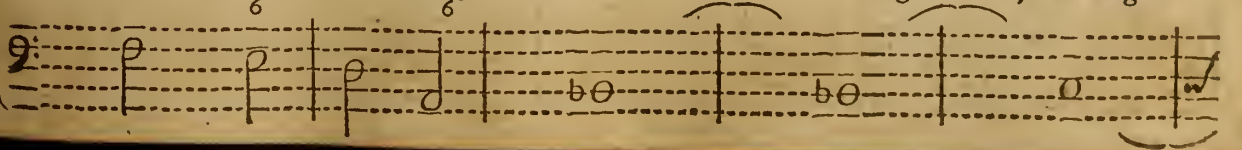
take the Half Moon, thro' Blood, and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon;



Sca ————— le the high Wall, they Sca ————— le the high



they Sca _____ le the high Wall, the high



Wall, whence they see others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see o--thers

Wall, whence they see others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others

fall; their Hearts precious Darling, bright Glo--ry, bright

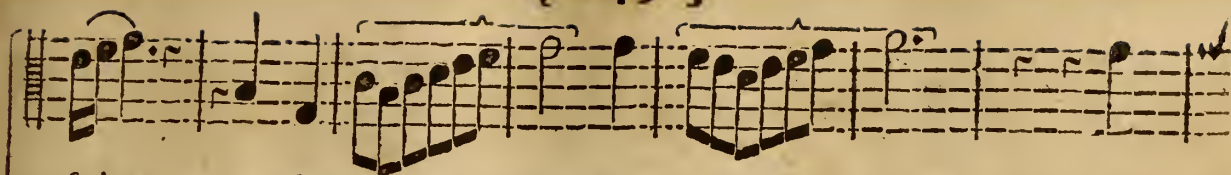
fall; their Hearts precious Darling, bright Glo--ry, bright

Glo--ry pur--suing, tho' Death's un--der Foot and the

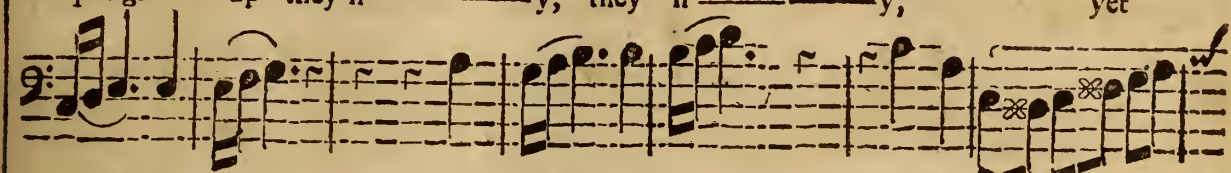
Glo--ry pur--suing, tho' Death's under Foot and the

Mine is just blowing, It springs, it springs, it springs, it

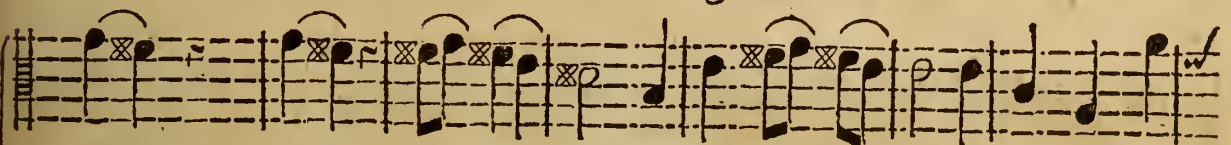
Mine is just blowing. Up they Fl--y, it



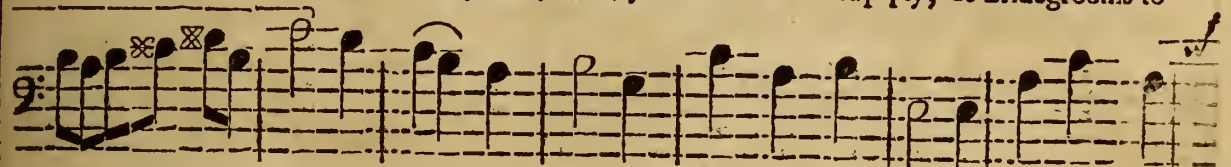
springs up they fl — y, they fl — y, yet



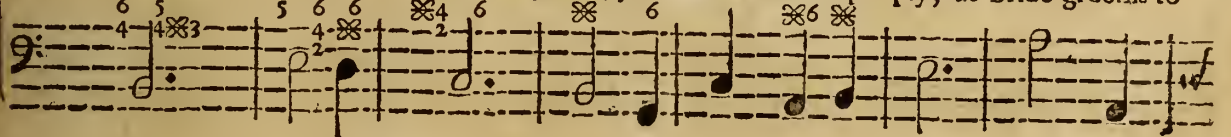
springs, it springs, it springs, it springs, up they fl



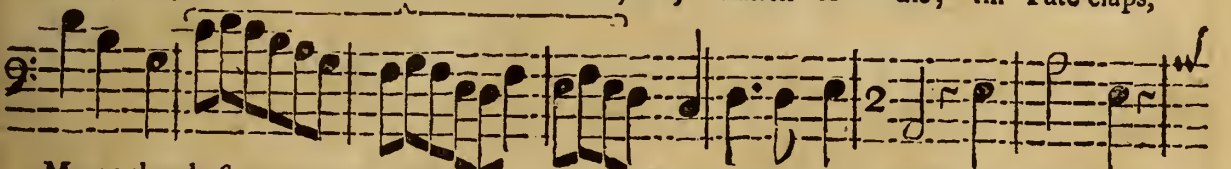
more, more, more, more, more, yet more will sup-ply, as Bridegrooms to



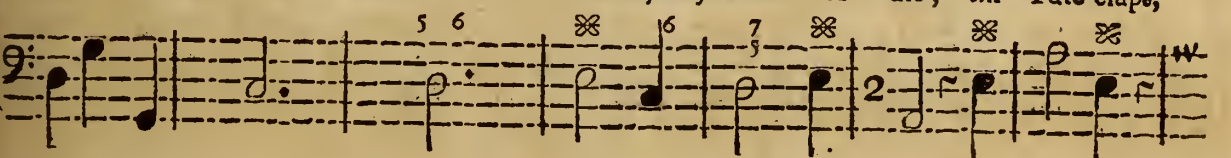
y, yet more, more, more, yet more still sup-ply, as Bride-grooms to



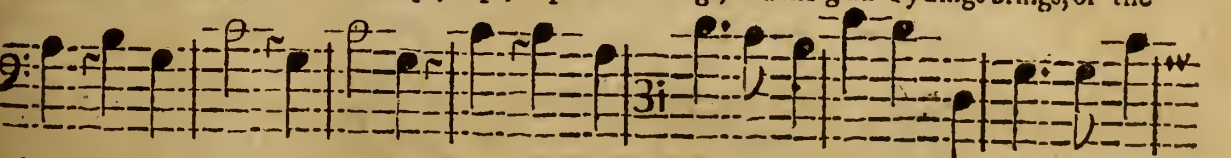
Marry they haf — ten to die, they hasten to die; till Fate claps,



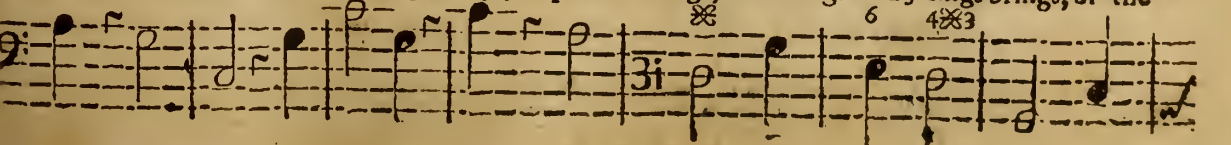
Marry they haf — ten, they hasten to die; till Fate claps,



claps, claps her Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings, of the



claps, claps her Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings, of the



Breach being enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings: Then

Breach being enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings:

happy's She whose Face can win, then hap-py's She whose Face can win, can win a

Then happy's She, then happy's She whose Face can win, can win a

Soldier's Grace, they Range about in State, they Range about in State, like Gods, like

Soldier's Grace, they Range about in State, they Range about in State, like Gods, like

Gods dis-posing Fate; no Lux-u-ry in Peace, nor Pleasure in ex—

Gods dis-posing Fate; no Lux-u—ry in Peace, nor Pleasure in ex—

Brist

cess can par-ral-lel the joys, can pa-ral-lel the joys, the

cess can par-ral-lel the joys, can pa-ral-lel the joys, the

6 4 5 7 7

Mar-tial, Martial He-ro Crown when flush'd with Ra

Mar-tial He-ro Crown when flush'd with

b6 5 4-4 3 8 7

ge, and forc'd by want, forc'd by want, he Stor

Ra ge, and forc'd by want, he Stor ms, he

5 b6 6 7 6 5 6 15 6

ms, he Stor ms a wealthy Town.

Stor ms a wealthy Town.

5 4 b 5 6 5 4-4 3

A Dialogue in *Tyrannick Love*, or the *Royal Martyr*.

Let us goe, let us goe, let us

Hark my *David* car! hark we're cal'd, we're cal'd, we're cal'd be — low ; let us

goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us go to releive the care of lon —

goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe ;

— ging Lovers in de-spair ; let us goe, let us goe, let us goe ; let us goe,

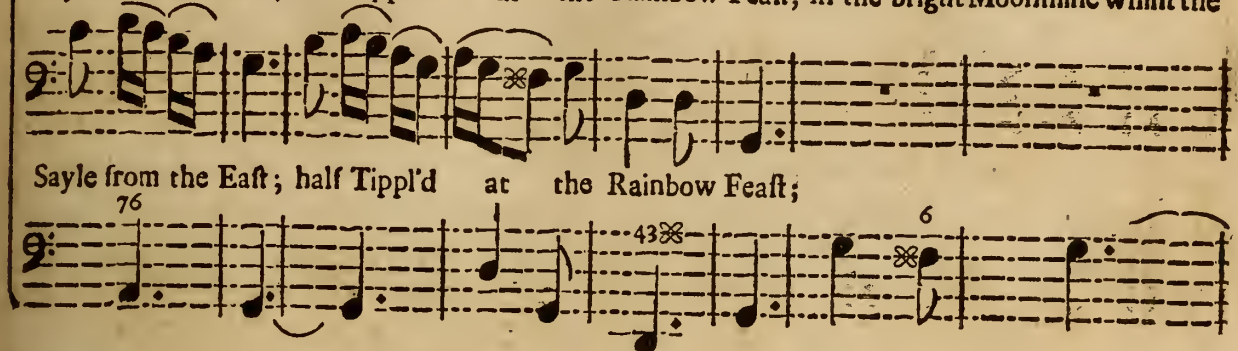
let us goe, let us goe, let us goe,

let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe : Merry, merry, merry, we

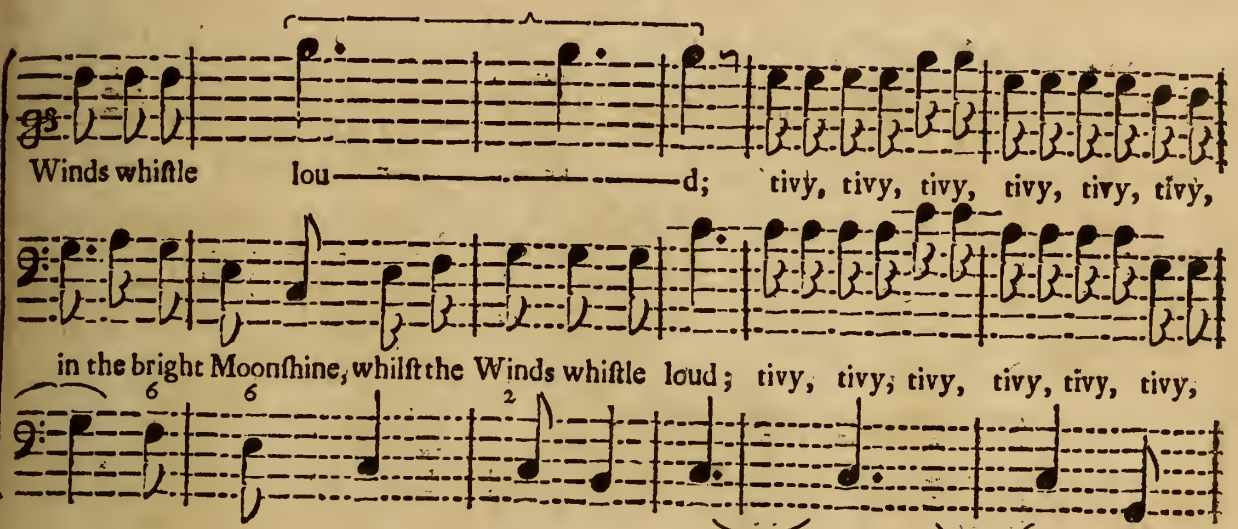
let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe : Merry, merry, merry we



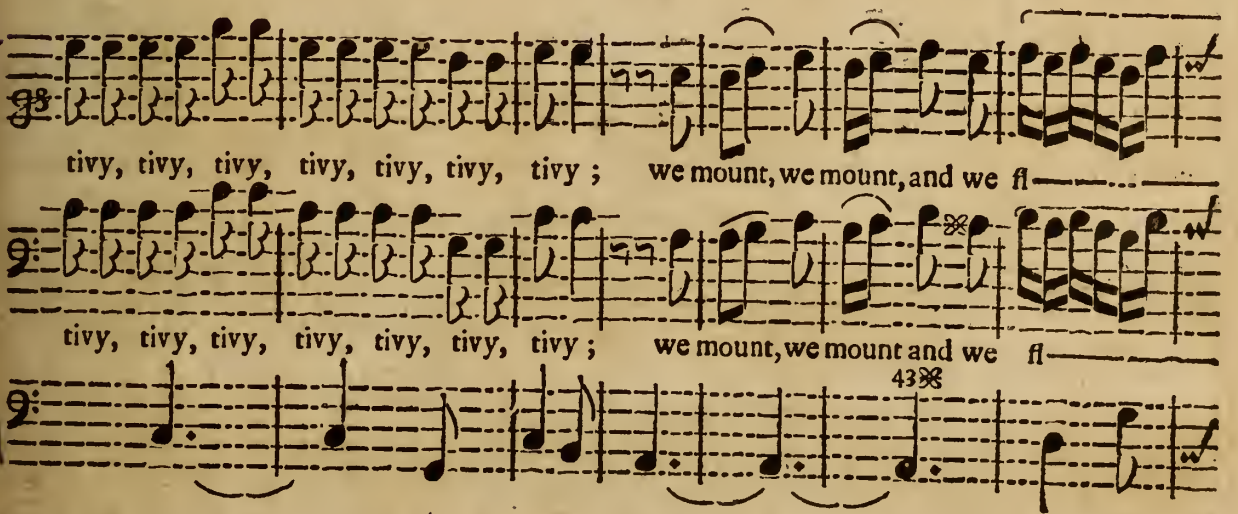
Sayle from the East; half Tippl'd at the Rainbow Feaft; in the bright Moonshine whilst the



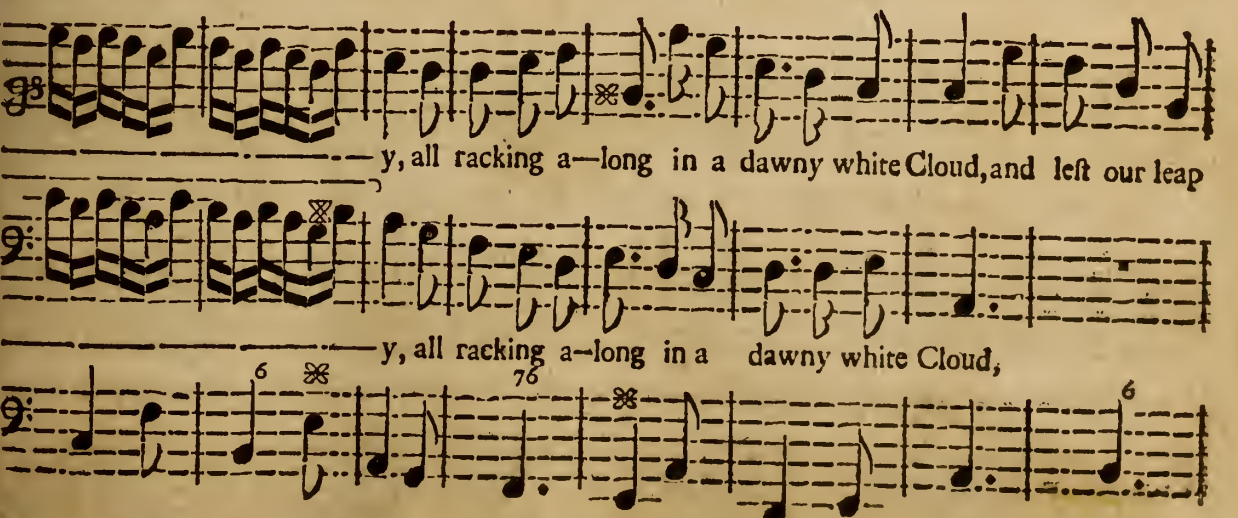
Sayle from the East; half Tippl'd at the Rainbow Feaft;



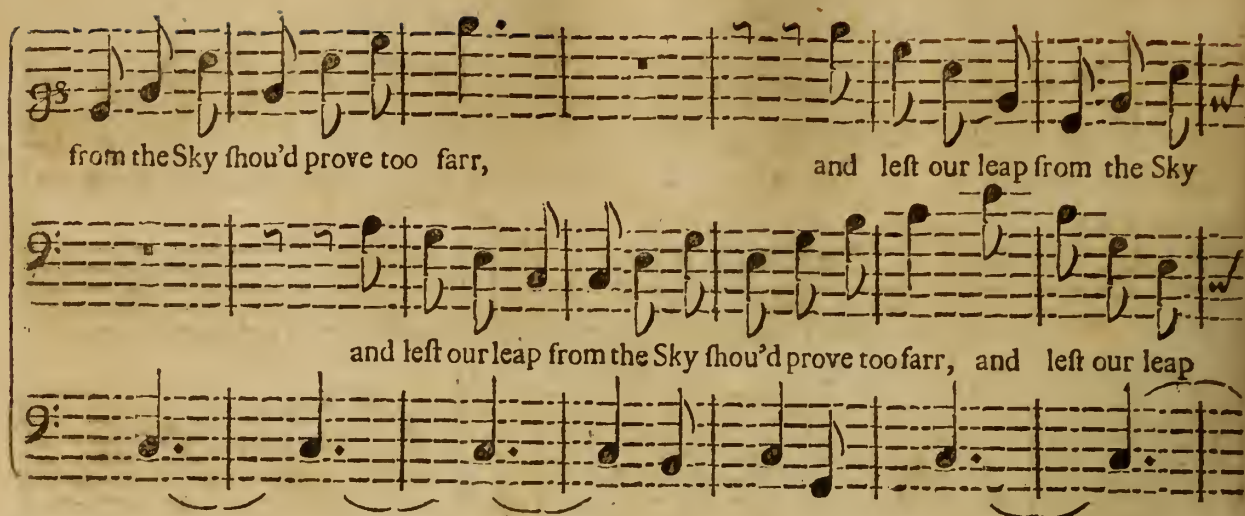
Winds whistle lou—d; tivv, tivv, tivv, tivv, tivv, tivv,
in the bright Moonshine, whilst the Winds whistle loud; tivv, tivv, tivv, tivv, tivv, tivv,



tivv, tivv, tivv, tivv, tivv, tivv, tivv; we mount, we mount, and we fl—
tivv, tivv, tivv, tivv, tivv, tivv, tivv; we mount, we mount and we fl—

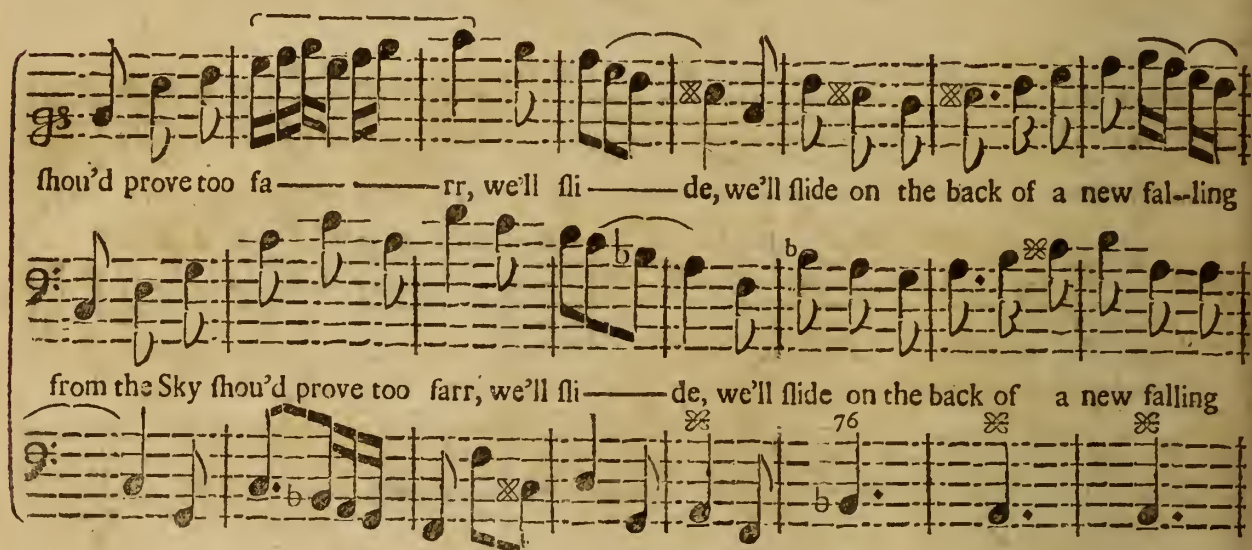


y, all racking a—long in a dawning white Cloud, and left our leap
y, all racking a—long in a dawning white Cloud,



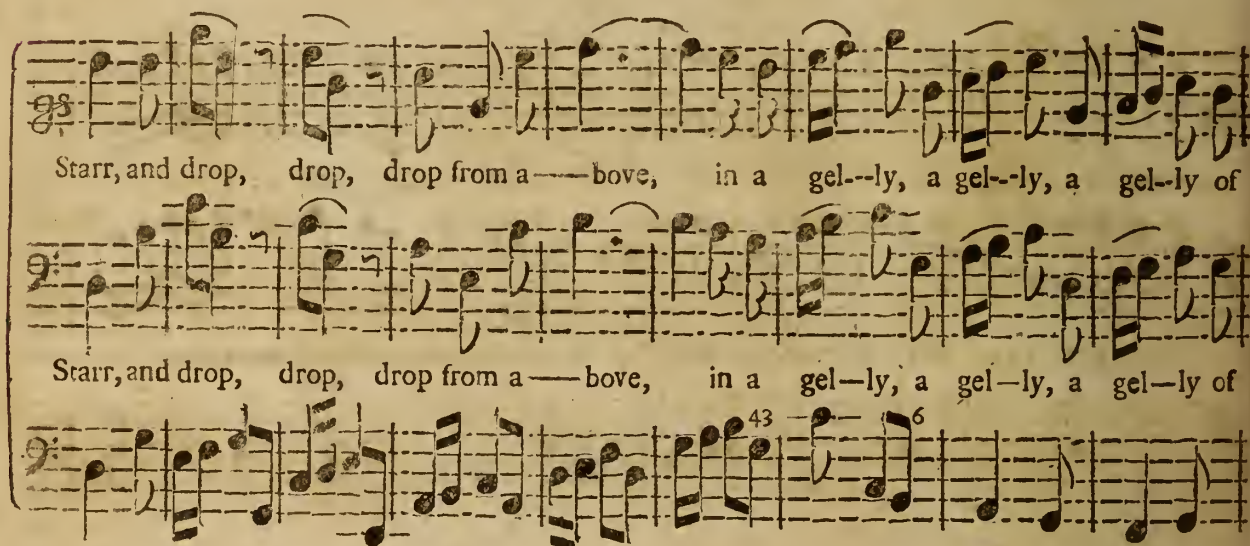
from the Sky shou'd prove too farr, and left our leap from the Sky

and left our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too farr, and left our leap



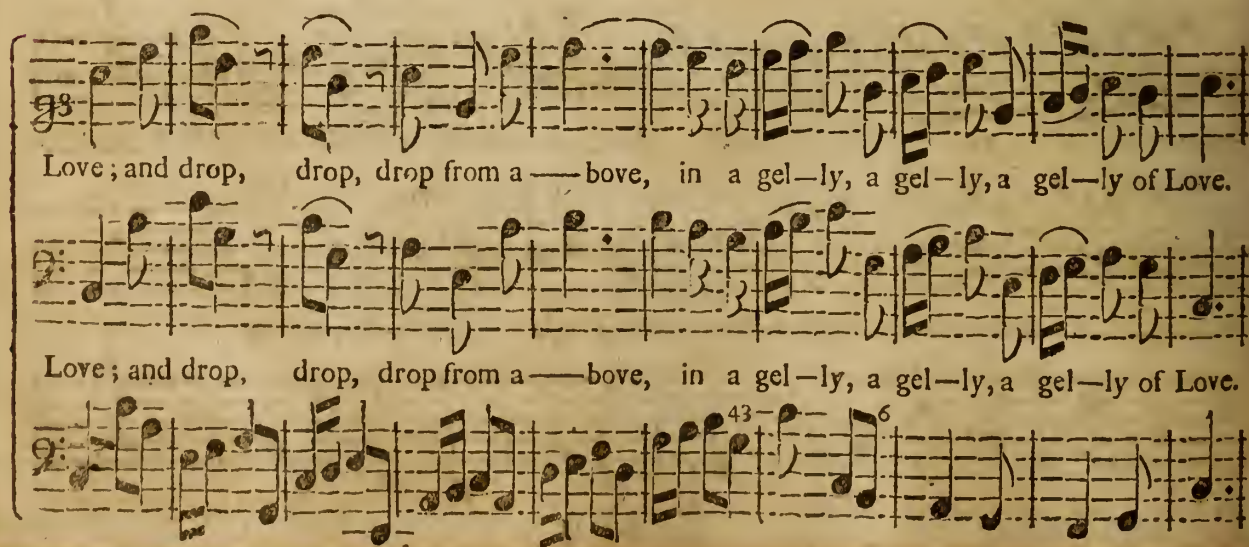
shou'd prove too fa — rr, we'll fli — de, we'll slide on the back of a new fal-ling

from the Sky shou'd prove too farr, we'll fli — de, we'll slide on the back of a new falling



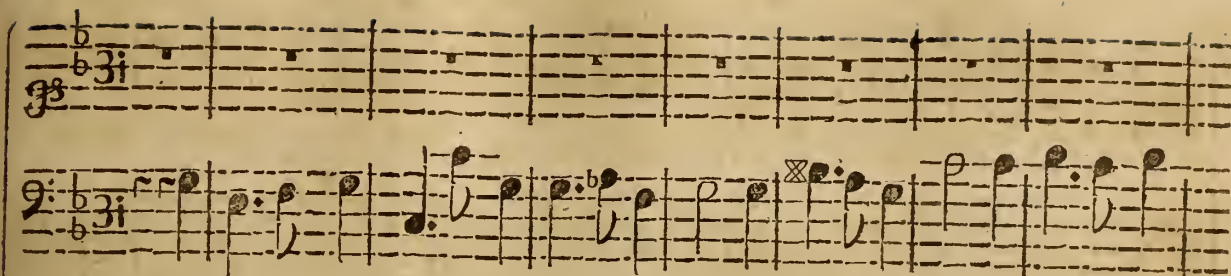
Starr, and drop, drop, drop from a — bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of

Starr, and drop, drop, drop from a — bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of

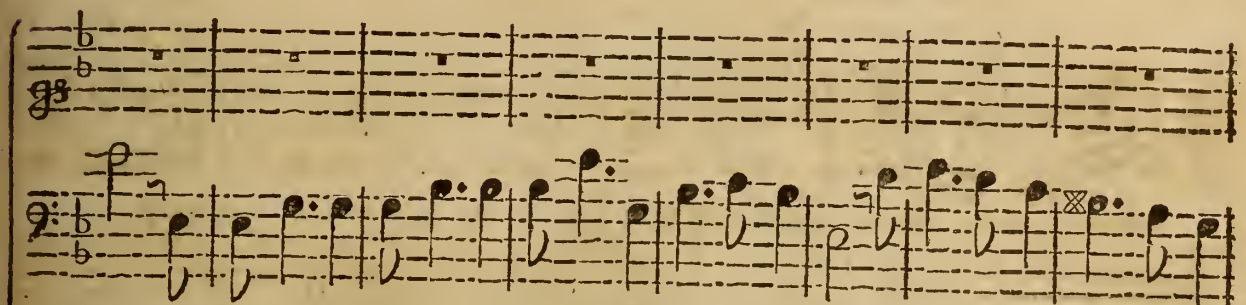
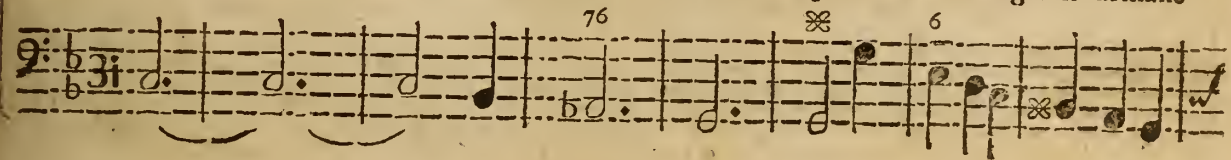


Love; and drop, drop, drop from a — bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.

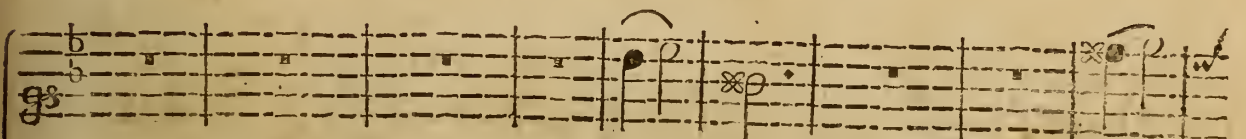
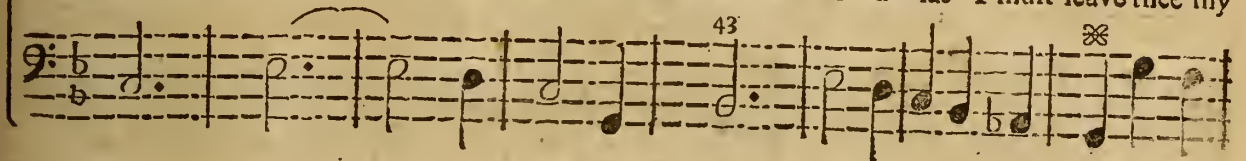
Love; and drop, drop, drop from a — bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.



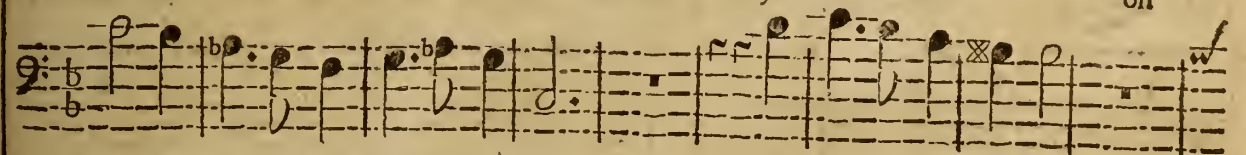
But now the Sun's down, and the Element's Red, the Spirits of Fire against us make



Head; they muster, they muster, they muster like Gnats in the Air: a—las I must leave thee my

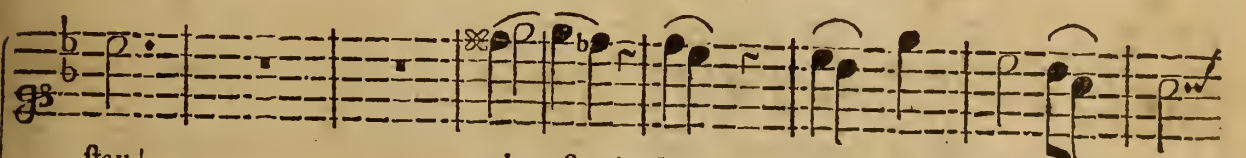
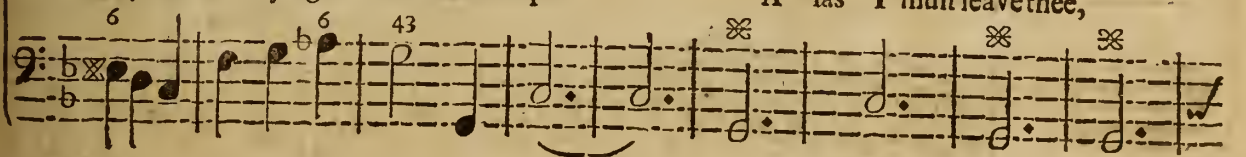


Oh stay! oh

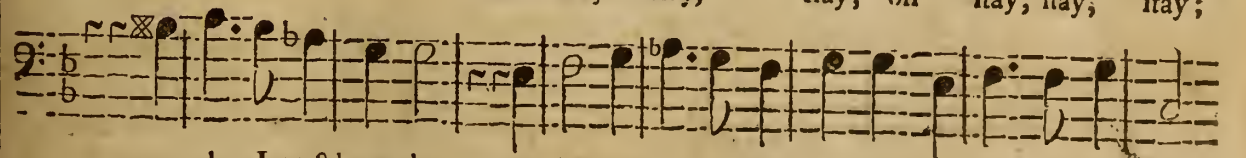


Fair, and to my light Horsemen re—pair.

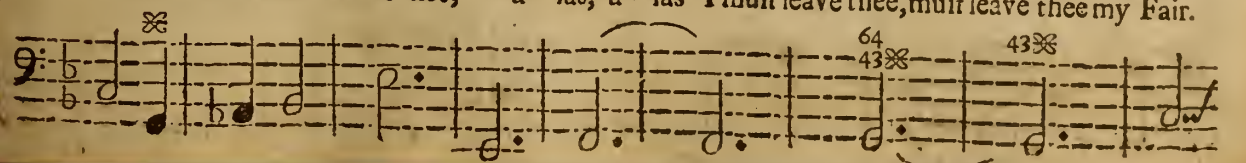
A—las I must leave thee,



stay! oh stay! stay, stay, oh stay; stay; stay;



a—las I must leave thee, a—las, a—las I must leave thee, must leave thee my Fair.



for you need not to fear'em, you need not to fear'em to Night; the Wind is for us and

b'lo

ws full in their fight, and o're the wide Ocean we fi

ght;

like leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down, and

hiss in the Water, and hiss in the Wa-ter, and down:

But their Men lye se-curely in-

43

trench'd in a Cloud, and a Trumpeter, Hornet, a Trumpeter, Hornet to Battle, to

76

Bat—tle sounds lou—d; no mortals that spy how we Tilt in the

6

Sky, with wonder will gaze and fear such e-vents as will ne're come to pass, stay

6

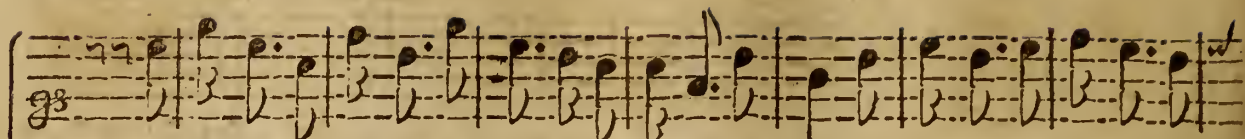
Then call me a—gen when the Battle is won.

you to perform what the Man wou'd have done.

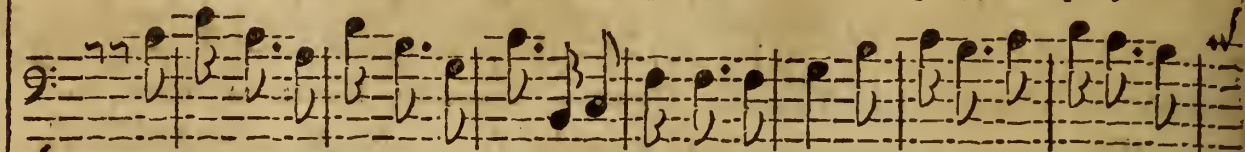
6

Turn over to the CHO

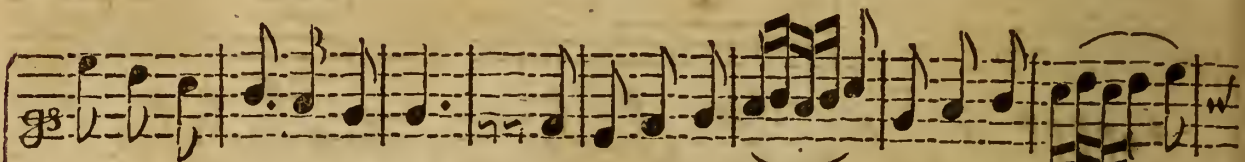
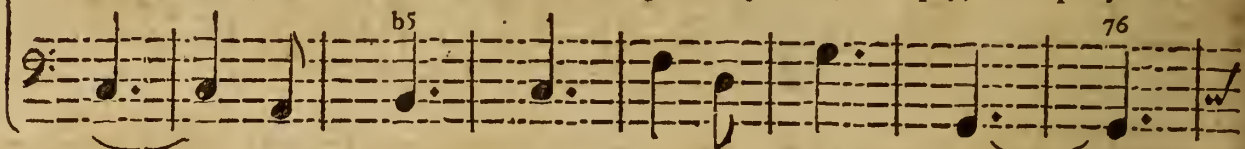
C H O R U S.



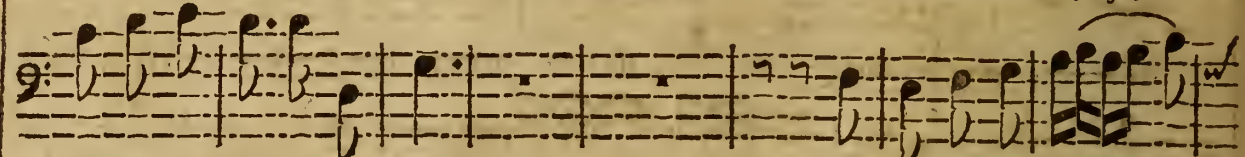
So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pi-ty, to pi-ty the



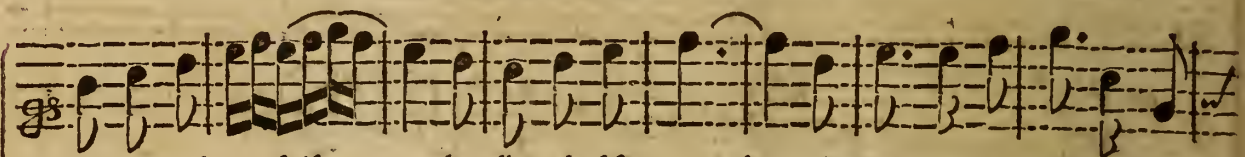
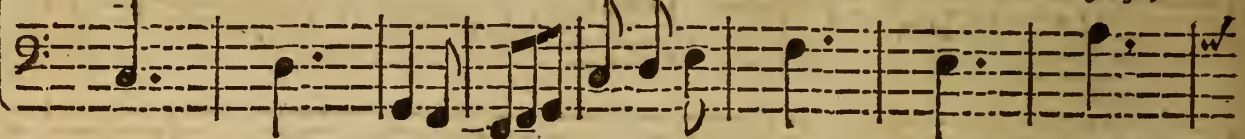
So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pi-ty, to pi-ty the



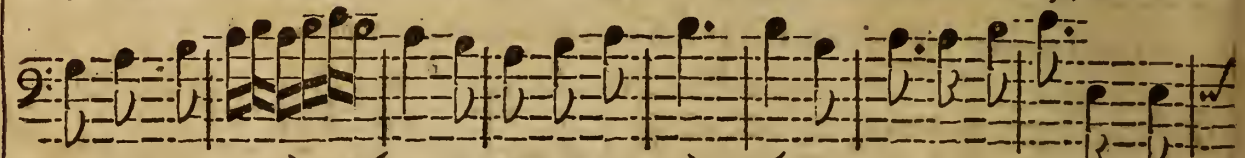
Lover, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift, si-lent and swift,



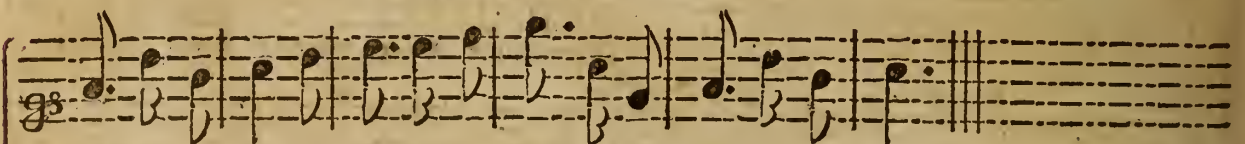
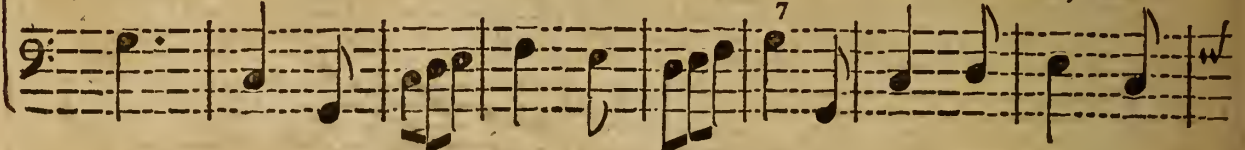
Lover, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift,



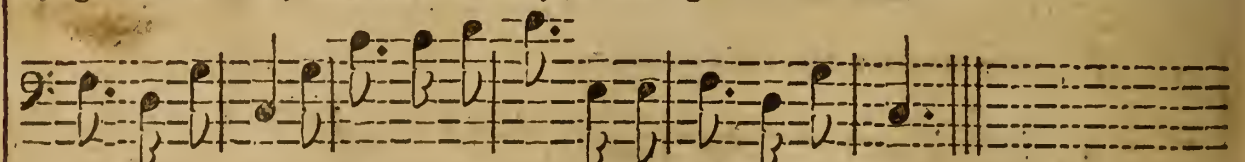
si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a Wish, and is



si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a Wish, and is



gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.



gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.



A Two Part SONG.

N O, no, no, no, no, no, re--sistance, re--sistance is but

No, no, no, no, no, no, re--sistance, re--sistance, re--sistance is but

vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re--sistance, re--sistance is but vain, vain,

vain, vain, vain, re--sistance is but vain; and on--ly adds new weight, and

vain, vain, re--sistance is but vain; and on--ly adds new weight, and on--ly adds new weight to Cu--pid's

Chain; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

Chain; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

6 6 5 6 7 6 b5 6 5 b5 5 6 6 b5

no, no, no, re-sistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re-si-

no, no, no, resistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re-si-

7 6 b 6 3 7 6 5 6 6 7 7 6 b 6 7

- stance is but vain: A thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand ways;

- stance is but vain: A thousand,

6 5 6 6

a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand ways; a thousand, thousand,

thousand, thousand, thousand ways; a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand

thouſand, thouſand Arts the Tyrant, the tyrant, the tyrant, the tyrant knows to Cap—ti—

ways, a thouſand Arts, the Tyrant, the tyrant, the tyrant knows to Cap—ti—

—vates our hearts ;

And sometimes

—vate our hearts ; Sometimes he fights, he fights — s em — ploys ;

tryes the U — niver — sal Language of the Eyes ;

The fier — — — — — ce with

The soft with ten-der-ness de-
fierce-ness he destroys.
S f

coys, the soft with ten-der-nefs de-coys; He kills the stron

He kills the stron

g, he kills the

g, he kills the stron

g with joy, with jo

g with joy, with jo

y, he kills the strong with joy;

y, he kills the strong with joy;

y, he kills the strong with joy; the weak with

the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no, no,

pain, the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no,

No, no,

A Two Part SONG, in *King Arthur*.

Sound a Par-ly ye Fair and fur-ren-der, found, found, found, found a Par-ly ye

Sound, found, found, found a Parly ye Fair and fur-ren-der, found a

Fa-ir, a Par-ly ye Fair and Surrender; set your selves and your

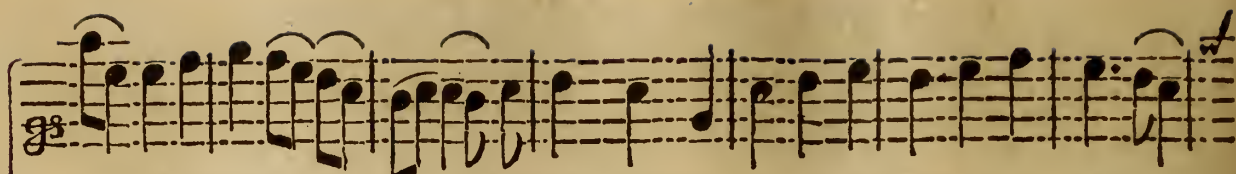
Parly ye Fair, found a Par-ly ye Fair and fur-render; set your selves and your

Lovers at ease: He's a gratefull, a gratefull Of-fender who plea

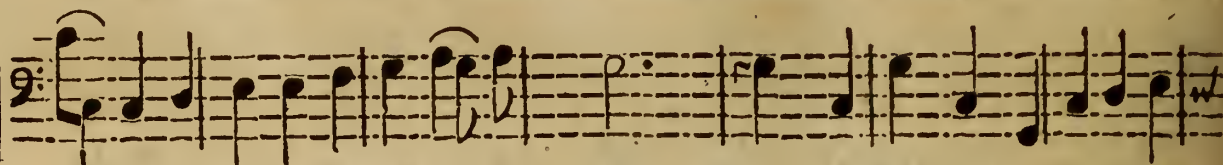
Lovers at ease: He's a gratefull, a gratefull Of-fender who pleasure, who plea

sure dare feize, but the whining pre-tender, the

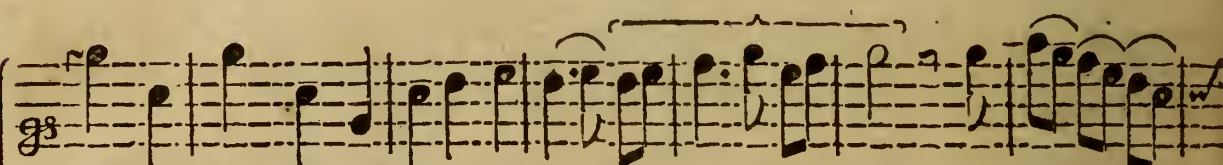
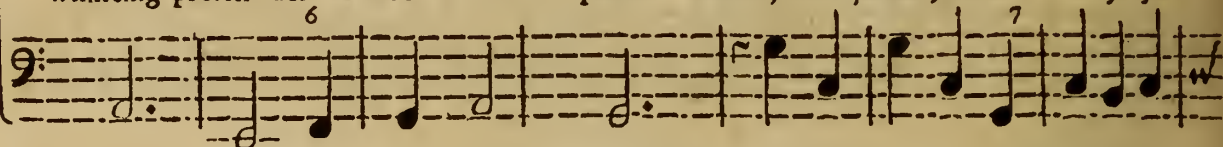
sure dare feize, but the whining, the



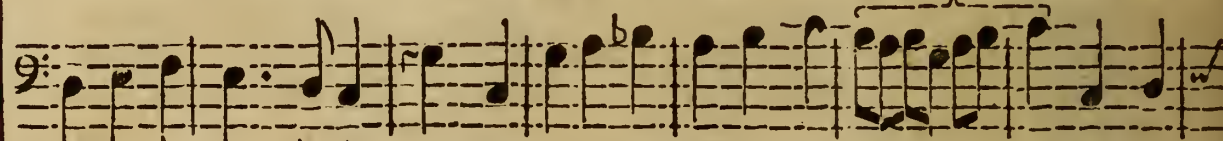
whineing preten-der is sure to displease: Sound a Par-ly ye Fair and sur—ren-der,



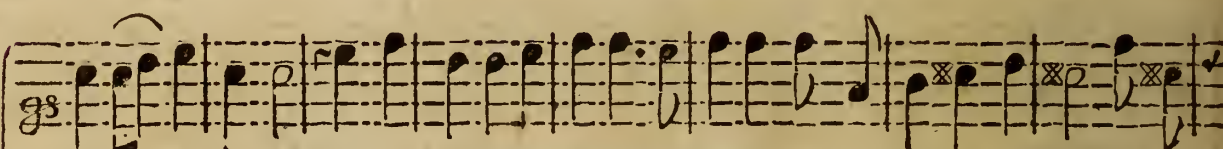
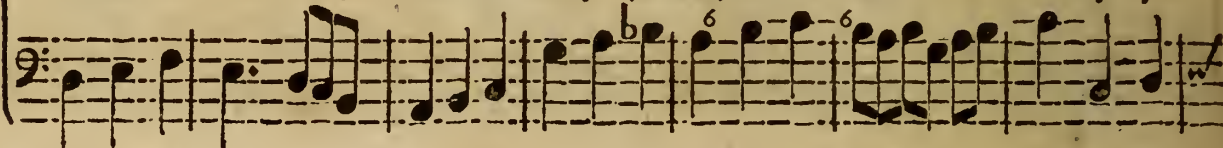
whineing preten-der is sure to dis—please: Sound, sound, sound, sound a Parly ye



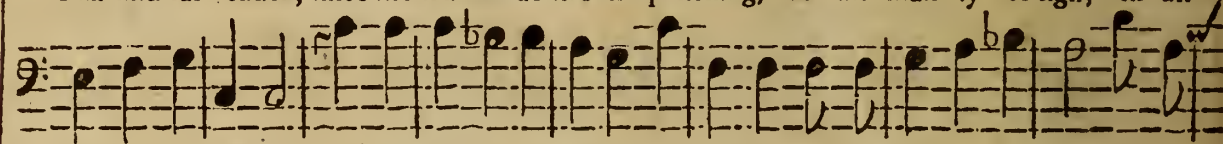
sound, sound, sound, sound a Parly ye Fair, sou—nd a Par—ly ye



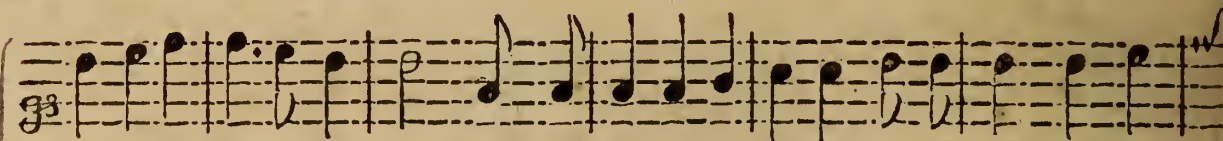
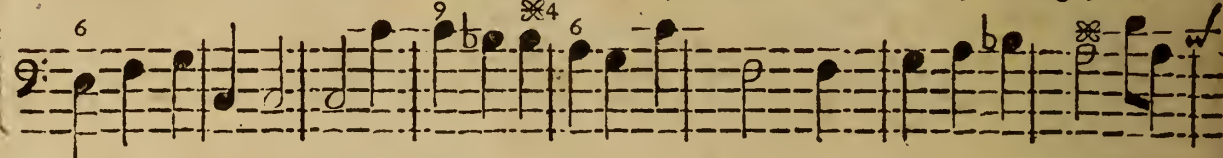
Fair and sur—ren—der, sound a Parly ye Fair, sound a Par—ly ye



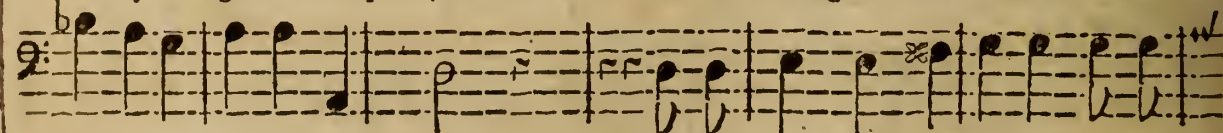
Fair and sur-render; since the fruit of de-fire is possessing, 'tis un-man-ly to figh, 'tis un-



Fair and sur-render; since the fruit of de-fire is possessing. 'tis un-man-ly to figh, 'tis un-



—manly to figh and complain; When we kneel for re-dressing, when we kneel for re—



—manly to figh and com—plain; When we kneel for redressing, when we



— dressing, we mo — ve your dis—dain; Love was made for a

kneel for re—dressing we mo — ve your dis—dain; Love was

6 43

Blef—sing, a Blef—sing, Love was made, Love was made for a Blef—

made, Love was made, Love was made for a Blef—sing, Love was made for a Blef—sing, was

6

—sing and not for a Pain, Love was made for a Blef—

made for a Blef—sing and not for a Pain, Love was made for a

6

—sing and not for a Pain.

Blef—sing, was made for a Blef—sing and not for a Pain.

6

Let *Hector*, *Achilles*, a two Part SONG.

ET *Hector*, *Achilles*, and each brave Com-ma-n-der, let *Hector* A—
 Let *Hector* *Achilles*, and
 — *chil-les*, and each brave Commander, with *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, with *Cæsar* and
 each brave Commander, and each brave Commander, with *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, with
Pompey, and great, great, and great *Alexander*; all Nations and Kingdoms, all Nations and
Cæsar and *Pompey*, and great, and great *Alexander*; all Nations and Kingdoms, all
 Kingdoms with Conquest subdue, with Conquest, with Conquest sub—due, yet more than all
 Nations and Kingdoms, with Conquest subdue, with Conquest, with Conquest sub—due, yet

this, more, more, more, yet more than all this, yet more than all this, bright
 more than all this, yet more than all this, yet more than all this, more, more, bright

9 6 98 b5 45 98

Celia can do. For one sin-gle glance from her conquering Eyes, will take 'em all
Ce-lia can do. For one sin-gle glance from her conquering Eyes, will take 'em all

6 6 6

Captive by way of Sur-prize; the Trophies and Crowns of their powerfull Arms, are sacri-fic'd
 Captive by way of Sur-prize; the Trophies and Crowns of their powerfull Arms, are sacri-fic'd

76

all to *Ce-lia's* bright Charms; in Chains and in Tri
 all to *Ce-lia's* bright Charms; in Chains and in

6 6

umph, in Chains and in Tri ——— umph she carries them all, and

Tri ——— umph she carries them all, and

98 56 6

if she but frown, then down, then down they all fall, down they fall, down they fall,

if she but frown, then down, then down they all fall, down they fall,

76 76 565 454 343 232

down, down, down they all fall; in Chains and in Tri

down they fall, down, then down they all fall; in Chains

6 7 6 76

umph she carries them all, and if she but

and in Tri ——— umph she carries them all, and if she but

6 6 6 76

frown, then down they all fall, down they fall, down they fa—ll, dow—n,
frown, then down they all fa—ll, down they fall, down they all fa—ll,

down, down they all fall, down, down, down, down, down they all fall.
down, then down they all fall, down, down, down they all fall.

What a sad Fate, a two Part SONG.

W Hat a sad, fa—d

Fate is mine, is mine, is mine; what a sad, fa—d

Fate is mine; my Love, my Love, my Love is my crime:

my Love, my Love, my Love is my crime? what a fad, what a fad,

fa—d Fate is mine? or why,

why shou'd she be, why, why shou'd she be more ea—sy,

more ea—sy, more ea—sy, ea—sy, and free to a ——— ll,

than to me, to a ——— ll than to

me, to a ——— ll than to me, to

a ll than to me?

But if by dis-dain, but if by dis-dain she can

lef-sen my pain, 'tis all, 'tis all, all, I im-

plore; to make me Love less, to make me Love

less, or her self to Love more; more, more, to make me Love

less, or her self to Love more.

A Dialogue in the 4th. Act of the 2^d. Part of *Don-Quixote*.

He.

S Ince Times are so bad, I must tell you sweet Heart, I'm thinking to leave off my Plough

and my Cart, and to the Fair Cit-ty a Journey will goe, to better my Fortune as

other folk do; Since some have from Ditches, and course Leather Breeches, been rais'd, been rais'd

to be Rulers and wallow'd in Riches, prithee come, come, come, come from thy Wheel, prithee

come, come, come, come from thy Wheel, for if Gypsies don't lye, I shall, I shall be a Governour

She.

too e're I dye. Ah! Collin, ah! Collin, by all, by all thy late doings I find with

forrow and trouble, with forrow and trouble the Pri——de of thy mind; our Sheep now

at random dif-order-ly run, and now, and now Sundays Jacket goes e-very day on: Ah!

what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost thou mean? ah! what dost thou, what dost thou, what

dost thou mean? To make my Shoos clean and foot it, and foot it to'th Court, to the

King and the Queen; where shewing my parts I pre-ferment shall win; Eye, fye, fye, fye,

fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, 'tis better, 'tis better for us to Plough and to Spin; for

as to the Court when thou happen'st to try, thou'lt find nothing got there unless thou can'st

buy ; For Money the Devil, the Devil and all's to be found, but no good Parts minded, no,

no, no, no good Parts minded, without the good Pound. Why then I'll take Arms, why then I'll take

Arms, I'll take Arms, and follow, and follow Allarms, hunt Honour that now a-days plague--ly

Charms: And so lose a Limb by a Shot or a Blow, and curse thy self af--ter for

leaving, for leaving the Plough. Sup--pose I turn Gamester ? So Cheat and be Bang'd.

He. She. He.

What think'st of the Road then? The Highway to be Hang'd. Nice Pimping how-e-ver yields

profit for Life, I'll help some fine Lord to a—nother's fine Wife: That's dangerous too, a—

—mongst the Town Crew, for some of'em will do the same thing by you; and then I to

Cuckold ye may be draw'n in, faith Collin 'tis better I sit here and Spin, faith Collin 'tis

better I sit here and Spin. Will nothing prefer me, what think'st of the Law? Oh!

He. She.

while you live Collin keep out of that Paw. I'll Cant and I'll Pray. Ah! there's naught got

no, no, no contentment can show, no, no, no contentment can show.

no, no, no, no, no contentment can show, no, no, no, no, no contentment can show.

5 6 4 6 6 5 4 4 3 6 6 5 4 4 3

CHORUS.

Let all our whole care be our Farming affair, to make our Corn grow and our Ap-ple Trees beare ;

Let all our whole care be our Farming affair, to make our Corn grow and our Ap-ple Trees bear ;

4 2 6 7 6 6 6 6 4 3

Am-bition's, Am-bition's a Trade, a Trade no Content-ment can show, so I le to my Disstaff ;

Amb-ition's, Am-bition's a Trade no Con-tentment can show, and

6 6 b 7 6 6

Am-bition's, Am-bition's a Trade, a Trade no Con-tentment can show, no, no,

I to my Plough; Am-bition's, Am-bition's a Trade no Con-tentment can show, no,

6 b 7 6 6 5 7

[illegible]

Bacchus is a Pow'r divine, a single SONG.

B *Accbus* is a Pow'r di—vine, for He no sooner fills my Head with migh—
2 6
ty Wine, but all my Cares resign, and droop, and droop, then sink, sink
7 7 7
down dead. Then, then the plea-sing thoughts be-gin, and I in Ri—ches flow, at

least I fancy so. And without thought of want I Sin

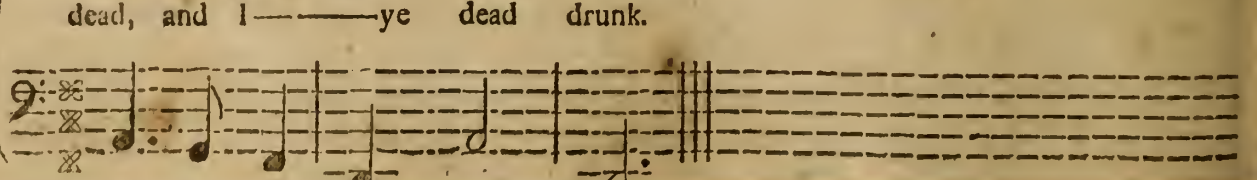
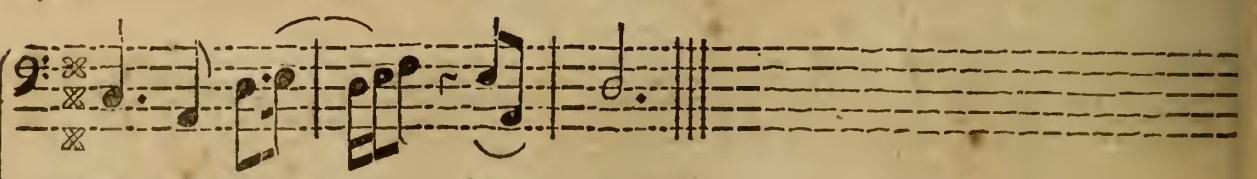
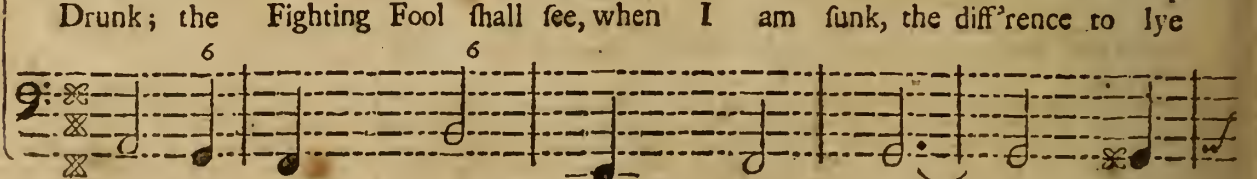
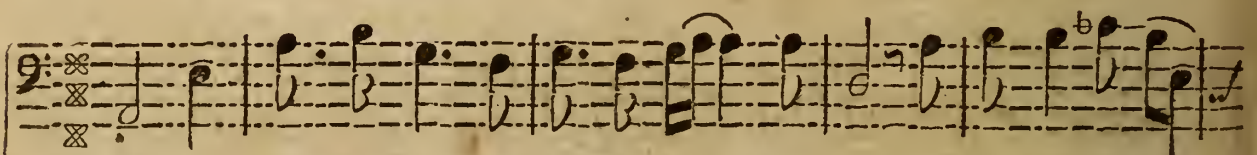
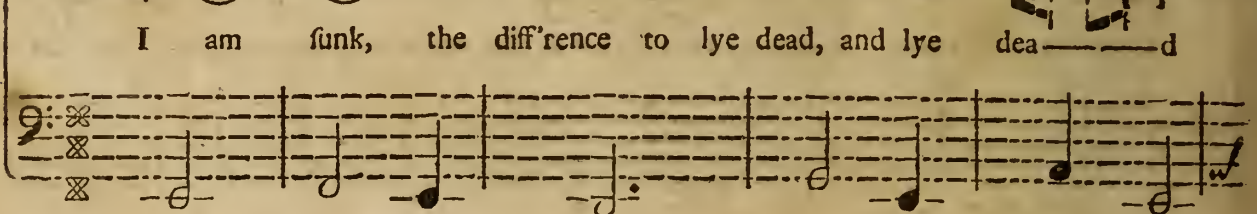
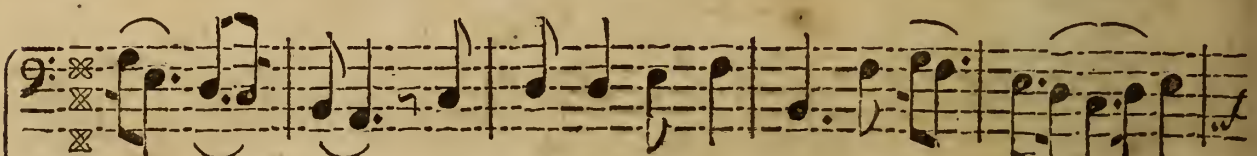
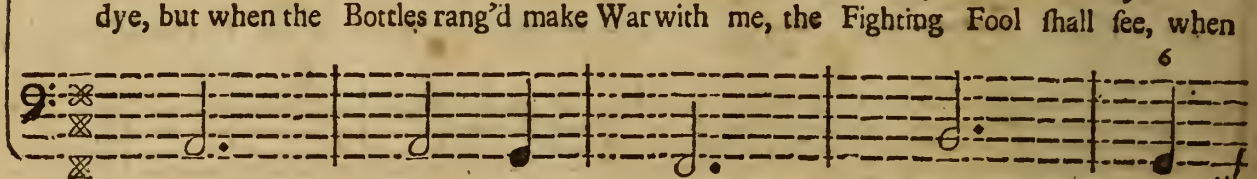
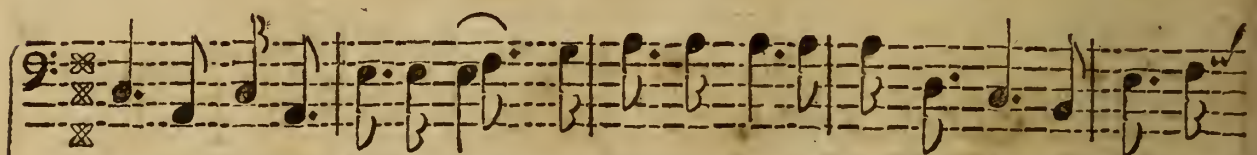
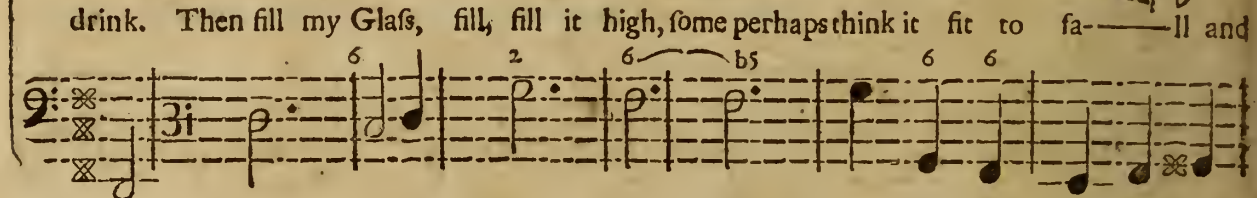
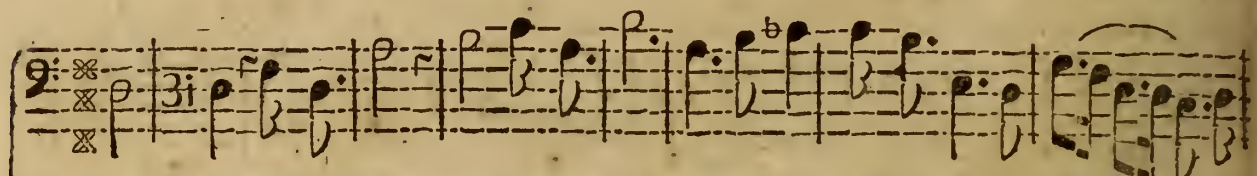
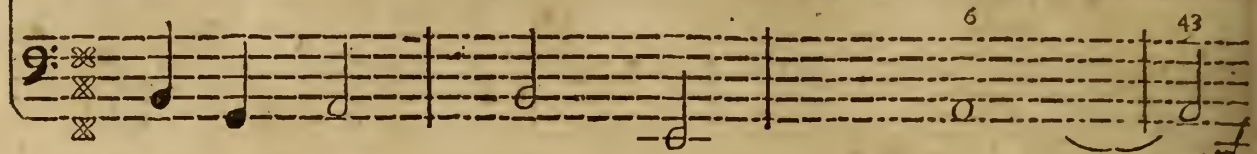
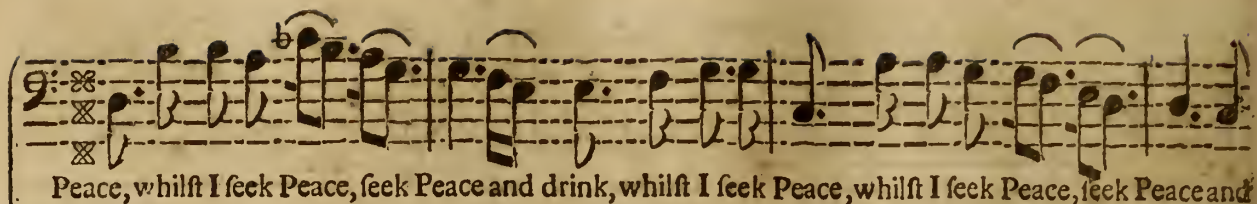
g, I Sin—g, stretch'd on the Earth, my Head all a—

round, with Flowers Wea—v'd in—to a Garland Crown'd,

Then, then I be—gin to live, and scorn what all the world can show or give. Let the

bra—ve Fools that fondly think of Honour, and delight to make a Noise,

a noise and Fi—ght, go seek out War, whilst I seek Peace, seek



'Tis Nature's Voice, a single SONG.

T Is Nature's Voice, 'tis Nature's Voice, thro' all the move—

ing Wood of Creatures un—

der-stood; the U-ni-ver-sal Tongue, the U-ni-ver-sal

Tongue to none of all her nume'rous Ra—ce unknown, from her, from her it

learnt the migh—ty, the migh—ty, the migh—ty

Art to Cou—rt the Ear, or strike, or stri—

ke the Heart, at once the Passions to express and mo—ve,

at once the Passions to ex—press, to ex—press and mo—ve;

we hear, and strait we grie—ve or hate, and strait we

grie—ve or hate, re-joy

ce or—Love: in

un—seen Chains it does the Fan—cy bin—d, it does, it does the

Fa-cy bind, at once it Charms the

Sense and Cap-ti-vates the Mind, at once it Char-

ms the Sense and Cap-

ti-vates the Mind.

Ah me too many Deaths, a single SONG by Mr. J. Crown.

Ah me! Ah me! to many,
many deaths, to many deaths decreed; to many, many deaths de-creed; My Love to

War, to Wa — r goes ev'ry day, my Love to Wa —

r goes ev'ry day; In ev'ry Wound of his I bleed, I dy —

e the hour he goes a-way; yet, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd hate him

shou'd he stay: Yet, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd

hate him shou'd he stay; yet, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd

hate him shou'd he stay.

II.

Ah me! to many Deaths decreed,
By Love or War, I hourly dye;
When I see not my Love I bleed;
Yet when I have him in my Eye,
He kills me with excess of Joy.

Fly swift ye Hours, a single SONG.

The musical score is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is characterized by rapid sixteenth-note passages, often grouped in sixths. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words appearing on the piano part. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The lyrics are as follows:

Ly ——— *swift ye Hours fl* ——— *y*

swift ye Hours, make hast, make hast, fl ——— *y, make hast, make hast, fl* ——— *y, fl* ———

y swi ——— *ft, thou la-zy, la* ——— *zy, la-zy Sun, make hast, make hast, make*

hast, and drive the te-dious Minutes on, the te-dious Minutes

on, on: Bring back my Bel-vi-de-ra, my Bel-vi-de-ra

to my sight, bring back my Bel-vi-de-ra, my Bel-vi-de-ra to my sight,

my Bel--vi--de--ra, than thy self more bright, make hast, make hast, make hast, bring

back my Bel--vi--de--ra, my Bel--vi--de--ra to my sight.

Swifter than Time my ea--ger Wi--shes mo

ve, swifter than Time my ea--ger Wi--sher mo

ve, my ea--ger Wishes move, and

scorn the bea-ten Paths, and scorn the bea-ten Paths of Vul-gar Love, and scorn the bea-ten

Paths, and scorn the beaten Pa — ths of Vul-gar Love, and scorn the beaten

pa — ths of Vul-gar Lo — ve. Soft Peace is

banish'd from my tor — tur'd Breast, soft Peace, soft Peace is banish'd from my

tor — tur'd Breast, Love robs my Days of Ease, Love robs my Days of Ease, my

Nights of Rest; Love robs my Days of Ease, Love robs my Days of Ease, my Nights, my Nigh —

ts of rest. Yet tho' her cru — el Scorn pro-vokes De-spair,

yet tho' her cru—el Scorn, her cru—el Scorn pro—vokes De—spair, my Passion

still is strong, my Passion still is stro—ng, my Passion still is stro—

ng, as she is fair; Still must I Love, still bless the plea—

sing Pain, still court my Ruine, still,

still court my Ru—ine, and em—brace my Chain; still court my Ruine,

still, still court my Ru—ine, and em—brace my Chain.

The *STORM*, a single SONG.

B Low, blow *Boreas*, blow, and let thy fur—ly Winds make the Bil-lows foam and

76

roar ; thou can'st no Terror breed in valiant Minds, but spight of thee we'l live, but spight of thee we'l

live and find a Shoar. Then cheer my Hearts, and be not aw'd, but kee—

2

—p the Gun-Room clear; tho' Hell's broke loose, and the Devils roar abroad, whilst we have

6

Sea-room here, Boys, never fear, never, never fear. Hey! how she tosses up! how far the

6 76

mounting Top-mast touch'd a Starr; the Meteors blaz'd as thro' the Clouds we came, and Sa—la—

0

—mander like, we li—ve in Flame; but now, now we sink, now, now we go down to the

43

deep-est Shades be-low. A—las! a—las! where are we now! who, who can tell! sure 'tis the

65

low—est Room of Hell, or where the Sea-Gods dwell: With them we'll live, with

56 76

them we'll live and raigh, with them we'll lau—gh, and sing, and drink amain, with them we'll

43

lau—gh and sing, and drink amain; but see, we mount, see, see, we rise a—gain.

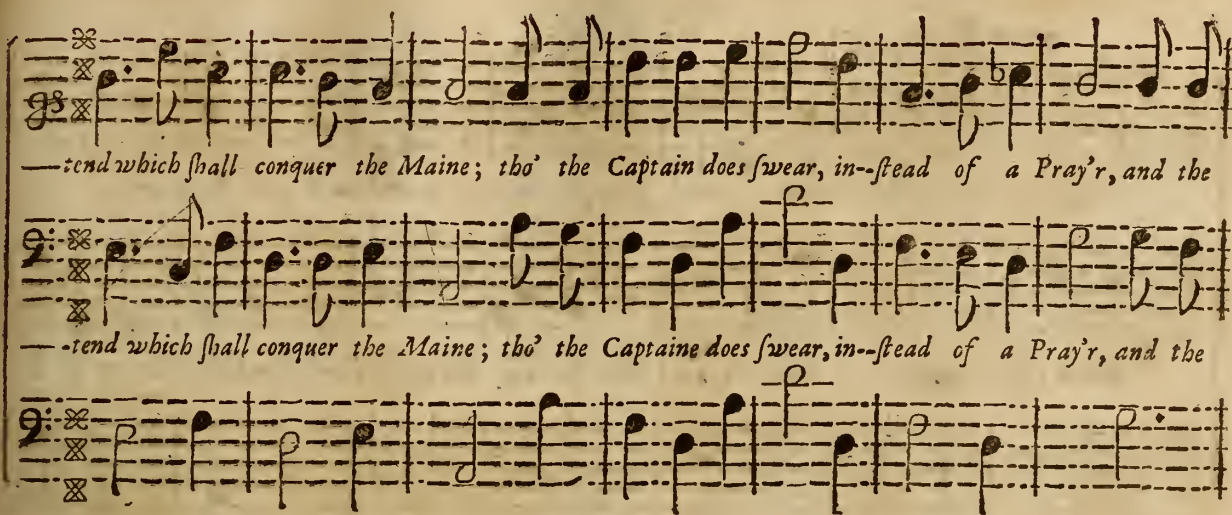
43

C H O R U S.

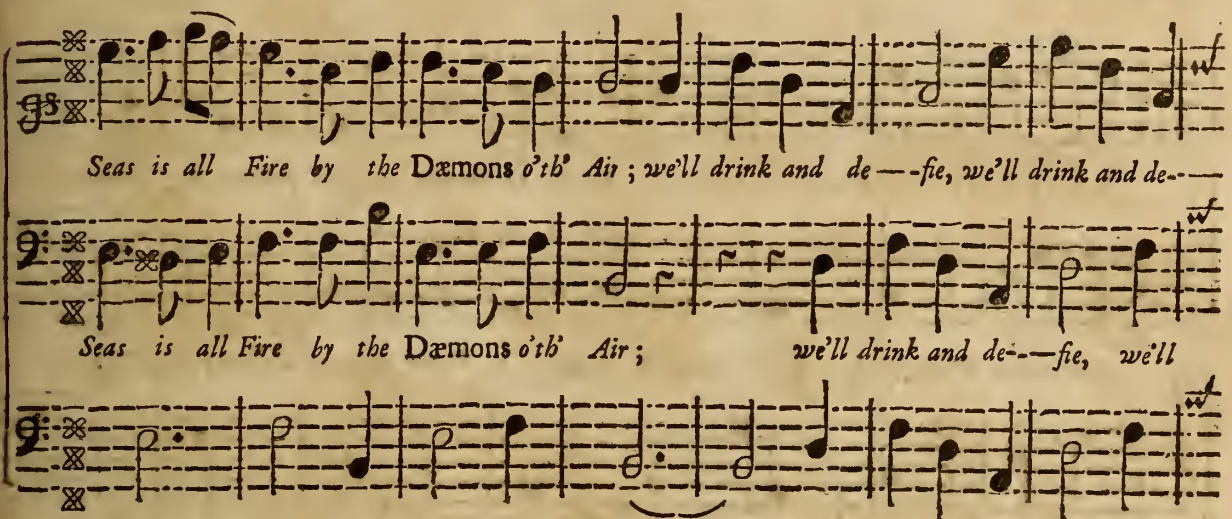
Tho' Fla—shes of Lightning and Tem—pests of Rain, do fierce—ly con—

31 43

Tho' Fla—shes of Lightning and Tem—pests of Rain, do fierce—ly con—

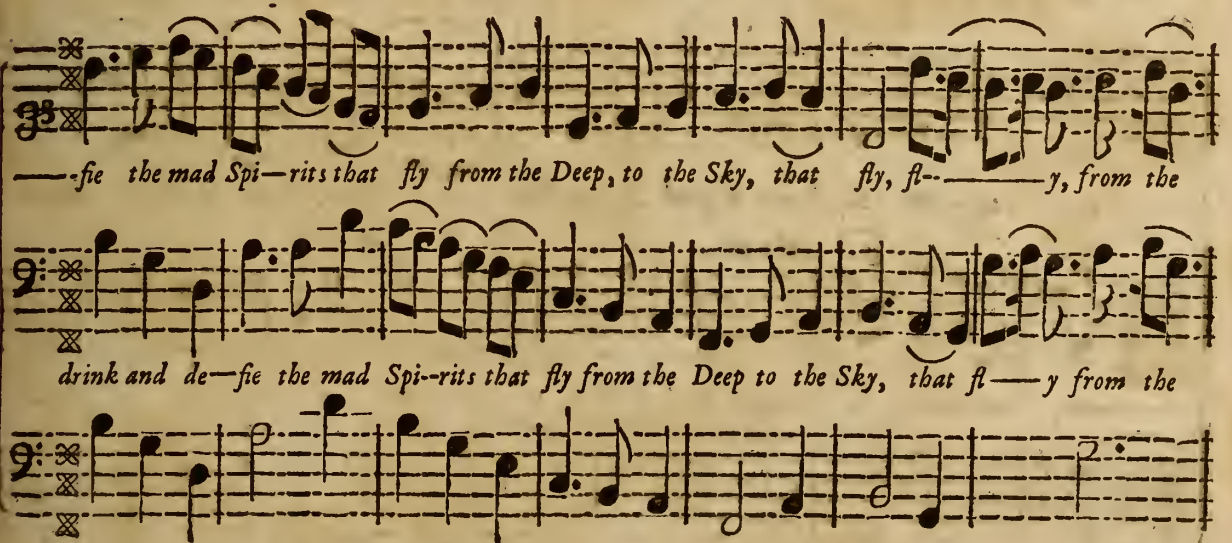


—tend which shall conquer the Maine; tho' the Captain does swear, in—stead of a Pray'r, and the



Seas is all Fire by the Dæmons o'th' Air; we'll drink and de—fie, we'll drink and de—

Seas is all Fire by the Dæmons o'th' Air; we'll drink and de—fie, we'll



—fie the mad Spi—rits that fly from the Deep, to the Sky, that fly, fl—y, from the

drink and de—fie the mad Spi—rits that fly from the Deep to the Sky, that fl—y from the



Deep to the Sky, and si—ng whilst loud Thunder, and si—ng whilst loud Thunder does

Deep to the Sky, and si—ng whilst loud Thun—der, loud Thunder does

bellow ; for Fate will still have a kind Fate for the Brave, and ne're make his Grave of a

Salt-water Wave, to drown, to drown, no, never to drown a good Fellow; no, ne-ver,

Salt-water Wave, to drown, to drown, no, never to drown a good Fellow; no, ne —

no, ne-ver to drown a good Fellow; no ne —-ver, ne-ver to drown,

—ver, ne-ver to drown a good Fellow; no, ne-ver, no, ne-ver to drown,

No, ne-ver, no, ne-ver to drown a good Fellow.

No, ne —-ver, ne-ver to drown a good Fellow.

Strike the Viol, touch the Lute, a single SONG.

Strike the *Vi-ol*, strike the *Vi-ol*, touch, touch, touch,
 touch, touch, touch the *Lute*; wake the *Harp*, wake the *Harp*,
 wake the *Harp*, In-spi — re the *Flute*, wake the *Harp*, In-spi — re the
Flute: Sing your Pa-tro — nis — se's Praise, sing your Pa-tro — nis — se's
 Praise, sing, sing, sing, in cheer —
 full and har-mo-nious Lays.

A SONG in the *Prophetess*, or the History of *Dioclesian*.

S Ince from my Dear, my Dear, my Dear, since from my Dear, my

Dear, my Dear, my Dear, my Dear A—stre—a's fight I was so

rude ————— ly torn, my Soul has never, never,

never, has never, never, never known de—light, un—less it were to mourn,

to mourn, un—less, un—less, it were to mourn, mourn. But oh! a—

—las, a—las, with weep—ing Eyes, and bleeding, bleed—ing Heart I

lye; thinking on her, on her, whose absence 'tis that makes me wish to dye, dye, dye, dye, makes me, makes me wish to dye, dye, dye.

A SONG in the Married Beau.

S EE, fee, fee, fee where re—pen—ting, where re—pen—ting Ce—lia

lies, with blush—ing Cheeks, with blush—ing Cheeks, and mel—

—ting Eyes; be—moaning, be—moaning, in a

mourn—full, mourn—full Shade, the ruins, the ruins in her Heart and

Fame, which sin—full, sin—full Love has made: Oh! Oh! Oh!

let thy Tears, fair, fair Ce—lia flo—

—w, let thy Tears, fair Ce—lia flow, for that Ce—lef—tial wond—

—'rous, wond—'rous, wond—'rous dew, more gra—ces

on thee will be—flow, than all, all, than all, all, than all, all, than all, all thy

Dresses, and thy Ar—ts cou'd doe.

Ah! ah! ah! Belinda, a single SONG.

A H! ah! ah! ah! Be—lin—da, I am prest with

tor—ment; Ah! ah! ah! Be—lin—da I am prest with

tor—ment not to be ex—pres'd: Ah! ah! ah! Be—lin—da, I am

pre—st with tor—ment; Ah! ah! ah! Be—lin—da I am

pres'd with tor—ments not to be ex—pres'd. Peace and I are

strangers grown, Peace and I are strangers, strangers grown, I Lan—guish

till my grief be known, I Lan guish, till my grief be
known, yet wou'd not, yet wou'd not, wou'd not have it gue—st.
Peace and I are stran-gers grown, Peace and I are stran-gers, stran-gers grown.

O, O let me Weep! a Two Part SONG.

VIO LIN.

O, O let me, O,
O let me, let me weep!

O, O let me, O, O let me, let me weep! O, O,

O let me for ever, ever weep, for e-ver, for e-ver, for e-ver, for

e-ver weep!

My Eyes no more, no more, no more

re, no more, no more shall wel-come sleep :

I'll hide me, I'll hide me from the sight of Day, and sigh, sigh, sigh my

Soul a-way.

A handwritten musical score consisting of three staves. The top staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains several measures of music, including a measure with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The middle staff also starts with a treble clef and a B-flat key signature, featuring more musical notation. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a B-flat key signature, with lyrics written below it: "O, O let me, O,". Above the first two notes of the bottom staff are the numbers "6" and "6x". Above the fourth note is "43". Above the fifth note is "O,". Above the sixth note is "O". Above the seventh note is "let me, O,". The manuscript shows signs of age, with some ink bleed-through from the reverse side visible.

Handwritten musical score for the hymn "O let me, let me weep!". The score is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics "O let me, let me weep!" are written below the second staff. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The first staff contains 12 measures, the second staff contains 12 measures, and the third staff contains 12 measures. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The first staff contains 12 measures, the second staff contains 12 measures, and the third staff contains 12 measures. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The first staff contains 12 measures, the second staff contains 12 measures, and the third staff contains 12 measures.

Handwritten musical score for the hymn "O, let me, O, let me, let me weep!". The score is written on three staves. The first staff is a soprano line with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is an alto line with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The third staff is a bass line with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves: "O, let me, O, let me, let me weep! O, O,". The music features various note values, including minims, crotchets, and quavers, as well as rests and accidentals. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

[illegible]

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass staff has a simpler accompaniment. The lyrics "e ver weep!" are written below the bass staff. There are some markings like "43" and "6" above the notes.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The bass staff has lyrics "He's gone, he's gone, he's gone, his loss de-". There are markings like "43" and "6" above the notes.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The bass staff has lyrics "-plore; he's gone, he's gone, he's gone, his loss deplore, and I shall never, never, never, never,". There are markings like "43" and "6" above the notes.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The bass staff has lyrics "never see him more ; I shall never, never,". There are markings like "6" above the notes.

never see him more, shall never, never, never see him more ;

I shall never, shall never, shall never, shall never see him more.

A Two Part SONG, the Words by Mr. Henly.

no, cry's no, no, no, no leave me, leave me, leave me *A-lex-is*, ah! what wou'd you do,

no, no, no, no, cry's no, no, no, no, leave me, leave me *A-lex-is*, ah! what wou'd you do,

6 5 6 76 7

ah! what wou'd you, ah! what wou'd you, what wou'd you do?

what wou'd you, ah! what wou'd you, what wou'd you, what wou'd you do? when I

5b

when I tell her I'll go, still she cry's no, no, no, my *A-lex-is*, no,

tell her I'll go, still she cry's no, no, no, no, no, no, no, my *A-lex-is*, no,

12

no my *A-lex-is*, ah! tell me not, tell me not so; ah! ah! ah!

no, my *A-lex-is*, ah! tell me not, tell we not so; ah! ah! ah! tell me not

7 b5 6

tell me not, tell me not so. Tell me fair one, tell me fair one, tell me why, why so

so, ah! tell me not so. Tell me fair one, tell me fair one, tell me why, why,

coming, why, why, why so coming, why so com—ing, why so shy; why so

why, why so coming, why, why, why so coming, why, why, why so shy, why so kind, so

kind, so kind, so kind, and why, and why so coy; tell me fair one, tell me

kind, so kind, and why so coy, and why so coy; tell me fair one, tell me

fair one, tell me, tell me why, you'll neither let me Fig

fair one, tell me, tell me why, you'll neither let me Fig

ht nor fly; tell me

fair one, tell me fair one, tell me why, you'l neither let me li

ve, you'l

li ve, you'l neither let me

neither let me li ve nor dye

li ve nor dye

Let Cæsar and Urania live, a Two Part SONG.

ET Cæsar and U—

Let Cæsar and U—ra—nia live,

ra—nia live, let all de—ligh—ts the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair

let all de—ligh—ts that Stars can give,

descend, let all de—ligh—ts the Stars can give, upon the

upon the Royal Pair descend, let all de—ligh—ts the Stars can give, upon the

Royal Pair de—scend: Let Cæsar and U—ra—nia live, let

Ray-al Pair descend: Let Cæsar and U—ra—nia live, let all de—

43

43

43

all de—ligh—ts the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair descend ;

—ligh—ts the Stars can give, upon the Roy—al

let all de—ligh—ts the Stars can give, upon the Roy—al Pair de—

Pair descend, let all de—ligh—ts the Stars can give, up—on the Roy—al Pair de—

—scend; let Discord to the shades be driv'n, let Discord to the shades be driv'n, while

—scend; let Discord to the shades be driv'n, let Dis—cord to the shades be driv'n

Earth and Sky our Song at—tend, and thus our Loy—al Vows at—cend,

while Earth and Sky our Song at—tend, and thus our Loy—al vows at—

and thus our Loy-al Vows af—cend; O, O, O Preserve 'em

—cend, and thus our Loy-al Vows af—cend; O, O, O Preserve 'em

43

Pre—serve 'em, Pre—serve 'em, Pre—serve 'em, Pre—serve 'em,

Pre—serve 'em, Pre—serve 'em, Pre—serve 'em, Pre—serve 'em,

43

Heav'n; O, O, O, O Preserve e'm, Pre—serve 'em,

Heav'n; O, O, O, O Preserve 'em Pre—serve 'em,

43

O, Pre—serve 'em Heav'n.

O Preserve 'em Heav'n.

O Preserve 'em Heav'n.

Were I to choose the greatest Bliss, a Two Part SONG.

W Ere I to choose the grea—test Bliss, were I to choose the grea—test Bliss, that

Were I to choose, were I to choose the grea—test Bliss, that

e're in Love was known; 'twould be the high—est of my Wish, t'en—

e're in Love was known; 'twould be the high—est of my Wish, t'en—

jo—y your Heart a—lone: Kings might pos—sels their King—doms

jo—y your Heart a—lone: Kings might pos—sels their Kingdoms

free, and Crowns un—en—vy'd wear; they shou'd no Ri—val have of

free, and Crowns un—en—vy'd wear; they shou'd no

me, no, no, they shou'd no Ri-val have of me, might I reign

Ri-val, they shou'd no Ri-val have of me, no, no, might I reign

Monarch there; they shou'd no Ri-val have of me, no, no,

Monarch there; they shou'd no Ri-val have of me, no, no, they

they shou'd no Ri-val, they shou'd no Ri-val have of me, might

shou'd no Rival, they shou'd no Ri-val ha-ve of me, might

I reign Mo-narch there.

I reign Mo-narch there.

And in each track of Glory, a Two Part SONG.

And in each track of Glo — ry, since,

And in each track of Glo — ry, since,

and in each track of Glo — ry, since,

ry, since, of Glo — ry, since,

for their lov'd Coun — try, or their Prince. Princes that

for their lov'd Coun — try or their Prince. Princes that

hate, that hate Rome's Ty — ran — ny and joyn the Nations right, with their own

hate, that hate Rome's Ty — ran — ny and joyn the Nations right, with their own

Roy-al-ty; none were more rea-dy, none were more rea—dy, none, none,

none, none, none were more rea-dy in di—stres to fave, no, none were more
rea—dy, none were more ready in di—stres to fave, none were more

Loy-al, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more

Loy—al, none, none more brave.

[1210]
Nestor who did, a Two Part SONG.

Nestor, who did to thrice Man's Age at—tain; Nestor, who did to thrice Man's

Nestor, who did to thrice Man's Age at—tain;

Age at—tain, by vast Ex—pe—rience found, by vast Ex—pe—rience

Nestor, who did to thrice Man's Age at—tain, by vast Ex—pe—rience found, that

found, that bu—sie States-men did Pro—ject in vain, when Bumpers

bu—sie States-men did Pro—ject in vain,

pass'd not brisk-ly round, when Bum—pers pass'd not brisk-ly rou—

when Bumpers pass'd not brisk-ly round, when Bumpers pass'd not briskly

nd, pas'd not brisk—ly rou

rou—nd, pas'd not briskly, briskly round, when Bumpers

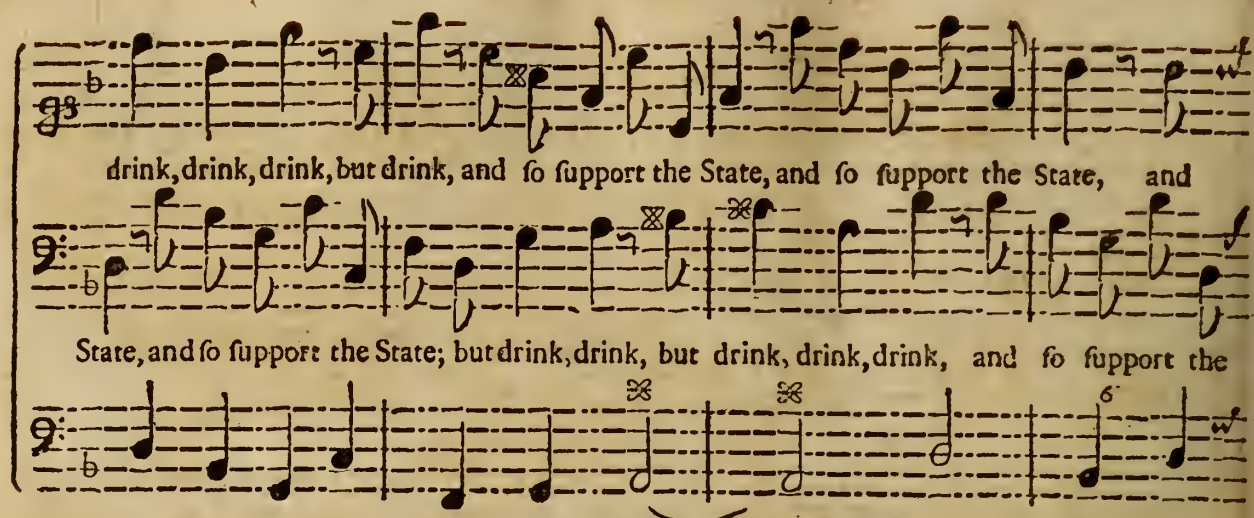
nd, brisk—ly, brisk—ly round:

pas'd not brisk--ly round, brisk—ly, brisk—ly round:

This Maxim then he to his Ma-ster gave, when he in Coun-cil should de

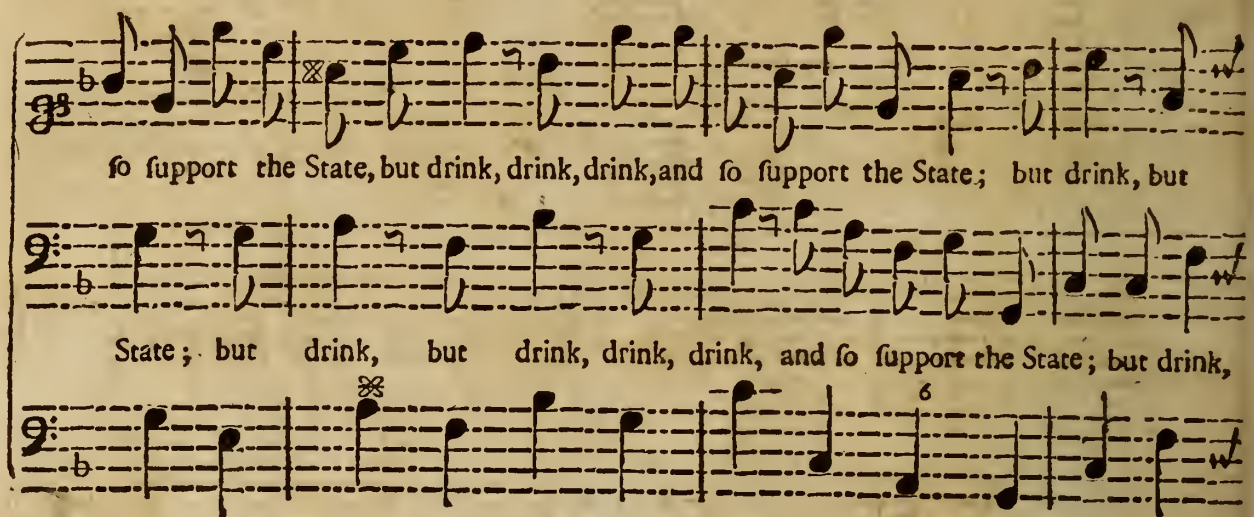
bate ; not Tro-jan--like, to sit morose, to sit morose and grave, but drink, drink, but

bate ; not Tro-jan-like, to sit morose, to sit morose and grave, and so support the



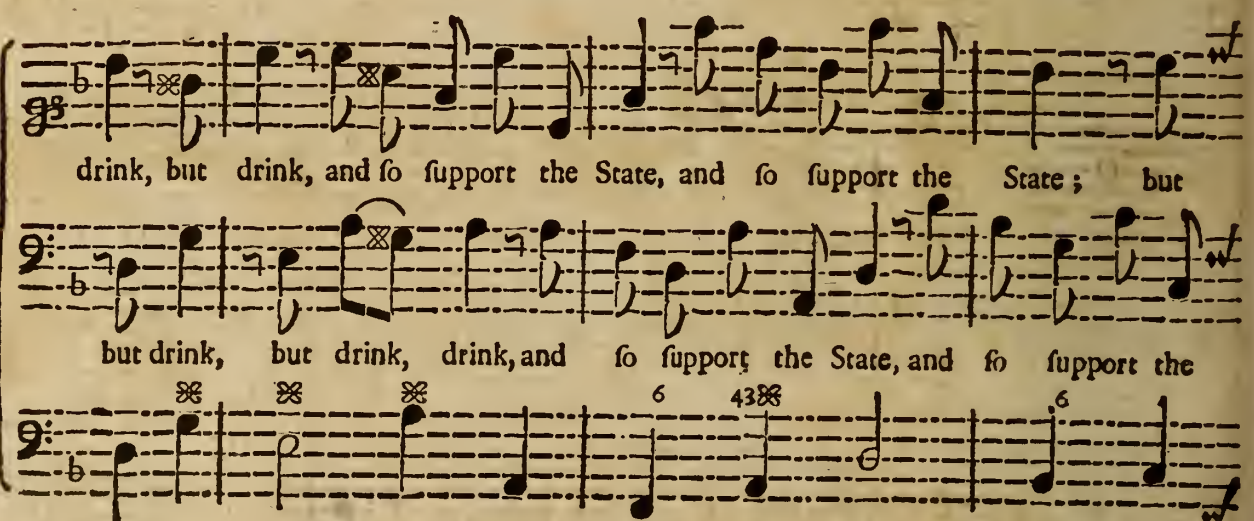
drink, drink, drink, but drink, and so support the State, and so support the State, and

State, and so support the State; but drink, drink, but drink, drink, drink, and so support the



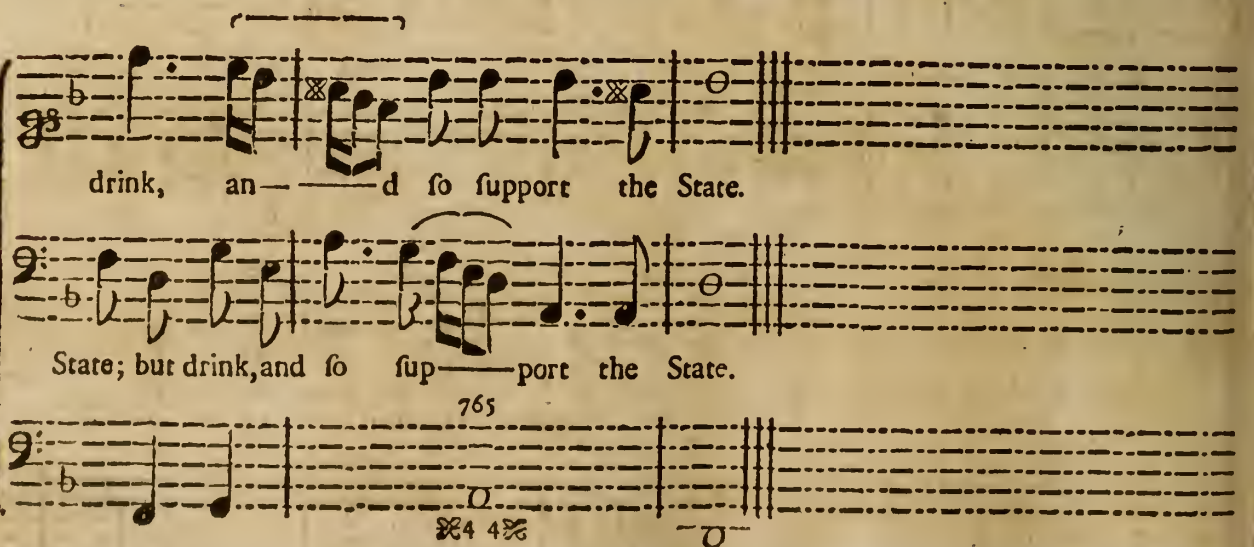
so support the State, but drink, drink, drink, and so support the State; but drink, but

State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and so support the State; but drink,



drink, but drink, and so support the State, and so support the State; but

but drink, but drink, drink, and so support the State, and so support the



drink, an— d so support the State.

State; but drink, and so sup— port the State.

765

4 4

For folded Flocks, a Three Part SONG.

The musical score is written for three parts on three staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are as follows:

Or fol--did Flocks, and fruitfull Plains, the

For folded Flocks, and fruitfull Plains; the Shepherds and the Farmers

Fair Bri-tain all

Shepherds and the Farmers gains, the Shepherds and the Farmers gains, fair Britain 'all

gains, the Shepherds and the Far—mers gains, fair Britain

all, all, all, all, all, a—ll the World out-vies: for folded Flocks and fruitfull

all, all, all, all, all, a—ll the World out—vies: fair Britain all, all

all, all, all, all, all, all the World out-vies: fair Britain all, all, all

43

Plains, the Shepherds and the Farmers gaires; fair *Britain*, all, all, all, all, all the

all, all, all, all, all, all, all the World out-vies, all, all, all, all the

all, all, all, all, all, all, all the World outvies, all, all, all, all the

World outvies: and *Pan* as in *Ar-ca-dia* reigns, and *Pan* as in *Ar-ca-dia* reigns, where pleasure

World outvies: and *Pan* as in *Ar-ca-dia* reigns, and *Pan* as in *Ar-ca-dia* reigns, where pleasure

World outvies: and *Pan* as in *Ar-ca-dia* reigns, and *Pan* as in *Ar-ca-dia* reigns, where pleasure

mixt with pro-fit lyes. Tho' *Jafon's* Fleece was fa—m'd, was fam'd of

mixt with pro-fit lyes. Tho' *Jafon's* Fleece was fam'd, was fam'd of

mixt with pro-fit lyes. Tho' *Jafon's* Fleece was fa—m'd, was fam'd of

The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes.

Staff 1:
old, the *British* Wool, the *British* Wool, is growing, growing Gold ; no Mines can more, no, no, no,

Staff 2:
old, the *British* Wool, the *British* Wool is growing, growing Gold ; no, no, no, no,

Staff 3:
old, the *British* Wool, the *British* Wool, is growing, growing Gold ; no, no, no, no,

Staff 4:
6 75 43
no, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no Mines can more of Wealth sup-ply, it keeps, it

no, no, no Mines can more, no, no, no, no Mines can more of Wealth sup-ply, it keeps, it

no, no, no, no, no, no, no Mines can more, can more of Wealth sup- ply, it keeps, it

no, no, no, no, no, no, no Mines can more, can more of Wealth sup- ply, it keeps, it

keeps the Peasant from the cold, and takes, and takes for Kings the Tyrian die.

keeps the Peasant from the cold, and takes, and takes for Kings the Tyrian die.

keeps the Peasant from the cold, and takes, and takes for Kings the Tyrian die.

A Dialogue in *Oroonoko*, Sung by the Boy and Girl.

He.

E-le-me-ne, pray tell me, pray, pray tell me Ce-le-me-ne, when those

pritty, prit-ty, pritty Eyes I see; when my Heart beats, beats,

beats, beats in my Breast; why, why it will not, it will not, why, why it

will not let me rest? Why this trem- bling, why this trem-

bling too all o're? Pains I never, Pains I never, never, never

felt be-fore: And when thus I touch, when thus I touch your Hand, why I wish, I

with, I with I was a Man? How shou'd I know more than you? Yet wou'd

Ske.

be a Woman too. When you wash your self and play, I methinks cou'd look all day;

Nay just now, nay, just now am pleas'd, am pleas'd so well, shou'd you, shou'd you Kifs me

I won't tell, shou'd you, shou'd you Kifs me I won't tell; no, no I won't tell; no, no I won't

b55

tell, no, no I won't tell; shou'd you Kifs me I won't tell. Tho' I cou'd do that all day,

Hc.

and de--fire no bet-ter play; Sure, sure in Love there's something more, which

She.
makes Mam-ma so bigg, so bigg be-fore. Once by chance I hear'd it nam'd;

don't ask what, don't ask what for I'm a-sham'd : Stay but till you'r past Fif-teen,

then you'll know, then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean, then you'll know, then, then you'll

He.
know what 'tis I mean. How-e-ver, lose not pre-sent Bliss; but now we're a-

She.
—lone let's Kiss, but now we're a—lone let's Kiss, let's Kiss. My Breasts do

He.
so heave, so heave, so hea—ve. My Heart does so pant, pant, pant.

She.

There's something, something, something more we want, there's something,

There's something, something, something more we want, there's something,

something, something more we want.

something, something more we want.

Love thou can'st hear, a single SONG. Words by Sir Robert Howard.

Love thou can'st hear, Love thou can'st hear,

—r tho' thou art blind ; leave my Heart free, leave my Heart free, oh! pit-ty me, oh!

pit-ty me, since Clo-ris is un-kind ; leave my Heart free, oh! pit-ty me, oh!

pit-ty me, oh! pit-ty me, since

Clo-ris is un-kind, oh! pit-ty

me, since Clo-ris is un-kind.

She is un-constant, she is un-constant, she is uncon-

stant as she's bright; she is un-constant she

is un-constant, she is un-constant

as she's bright; her smi

les on ev-ry Shep-herd fall, her Smi

les on ev-ry Shepherd fall; And as the Sun, and as the Sun u

ses his light, the vainly, the vain-ly Loves to shine, the vainly lo

ses to shine on all; and as the Sun, and as the Sun u

ses his light, the vainly, the vain-ly loves to shine, the

vainly lo- ves to shine on all.

I thought her fair like new faln Snow, I thought her fair like new faln Snow,

when white-ness in-nocence in-clos'd. Like that she ful-ly'd seems to shine, like that

she ful-ly'd seems to show, when to Loves melting, melting heat ex-pos'd; like

that she ful-ly'd seems to show, when to Loves melting, melting heat ex-pos'd;

when to Loves mel-ting, melting heat ex-pos'd. Love thou, &c.

First Strain again.

Brisk Time.

The powerfull Char — ms shall now be try'd, the powerfull Char —

— ms shall now be try'd; this Fu — ry, this Fu — ry

from my Breast to chase, I'll summon's scorn, revenge and pride; I'll summons, summons

scorn, revenge and pride; at least her Image, at least her Image, her Image to deface.

See how the fading Glories, a single SONG.

S E E, see how the fa-ding Glo-ries of the Year, put on a youthfull Smile;

see, see how the fa-ding Glories of the Year, put on a youthfull Smile;

to welcom her Spight of the Dog-Star's madness, her bright Eyes cre--ate a Spring of

e-ver bloom—ing Joys, of ever bloom—ing, bloom-ing

Joys; all Nature to her Charms fresh Tri—bute yields, making where e're she comes

E—li—zian Fields; where Roses proudly breath out all their Sweet, and

blush out all their Beau-ty at her Feet; where Nightingales their own Love-Songs lay

by, and her un-i-mi-ta-ble Gra—ces try; while the

more wan—ton Hills and Groves re-joyce, faintly to ec—cho back her

heav'n—ly Voice, faint-ly to ec—cho back her heav'n—ly

CHORUS.

Voice. But my Pains ra—ge, but my Pains ra—ge the

But my Pains ra—ge, but my Pains ra—ge the

But my Pains ra—ge, but my Pains ra—ge the

more near Pa—ra—dise, Panthe—a is to me a burn—ing Glas of Ice; Pan—

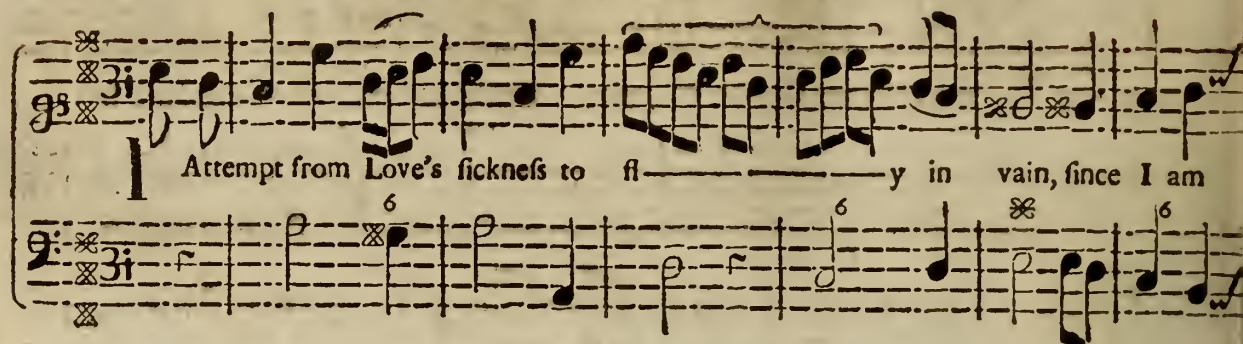
more near Pa—ra—dise, Panthe—a is to me, Pan-the—a

—thea, Pan-the—a, is to me a burn—ing Glas of Ice.

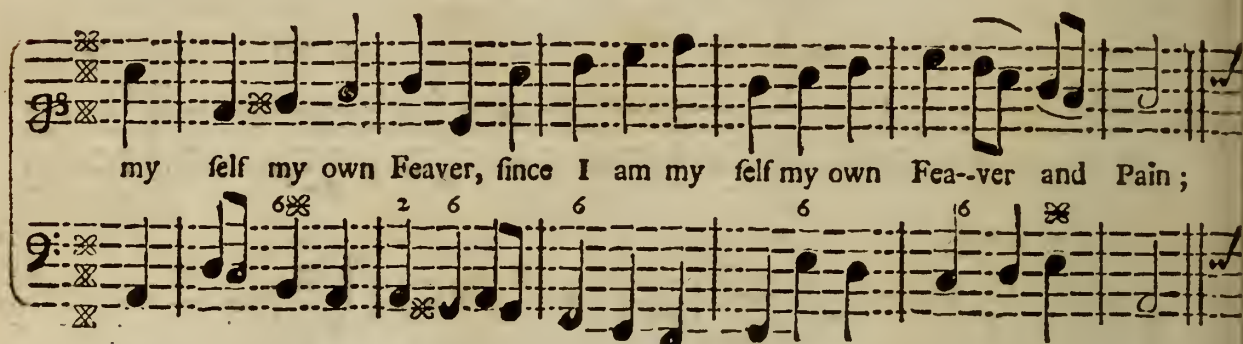
is to me, is to me a burn—ing Glas of Ice.

is to me, is to me a burn—ing Glas of Ice.

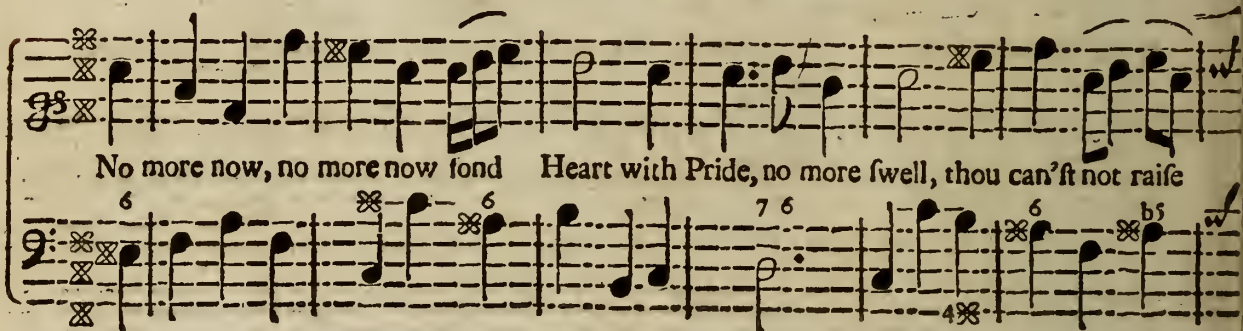
I attempt from Love's sickness, a single SONG.



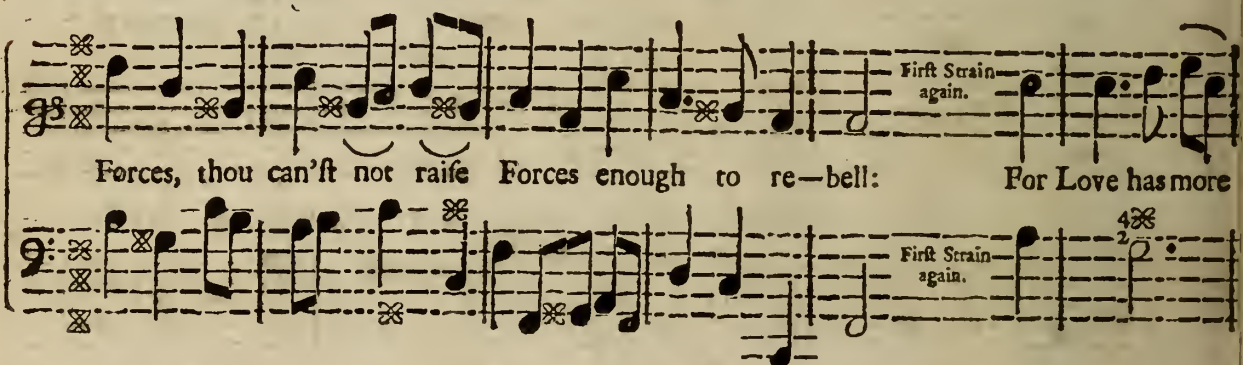
Attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain, since I am



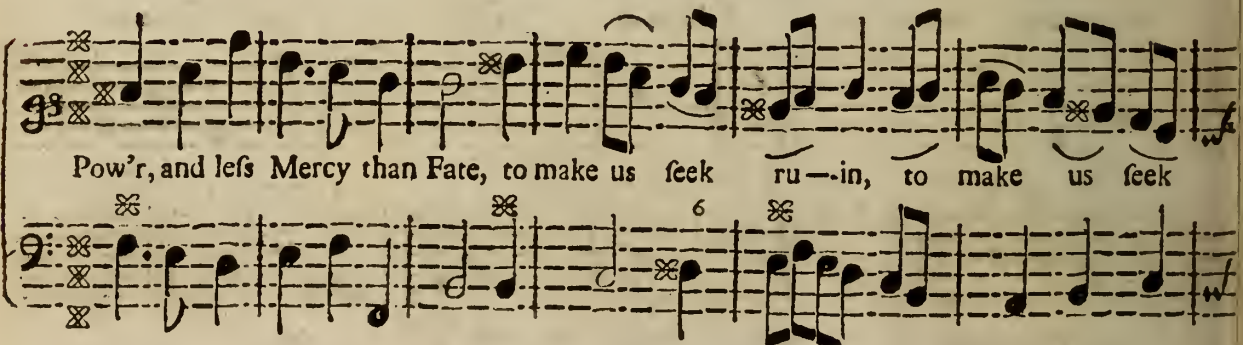
my self my own Feaver, since I am my self my own Fea-ver and Pain;



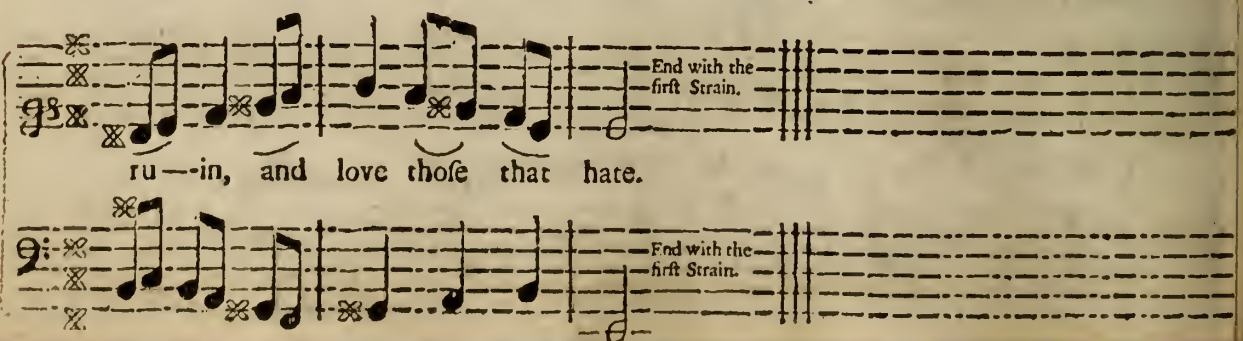
No more now, no more now fond Heart with Pride, no more swell, thou can't not raise



Forces, thou can't not raise Forces enough to re-bell: For Love has more



Pow'r, and less Mercy than Fate, to make us seek ru-in, to make us seek



ru-in, and love those that hate.

Here the Deities approve, a single SONG.

H — Ere the De-i-ties ap-prove,

here, here the De-i-ties approve the God of Mu—sick and of Love, all the Talents

they have lent you, all the Blessings they have sent you, pleas'd to see, to see what they be-flow,

live and thrive, live and thrive so well be-low; pleas'd to see, to see what

they be-flow, live and thrive, live and thrive so well be——low;

all the Talents they have lent you, all the Blessings they have

sent you pleas'd to see, to see what they be-flow, live and thrive, live and thrive so

well be-low, pleas'd to see, to see what they be-flow, live and thrive, live and

thrive so well be-low.

A Two Part SONG.

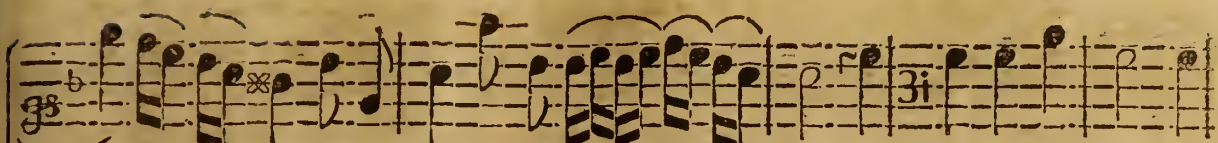
This is a musical score for a hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, accessible style, with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes, and there are several musical ornaments and repeat signs throughout the piece. The score is divided into several systems, with the first system starting with a large 'A' and the second system starting with a large 'C'. The lyrics are: 'As soon as the Chaos was made in-to form, and the first, the firmament was made'.

As soon as the Cha os, as soon as the

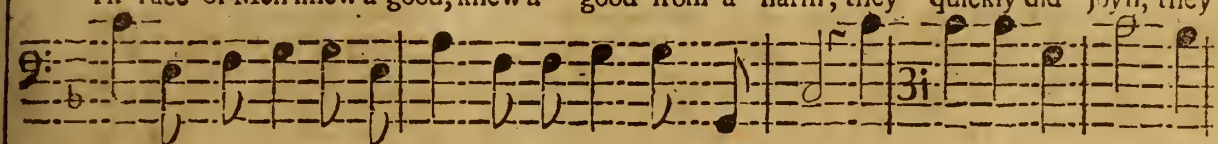
As soon as the Cha

Cha os was made in-to form, and the first, the fi-

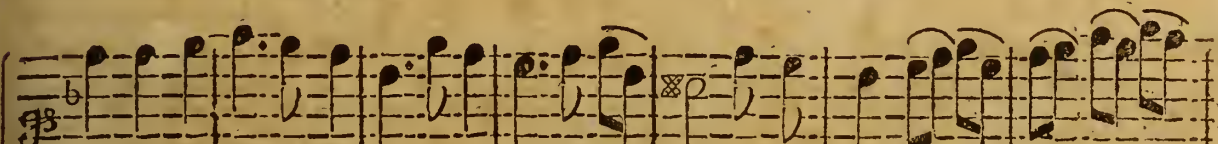
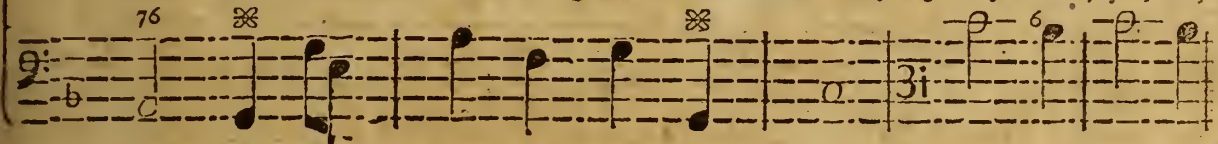
os, as soon as the Cha os wa s made in-to form, and the first, the



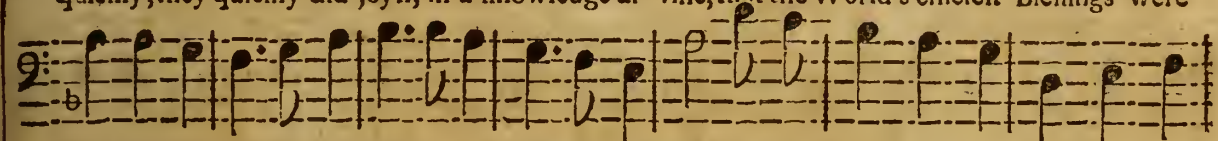
—rst race of Men knew a good, knew a good from a harm; they quickly did joyn, they



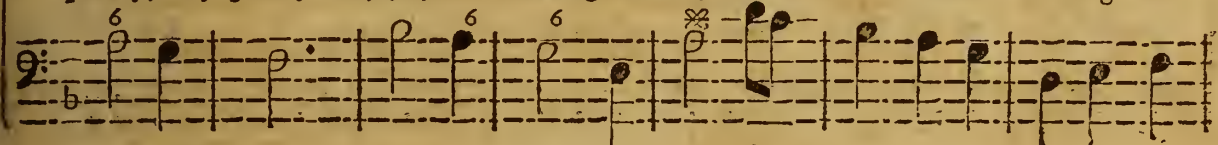
first race of Men knew a good, knew a good from a harm; they quickly did joyn, they



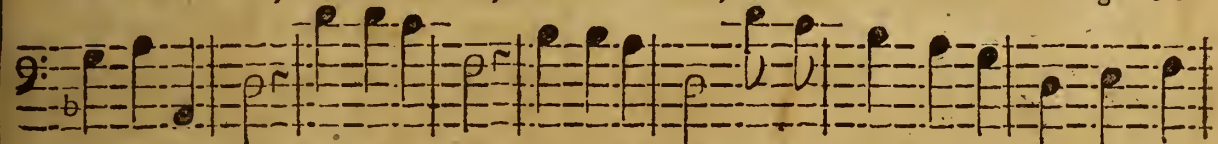
quickly, they quickly did joyn, in a knowledge di-vine, that the World's chiefeft Blessings were



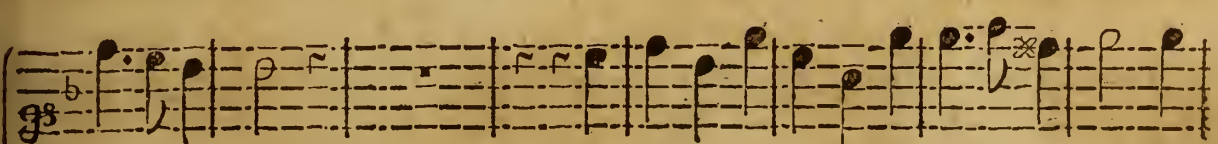
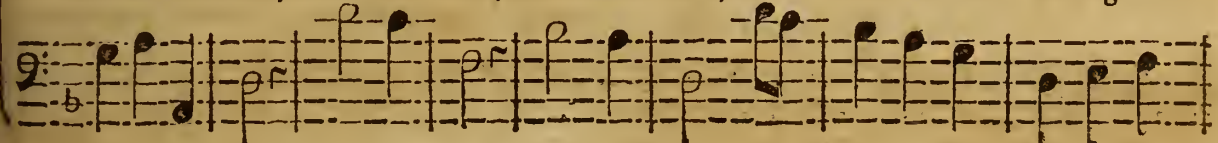
quickly, they quickly did joyn, in a knowledge di-vine, that the World's chiefeft Blessings were



Women and Wine, Women and Wine, Women and Wine; that the World's chiefeft Blessings were

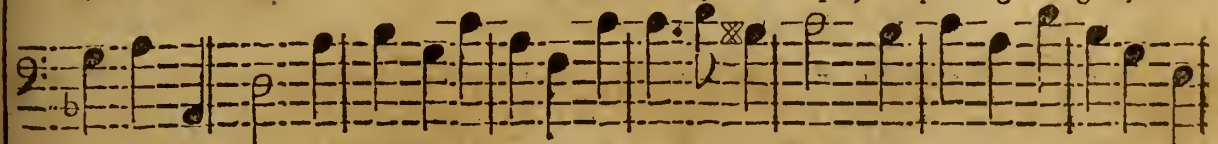


Women and Wine, Women and Wine, Women and Wine; that the World's chiefeft Blessings were



Women and Wine :

Since when by ex-ample, im-proving de-lights, since



Women and Wine : Since when by ex-ample improving delights, since when by ex-ample, since



when by example im--proving de--ligh ts, improving de-

when by ex--ample im--pro-ving de--ligh ts, improving de-

6

-lights, Wine governs our Days, Love and Beauty our Nights. And drink, drink, drink, and

-lights, Wine governs our Days, Love and Beauty our Nights. Love on then, love on then,

6

drink, drink, drink; Love on then, love on then, and drink, drink, drink,

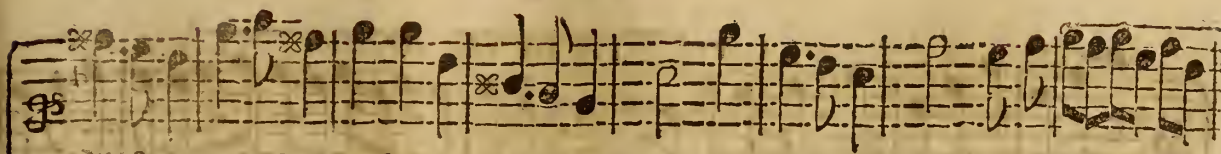
and drink, drink, drink, and drink, drink, drink, Love on then, and drink,

6

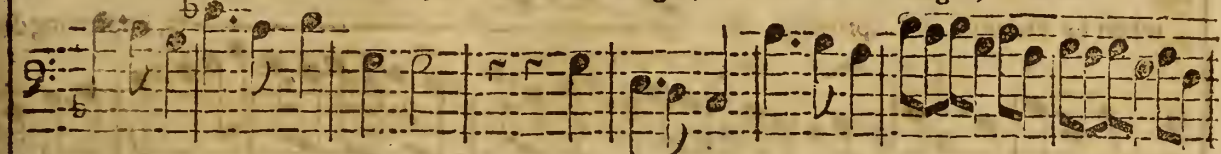
and drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Love on then and drink, 'tis a fol- ly to think of a

drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, love on then and drink; 'tis a fol- ly to think of a

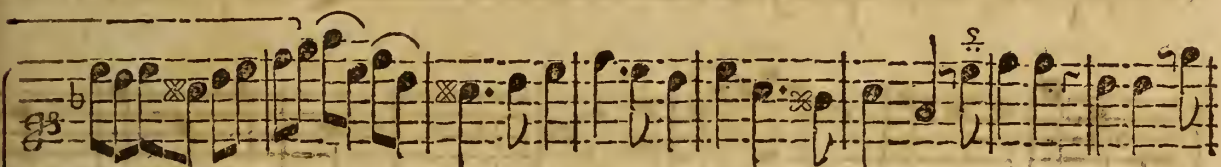
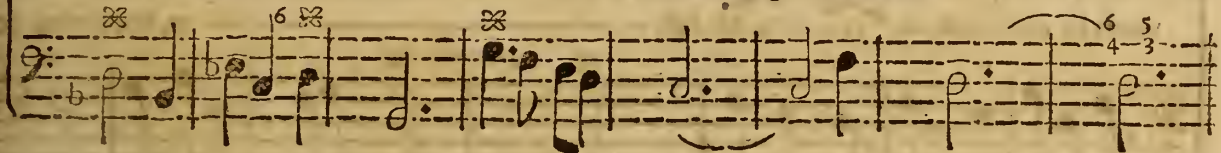
6b b5



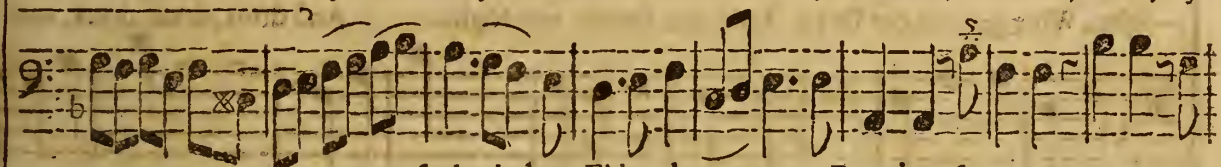
Mystery out of our reaches, be moral in thought, be moral in thought, to be mer—



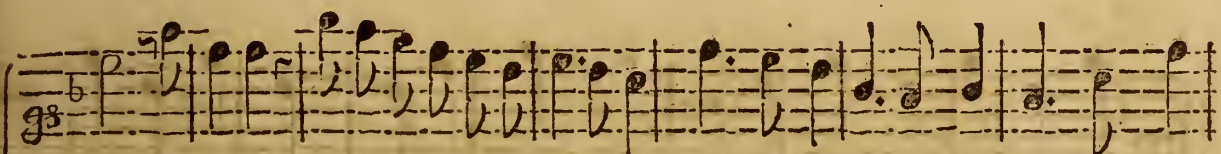
Mystery out of our reaches, be moral in thought, to be mer—



ry's no fault, tho' an Elder the contra-ry Preaches; for never, never, my



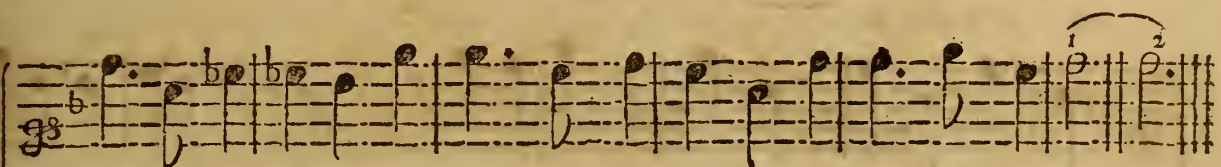
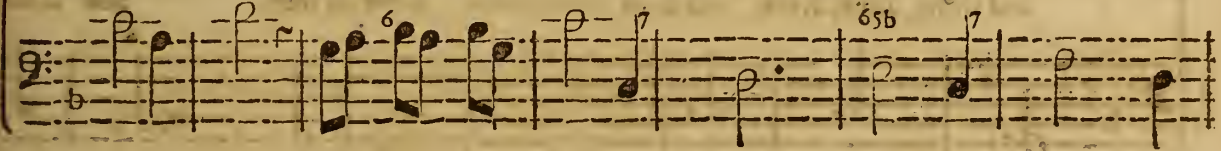
ry's no fault, tho' an Elder the contra-ry Preaches; for never, never my



Friends, for never, never, never, never, never, my Friends, was an Age of more Vice, than when



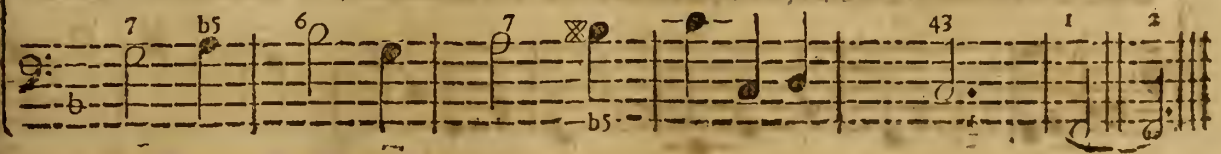
Friends, for never, never, never, never, never, my Friends, was an Age of more Vice, than when



Knaves wou'd seem Pious, when Knaves wou'd seem Pi—ous, and Fools wou'd seem Wife.



Knaves wou'd seem Pious, when Knaves wou'd seem Pious, and Fools wou'd seem Wife.



A Dialogue in the *Fairy Queen*, Sung by Mr. Reading, and Mrs. Ayliiff.

He.

N OW the Maids and the Men are making of Hay, we've left the dull Fools, we've

left the dull Fools and are stol-len a-way; then *Mop/sa* no more be coy as before, but let's

merri-ly, merri-ly, merri-ly, merri-ly play; and Kifs, and Kifs, and Kifs, and Kifs, and

She.

Kifs the sweet time a-way. Why how now Sir Clown, why how now, what makes you so

bold? I'd have ye, I'd have ye to know I'm not made of that mold; I tell you a-

-gain, a-gain and a-gain, Maids must never, must never Kifs no Men; no, no, no, no,

no, no Kissing at all; no, no, no, no, no, no Kissing at all; I'll not Kifs, till I Kifs you

76 16 6 4 6

for good and all; No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

Mc. Not Kifs you at all, not Kifs you at all, not at

6 98 5 98 5

no Kissing at all, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no Kissing at

all? not Kifs you at all; why no, why no not at

no

all? no, no, no, no, no, I'll not Kifs, till I Kifs you for good and all.

Mc. all, why no, no, no, no, no Kissing at all? shou'd you

6 6 6 6 6 6 43

give me a score, 'twou'd not less-ten your store, then bid me, bid me chearful-ly, chearful-ly

Kiss and take my fill, and take my fill, my fill of the Bliss; I'll not

trust you so far I know you too well, shou'd I give you an Inch you'd soon, you'd soon take an

Ell; then Lord like you Rule and Lau—gh, then Lord like you Rule and Lau

gh at the Fool; no, no, no, no, no, no Kissing at all, no,

no, no, no, no, no Kissing at all; I'll not Kiss, till I Kiss you for good and all: So

small a Re-quest you must not, you cannot, you shall not de—ny; nor

will I ad-mit of a—nother, a—no—ther re—ply; you must not, you

shall not de—ny; you must not, you can-not, you shall not de—ny.

CHORUS.

Nay what do you mean? nay what do you mean? O

You must not, you shall not de—ny; you must not, you shall not de—

Fie, fie, fie, fie; O fie, fie, fie, fie, nay what do you mean? Nay

ny, you must not de—ny, you must not, you shall not de—ny, you must not, you

Pish, Pish, Pish,

nay nay nay, what do you, what do you

can—not, you shall not, you must not, you can—not, you shall not de

mean? O fie, fie, fie, fie, O fie, fie, fie, fie, O fie, fie,

ny, you must not de—ny, you must not, you shall not, you

fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, O fie, fie, fie, fie, fie,

can—not, you shall not de—ny; you must not, you can—not, you

fie, fie, fie.

shall not de—ny.

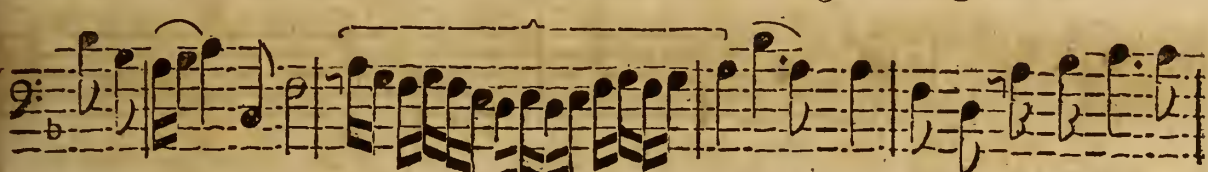
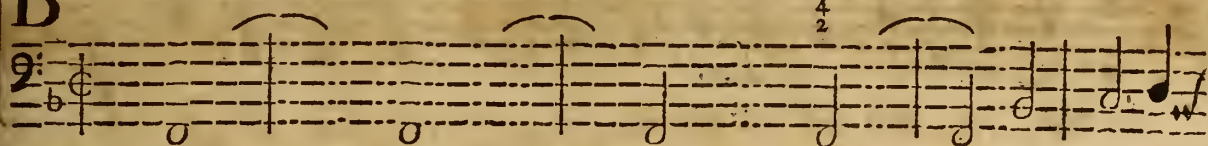
A Dialogue in the *Richmond Heiress*, Sung by Mr. Reading, and Mrs. Ayliff,

Me.

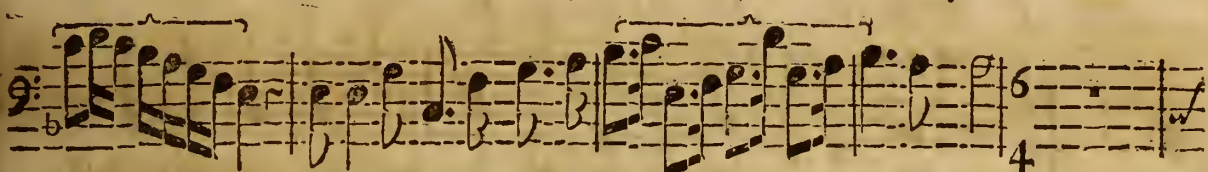
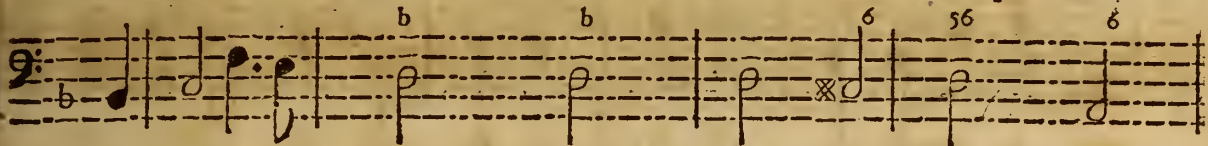


B

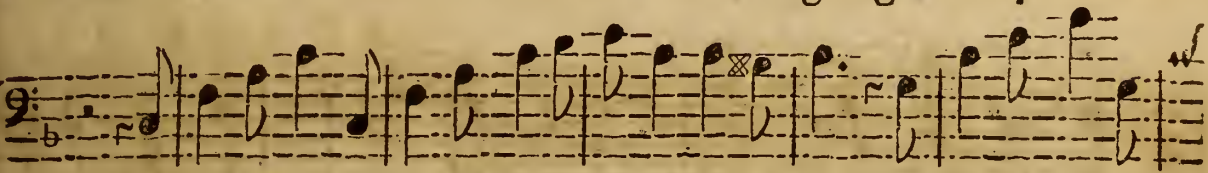
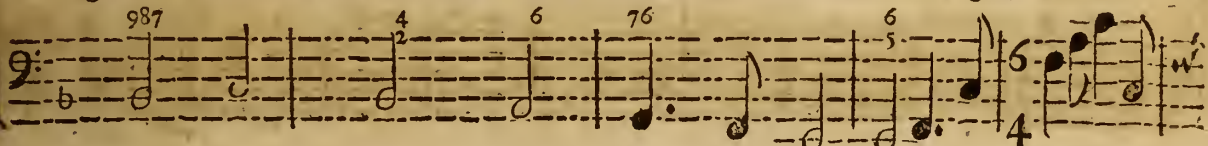
Ehold, behold the Man that with Gigan ——— tick Might dares, dares, dares



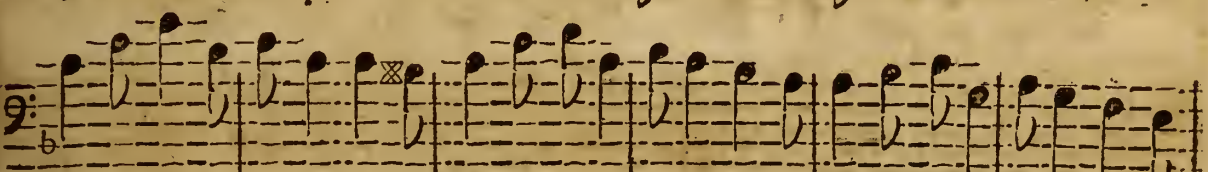
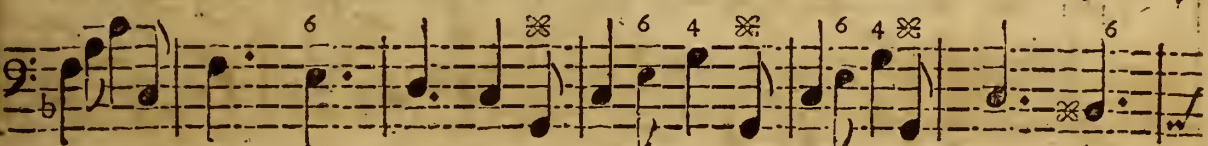
Combat Heav'n a-gain sto ——— rm, Joves bright Palace put the Gods to



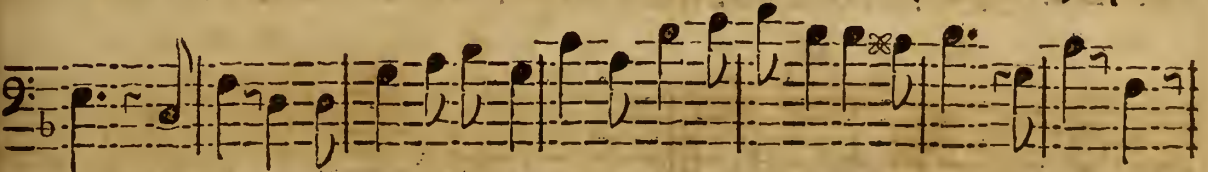
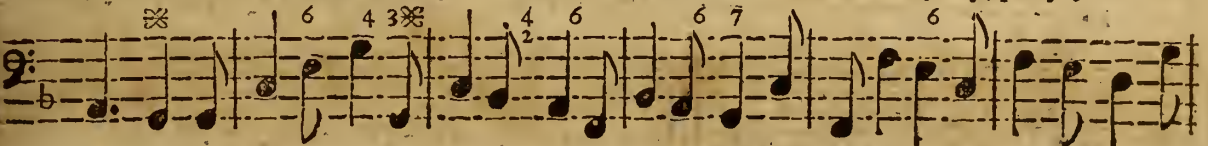
flig ——— ht, Chaos renew and make perpe ——— tu-al Night;



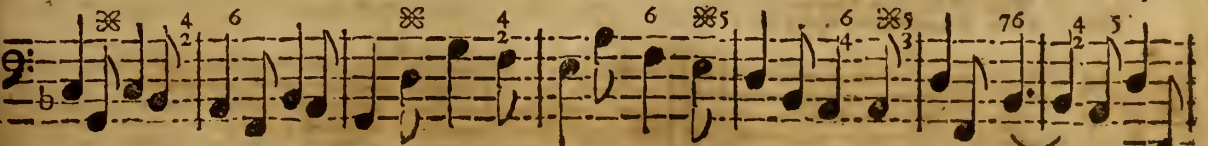
Come on, come on, come on, come on ye Fighting, Fighting fools, come on, come on, come



on, come on ye Fighting, Fighting fools that petty, petty Jars maintain, that petty, petty Jars main.



——tain; I've all, all the Wars of Europe, all the Wars of Europe in my Brain; I've all, all,



all the Wars of Europe in my Brain. Who's he that talks of War, when

She.

charming, charming Beau—ty comes in, who's sweet, sweet, sweet Face di—vine—ly

fair, e—ter—nal plea—sure, e—ter—nal

plea—sure, e—ter—nal

plea—sure comes; when I appear, the Martial,

Martial God a Conquer'd Victim lyes, o-beys each glance, each awfull nod, and dreads the

light ——— ring of my killing Eyes; more, more than the fiercest, the fiercest, the fiercest

thun der in the Skies. Ha! ha!

43

now, now, now, now we mount up high, now, now we mount up high, the Sun's

bright God and I, Charge, Charge, Charge on the Azure, Charge on the Azure

[illegible]

— mortal spirits ru — n; see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see how th'im—

mortal spirits ru n; pur sue, pursue, pur

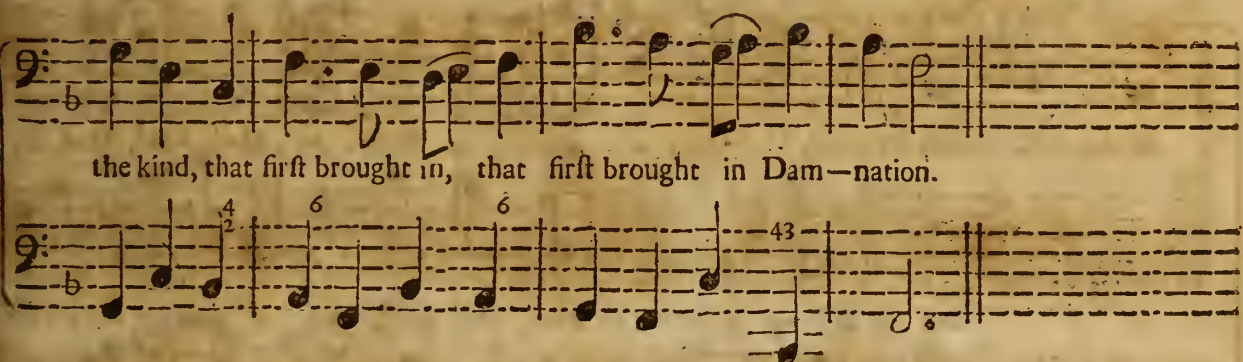
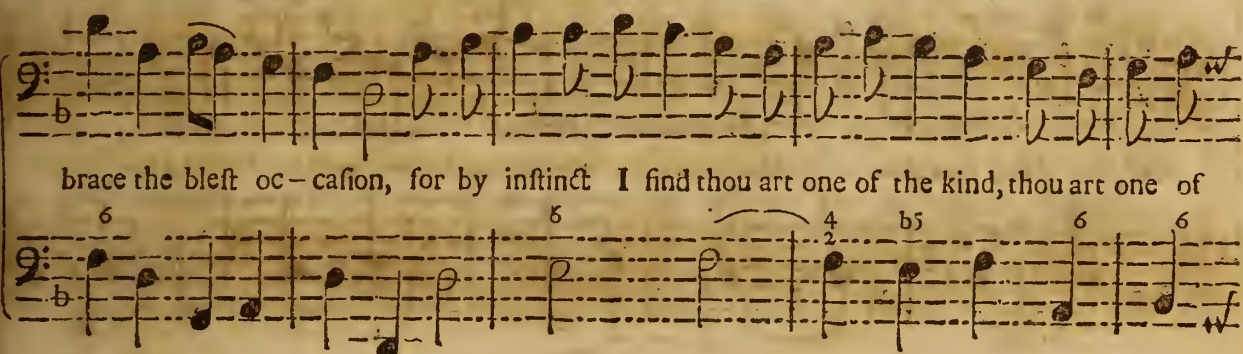
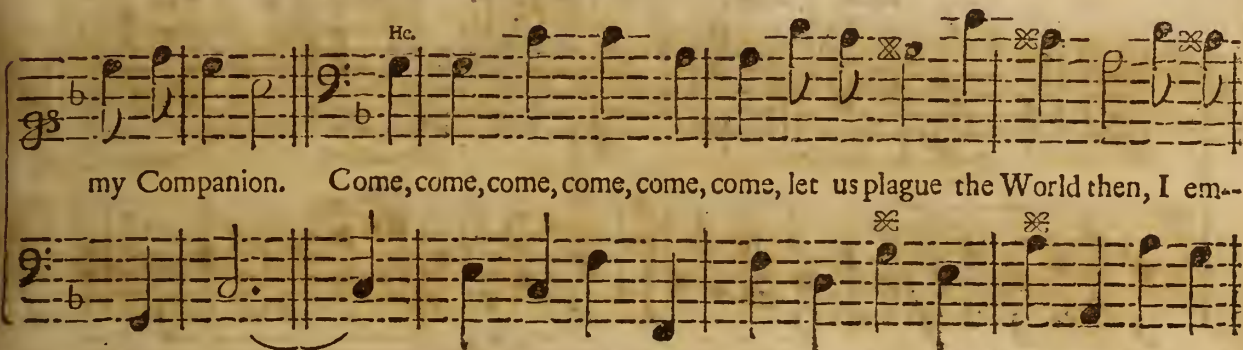
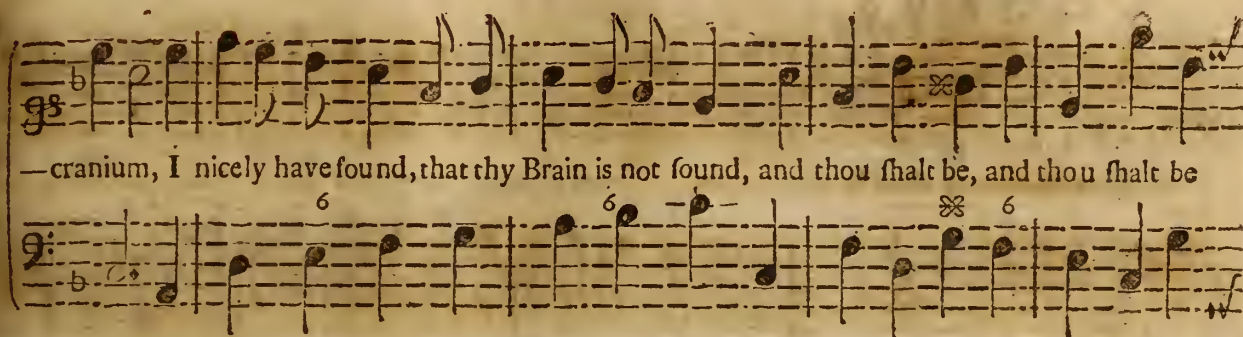
sue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, Drive e'm o're the burning Zone,

drive e'm o're the burning Zone, from thence come row ling

down, come row ling down, and search the Globe below, with all the

gulphy Main, to find my lost, my wandring sense, my wan

dring Sense a-gain. By this disjoynted matter that crowds thy Pe-ri-



III.

She. My Face has Heaven Inchant'd,
With all the Sky-born Fellows.
Jove press'd to my Breast, and my Bosom he kiss'd,
Which made old *Juno* jealous.

IV.

He. I challeng'd Grizzly *Pluto*,
But the God of Fire did shun me.
Witty *Hermes* I drub'd, round the Pole with my Club,
For breaking Jokes upon me.

Chorus of both.

Then Mad, very Mad, very Mad let us be,
For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
And all things in Nature are mad too as we.

V.

She. I found *Apollo* Singing,
The tune my Rage Increases;

I made him so blind, with a look that was kind,
That he broke his Lyre to pieces.

VI.

He. I drank a Health to *Venus*,
And the Mole on her white Shoulder.
Mars flinch'd at the Glass, and I threw't in his Face,
Was ever Heroe bolder?

VII.

She. 'Tis true, my dear *Alcides*,
Things tend to dissolution,
The Charms of a Crown, and the Crafts of the Gown,
Have brought all to Confusion.

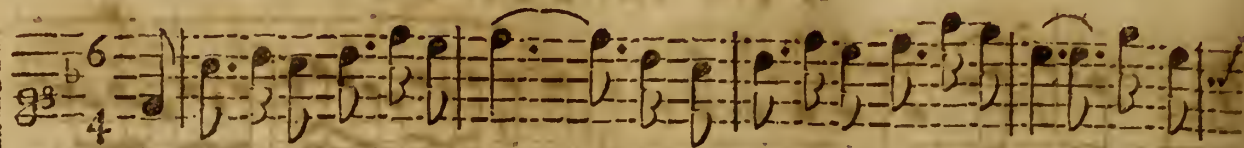
VIII.

He. The haughty *French* begun it,
The *English* Wits pursue it.
She. The *German* and *Turk* still go on with the Work,
He. And all in time will rue it.

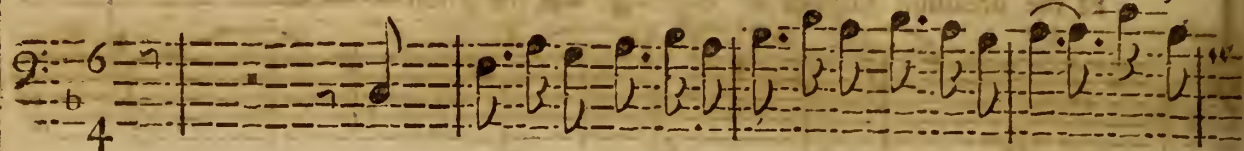
Cho. Then mad, very mad, &c.

Turn over to the CHO.

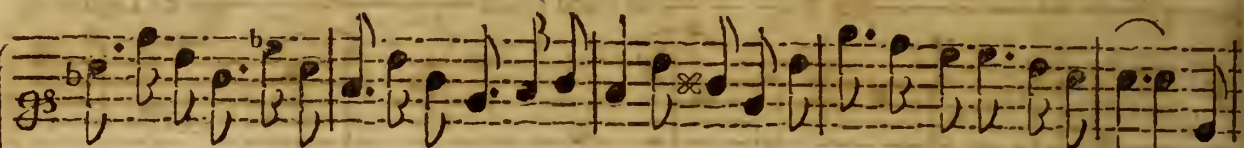
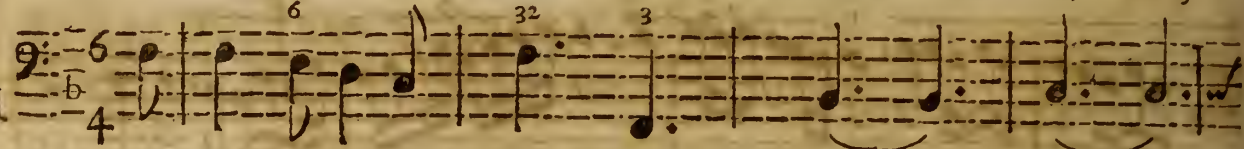
CHORUS.



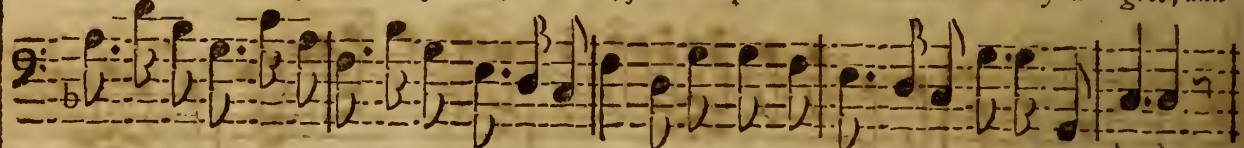
Then Mad ve-ry Mad let us be, ve-ry Mad, very Mad let us be, ve-ry



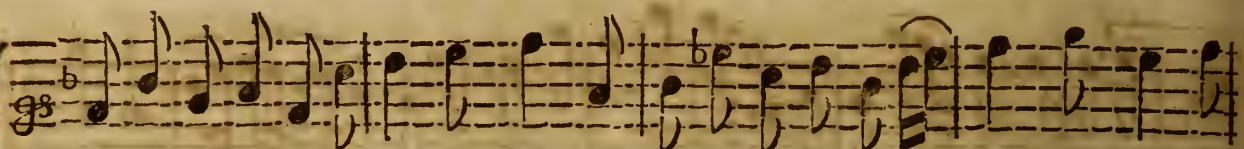
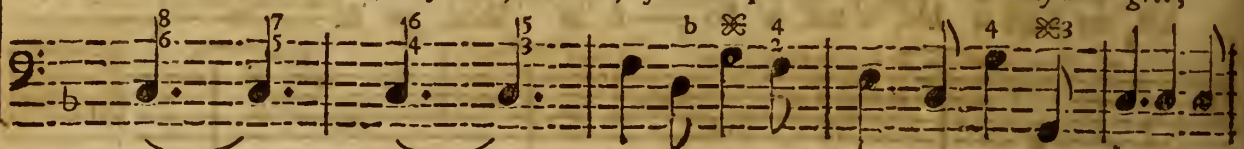
Then Mad, very Mad, very Mad very Mad let us be, ve-ry



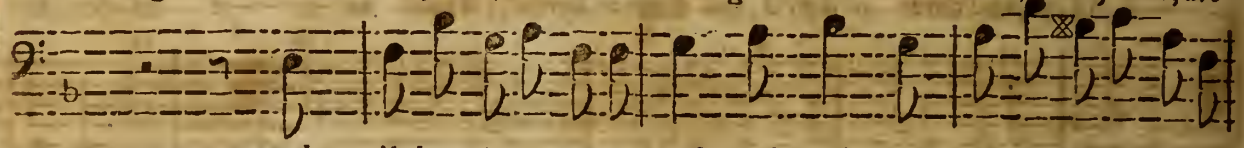
Mad, very Mad, very Mad, very Mad, let us be, for Europe does now with our Frenzy a—gree; and



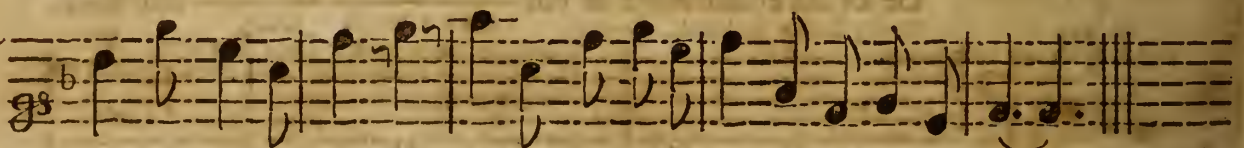
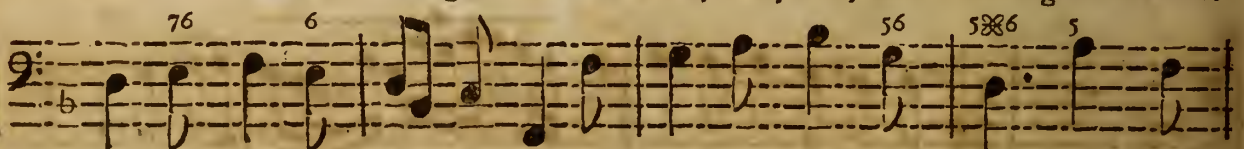
Mad, very Mad, very Mad, very Mad, let us be, for Europe does now with our Frenzy a—gree;



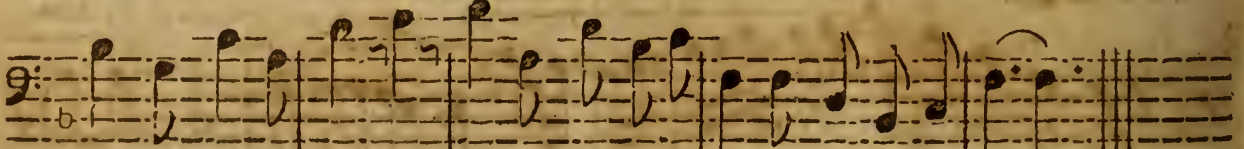
all things in Nature are Mad, Mad, Mad, and all things in Nature are Mad, Mad, Mad, are



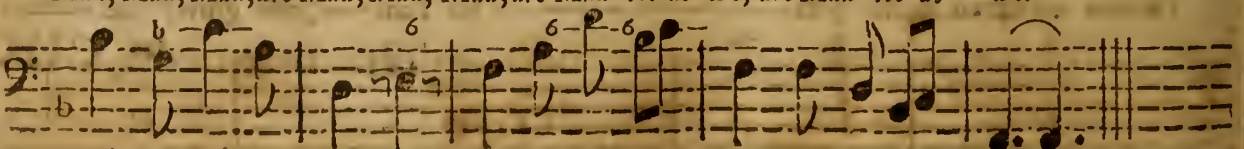
and all things in Nature are Mad, Mad, Mad, and all things in Nature are



Mad, Mad, Mad, are Mad, Mad, Mad, are Mad too as we, are Mad too as we.



Mad, Mad, Mad, are Mad, Mad, Mad, are Mad too as we, are Mad too as we.



A Two Part SONG.

L Et the dreadfull Engines of e-ter-nal will, the Thun

der Ro- ar and crook ed Lightning

kill, my Rage is hot, is hot, is ho t as theirs, as fa

—tall too, and dares as horrid, and dares as horrid, horrid ex e — cu — tion do:

Or let the Frozen North its ran cour show,

within my Breast, far, far grea ter Tem — pests grow; de —

— spair's more cold, more co — ld than a — ll the winds can blow.

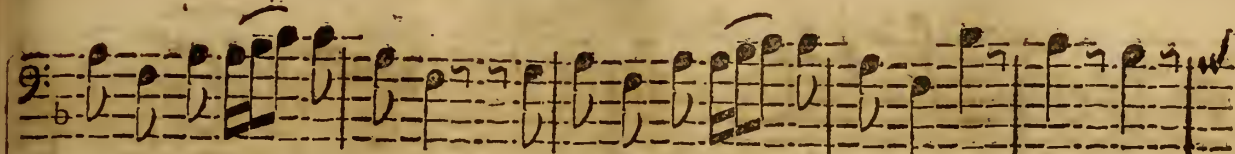
Can nothing, can no—thing warm me, can nothing, can no—thing

warm me? yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lu*

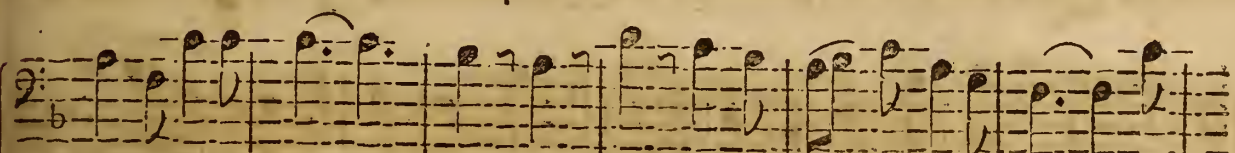
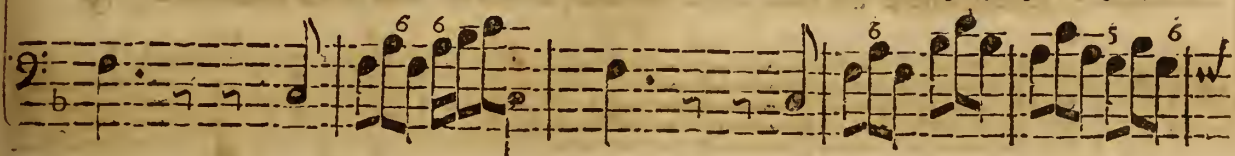
— *cinda's* Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; there, there, there, there, there *Ec*—

— na, there, there, there *Ves-suvio* lies, to fur—nish Hell with flames, that mount —

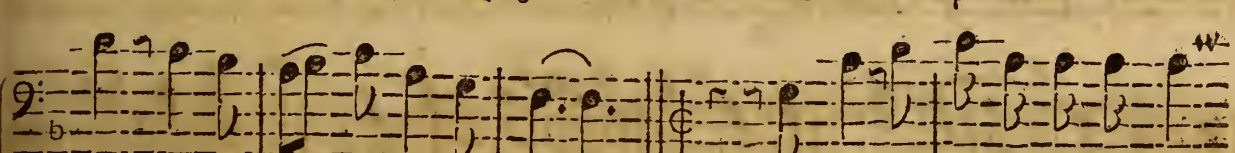
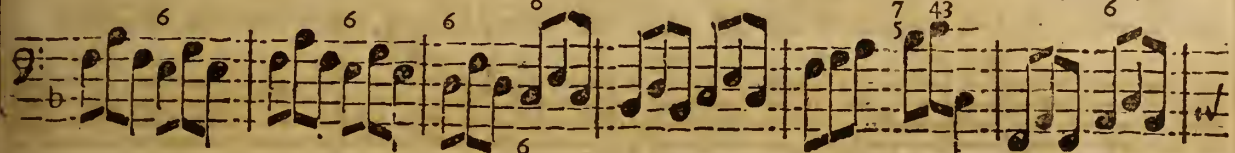
ing, mounting reach the Skyes; Can



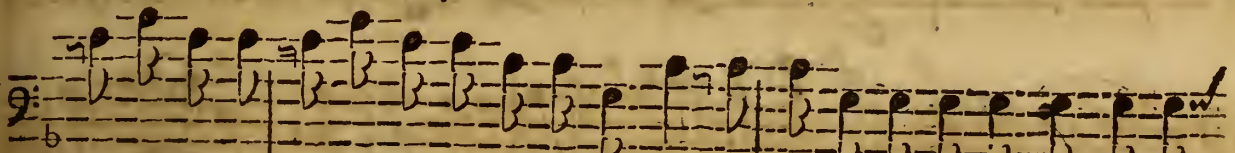
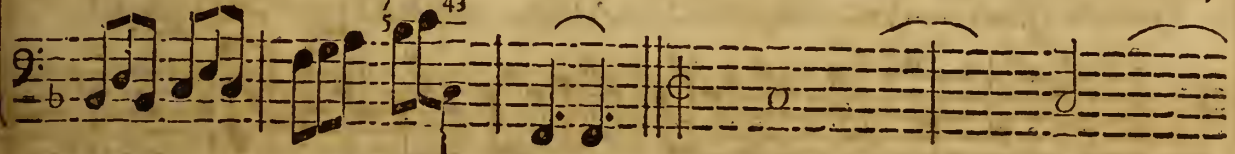
nothing, can nothing warm me? can nothing, can nothing warmme? yes, yes, yes,



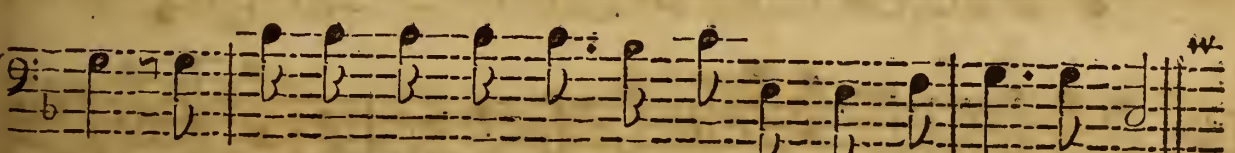
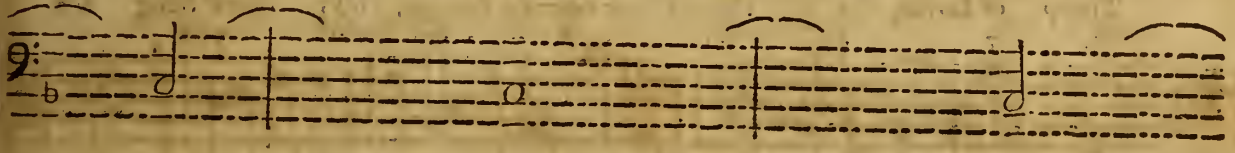
yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes,



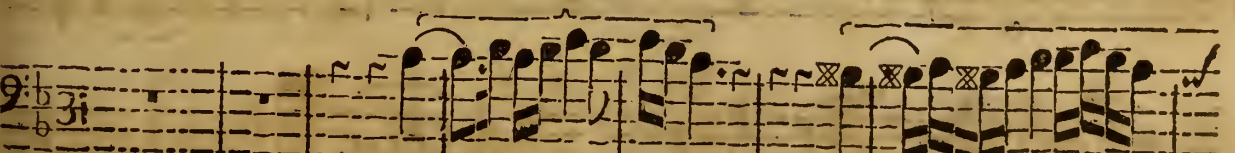
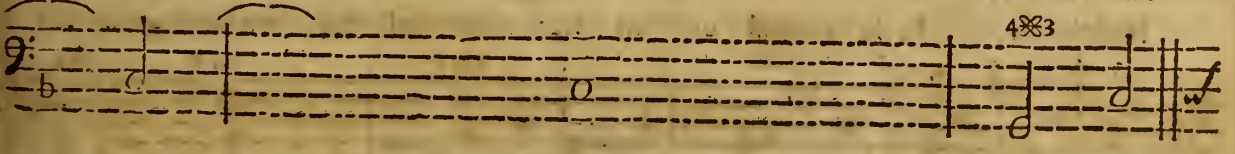
yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucin-da's* Eyes. Ye pow'rs I did but use her name,



and see how all, and see how all the Meteors flame blew lightning flashes round the Court of

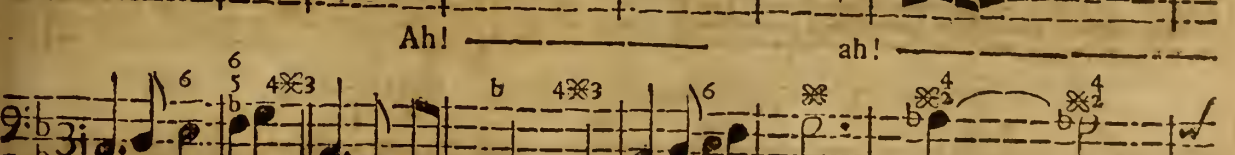


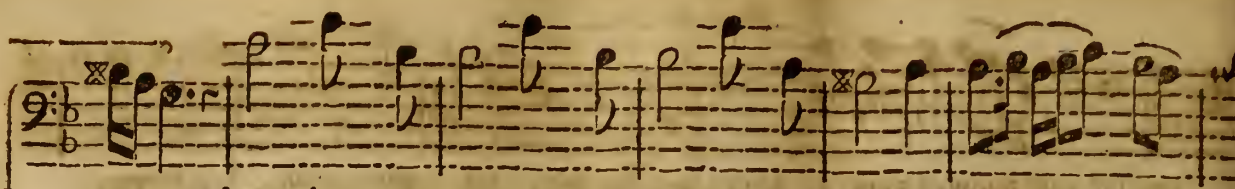
Sol, and now the Globe more feircely burns than once at *Phaeton's* fall.



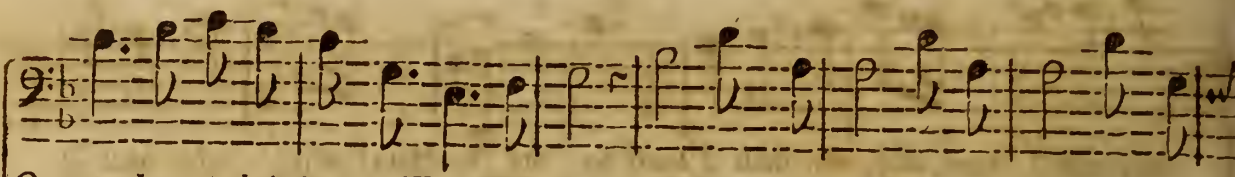
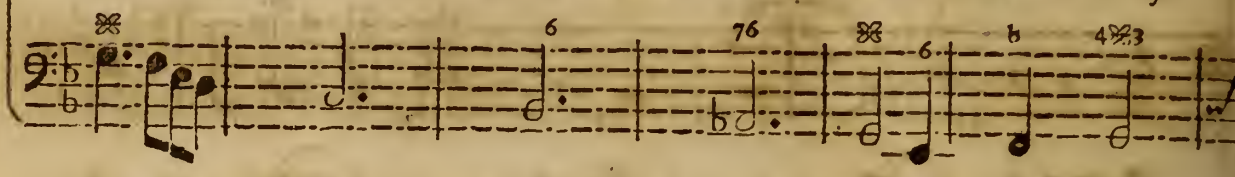
Ah!

ah!

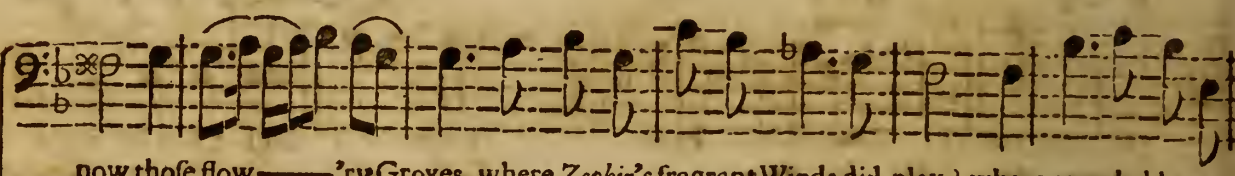
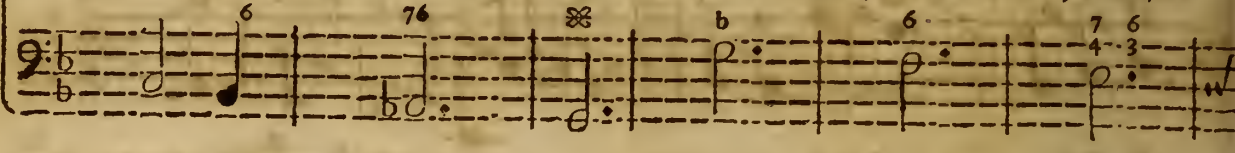




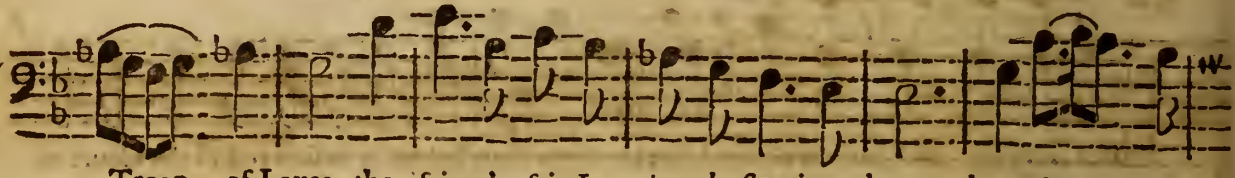
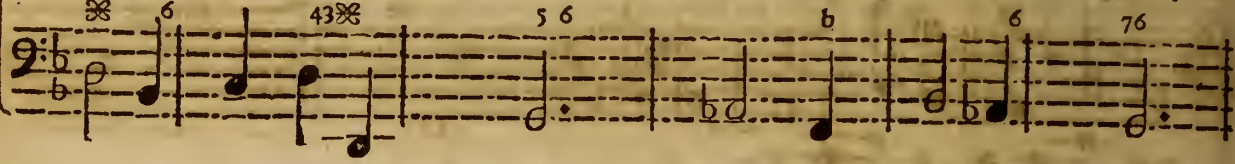
where, where are now, where are now, where are now those flow- — — — 'ry



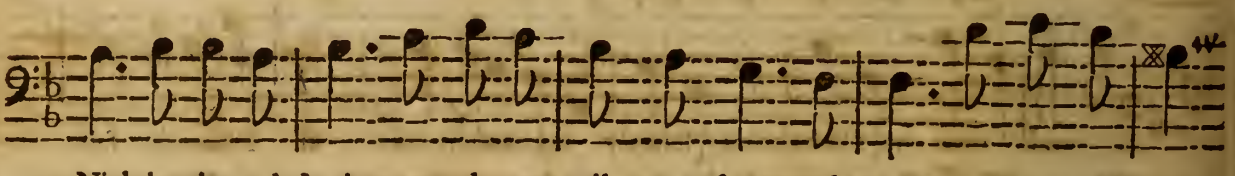
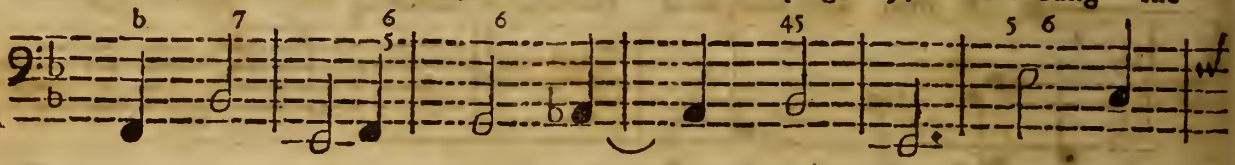
Groves, where Zephir's fragrant Winds did play? ah! where are now, where are now, where are



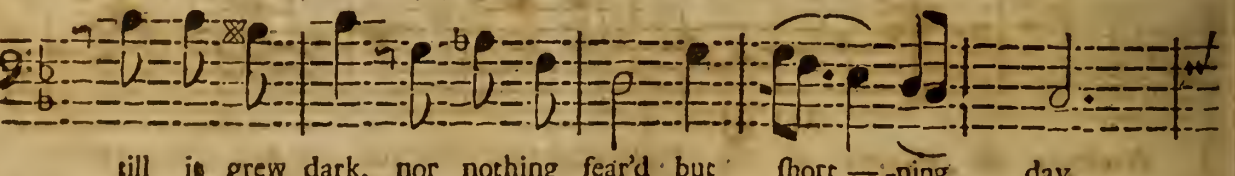
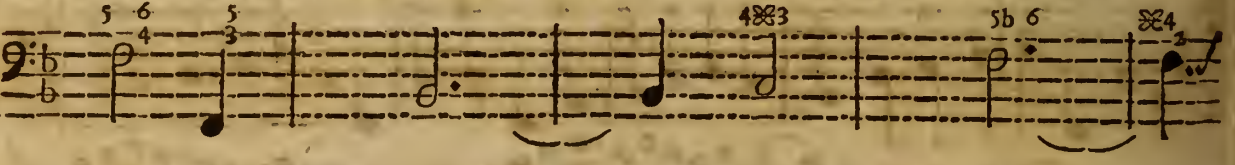
now those flow- — — — 'ry Groves, where Zephir's fragrant Winds did play? where guarded by a



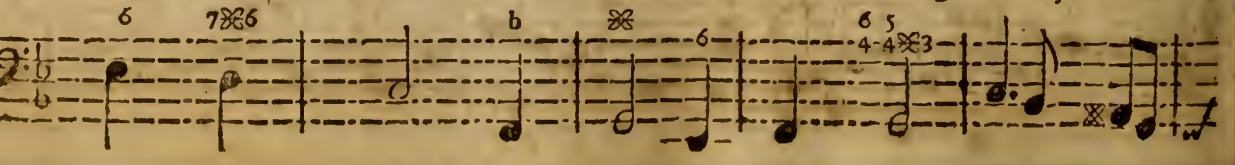
Troop of Loves, the fair, the fair Lu-cin-da sleeping lay; there Sung the

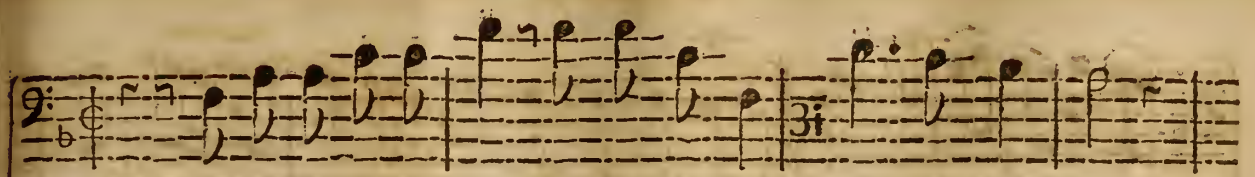


Nightingale, and Lark, around us all was sweet and gay, we ne're grew sad

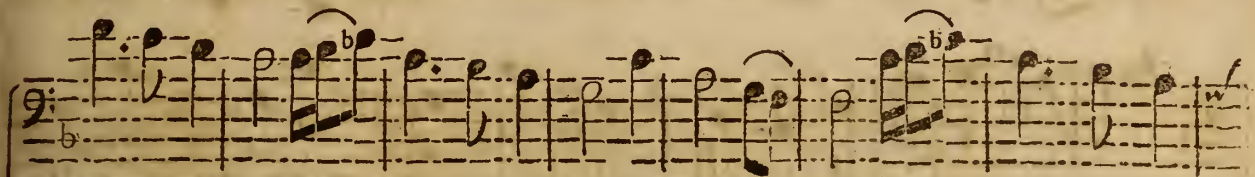
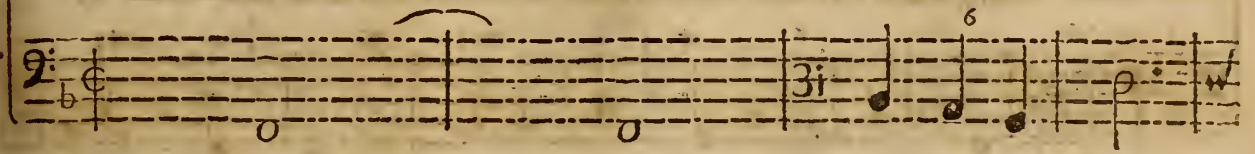


till it grew dark, nor nothing fear'd but short — — — ning day.

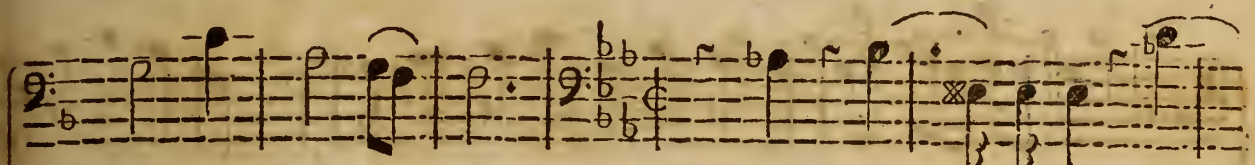
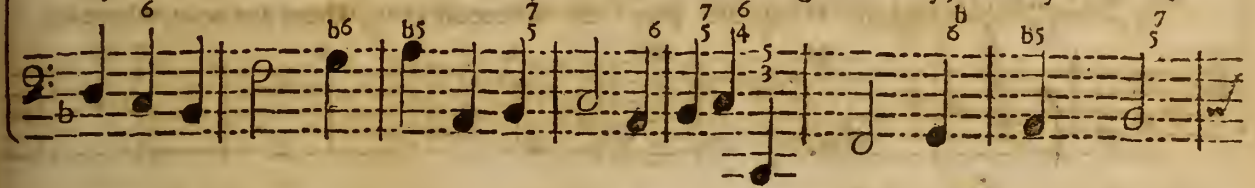




I glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate, why must I burn,

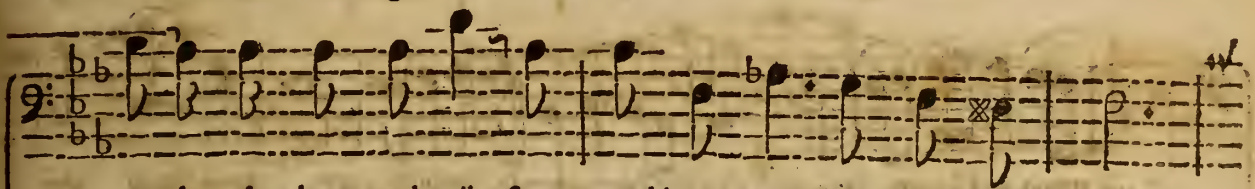
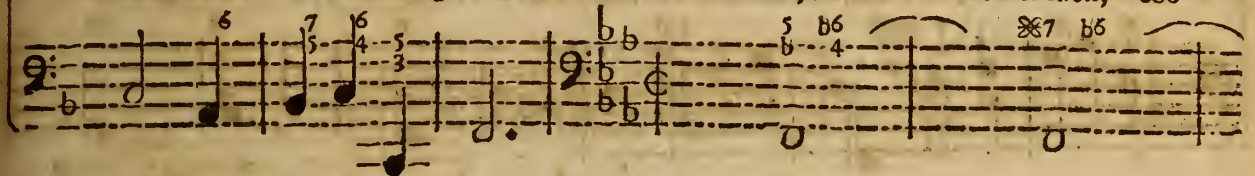


why must I burn, why, why must I burn for this in-grate? why, why must I

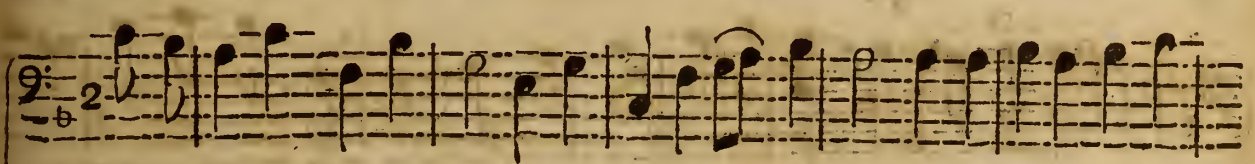
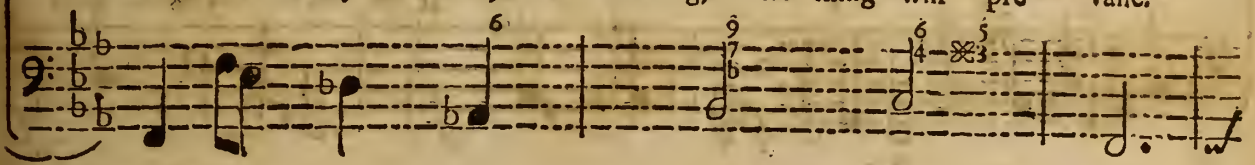


burn for this in-grate?

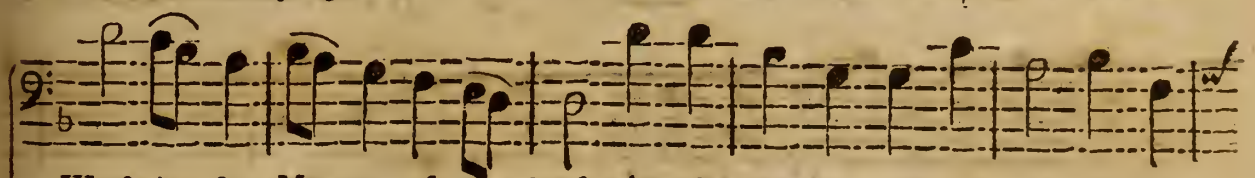
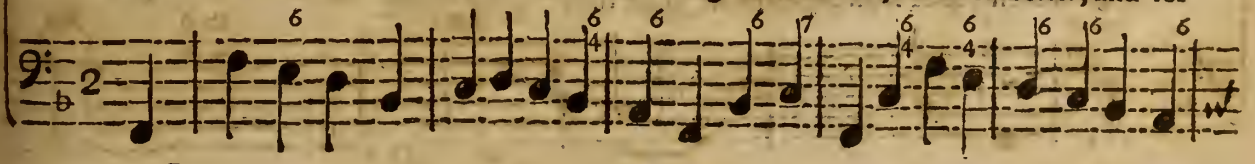
Cool, coo — le it then, coo —



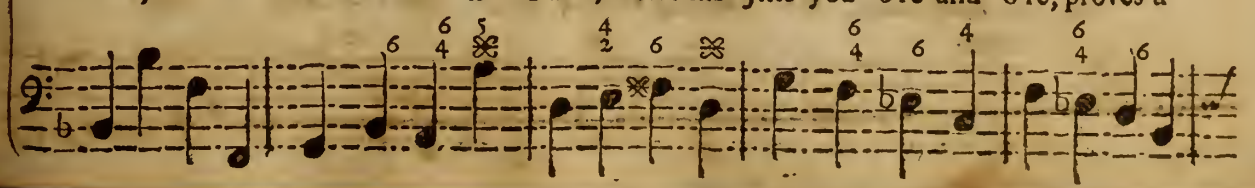
le it then, and raile, since nothing, no-thing will pre — vaile.



When a Woman Love pretends, 'tis but till she gains her ends, and for Better, and for



Worse, is for Marrow of the Purse, where she Jilts you o're and o're, proves a



Slattern or a Whore; this hour will teize, will teize and vex, will teize, will teize and vex,

and will Cuckold ye the next; they were all contriv'd in spight, to tor-ment us, not de-

—light, but to Scold, to Scold, and Scratch, and Bite, and not one of them proves right; but all,

all are Witches by this light; And so I fair—ly bid 'em, and the World good

night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.

F I N I S.

ORPHEUS BRITANNICUS.

A
COLLECTION
OF
The Choicest SONGS,
FOR
One, Two, and Three Voices.
COMPOS'D
By Mr. Henry Purcell.

TOGETHER,
With such Symphonies for *Violins* or *Flutes*,
As were by Him design'd for any of them :
AND
A *THROUGH-BASS* to each SONG.
Figur'd for the *Organ*, *Harpsichord*, or *Theorbo-Lute*.

The Second BOOK, which renders the First Compleat.

—*Primo Avulso non deficit Alter*
Aureus, et simili frondesceat Virga Metallo.
Virg. Lib. Æn. 6.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *William Pearson*, for *Henry Playford*, at His Shop in the
Temple-Change, Fleet-street. 1702.

Office of the Secretary of the
Board of Education

REPORT

OF THE
BOARD OF EDUCATION

FOR THE

YEAR ENDING

JUNE 30, 1900

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION
PASSED BY THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

AT ITS MEETING

Held at the County Office Building,
San Francisco, California

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

OF THE

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

AND THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

OF THE COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

PRINTED BY THE
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

AT THE COUNTY OFFICE BUILDING,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

1900

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION
OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

To the Right Honourable
Charles, Lord Halifax,

Auditor of His Majesties Exchequer, &c.

MY LORD,

I Shou'd be unjust to the Memory of the admired Purcell, and set too Small a Value on His Works, shou'd I put them under any Patronage but Your own. For Your Lordship has a Double Title to these Papers, both as You are the best Judge, as well as the Greatest Encourager of Poesy and Musick. 'Tis but fit this Great Master of the Age, that has stood the Test of Your Judgment, should Claim Your Protection: Since no Greater Character can be given of any Composition, than that it has pleas'd so Exquisite a Taste as Your Lordship's.

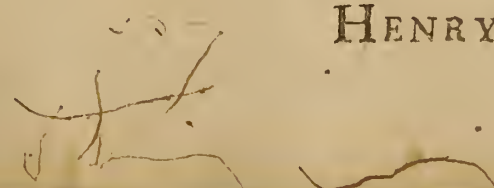
But I am not so vain, as to attempt a Panegyrick on Your Lordship, nor to Expatiate on the several Excellencies of this Celebrated Author: These are Subjects for the Sublimest Pens, and are already transmitted to Posterity.

But my design here, is to pay my Gratitude to Your Lordship, for the many Favours I have receiv'd; In a Present whose own Worth, is its Apology, and whose Native Graces will render it Acceptable. And to add, if possible to the Fame of Purcell, and Endear him more to the World: Which can be only done, by prefixing the Name of Mountague to His Works.

My Lord,

I am Your Lordships most Humble and Obliged Servant,

HENRY PLAYFORD.



The Bookseller to the

R E A D E R.

THe late Publication of these Excellent Performances in *Musick*, is sufficiently aton'd for, by the Care that has been taken in the Collection of 'em; and I cannot but think I have made amends enough to the Purchaser in the Choice of 'em. The great Charge I have been at; the Diligence I have made use of to obtain the Assistance of Friends, and the Dearness of Paper in which these Admirable Compositions are transmitted to the Publick. are sufficient Excuses: And I shall insist upon that Subject no farther, Than that as I have been always employed in promoting the encrease of things of this Nature, and contributed to the utmost towards their Encouragement, so I shall still make it my Endeavours to go on with so Laudable an Undertaking: I might indeed make my Compliments in relation to the greatness of my Expences in being Beneficial to the Publick, and Expose some People that build upon my Foundation; but as I desire the Readers Candour, it's my Business to make use of it in Respect to others, only I shall take notice, I have more than enough Discouragement to drop the pursuit of Obliging my Country, since Foreigners meet with a reception that is inconsistent with the Interest of one, that has the Honour to be a Native. But let 'em Underfell me as long as they please, and Transplant their Foreign Musick into these Climates, the Judicious will be of my side, when they make an Estimate of Mr. *Purcell's* Works, which are equal to those of the Best Masters of *Italy*, and conclude, that I, who have now made a compleat Collection of all his Choicest Performances, deserve a better Entertainment from the Hands of the Publick, than any Pretenders whatsoever.

H. P.

On

On the DEATH of the late Famous Mr. *HENRY PURCELL*,
Author of the First and Second Books of *Orpheus Britannicus*.

Make room ye happy Natives of the Sky,
Room for a Soul, all Love and Harmony;
A Soul that rose to such Perfection here,
If scarce will be advanc'd by being there.

Whether (to us by Transmigration given)
He once was an Inhabitant of Heav'n,
And form'd for Musick, with Diviner Fire
Endu'd, Compos'd for the Celestial Choir;
Not for the Vulgar Race of Light to hear,
But on High-days to glad th' Immortal Ear.
So in some leisure hour was sent away, (Day.
(Their Hour is here a Life, a Thousand Years their
Sent what th' Ætherial Musick was to show,
And teach the wonders of that Art below.
Whether this might not be, the Muse appeals
To his Composures, where such Magick dwells,
As Rivals Heav'nly Skill, and human Pow'r ex-
cels. }

Vile as a Sign-post Dauber's Painting show's,
Compar'd with *Titian's* Work, or *Angelo's*;
Languid and low, as Modern Rhime appears,
When *Virgil's* matchless Strain has tun'd our Ears,
So seem to him the Masters of our Isle,
His Inspiration, theirs but Mortal Toil:
They to the Ear, he to the Soul does dive,
From Anger save, and from Despair revive:
Not the smooth Spheres in their Eternal Rounds,
The work of Angels, warble softer Sounds.

What is that Heav'n of which so much we hear
(The happy Region gain'd with Praise and Pray'r)
What but one unmolested Transport, which
No Notion, or Idea e'er could reach?
As it appears in Vision, 'tis but this,
To be oppress'd with Joy, and strive with Bliss!
Confounded with the Rays of ceaseless day,
We know not what we think, or see, or say!
Endless Profusion! Joy without decay!
So, when his Harmony arrests the Ear,
We lose all thought of what, or how, or where!
Like Love, it warms, like Beauty, does controul,
Like hidden Magick seizes on the whole,
And while we hear, the Body turns to Soul! }

From what blest Spring did he derive the Art,
To sooth our Cares, and thus command the Heart!
Time list'ning stands to hear his artful Strain,
And Death does at the Dying, throw his shafts
(in vain;

Fast to th' Immortal part the Mortal cleaves,
Nor, till he leave to Charm, the Body leaves.
Less Harmony than his, did raise of Old
The *Theban* Wall, and made an Age of Gold.
How in that Mystick order cou'd he join
So different Notes! make Contraries combine,
And out of Discord, cull such Sounds Divine.
How did the Seeds ly quickning in his Brain!
How were they born without a Parent's Pain?
He did but Think, and Musick wou'd arise,
Dilating Joy, as Light o'erspreads the Skies;
From an Immortal Source, like that, it came;
But Light we know,—this Wonder wants a Name!

(Spring)
What art thou? From what Causes dost thou
O *Musick*! thou Divine Mysterious thing?
Let me but know, and knowing, give me Voice
(to Sing.)

Art thou the warmth in Spring that *Zephire* breaths,
Painting the Meads, and whistling thro' the Leaves?
The happy Season that all Grief exiles,
When God is Pleas'd, and the Creation smiles?
Or art thou Love, that Mind to Mind imparts,
The endless Concord of agreeing Hearts?
Or art thou Friendship, yet a nobler Flame,
That can a dearer way make Souls the same?
Or art thou rather, which dos all transcend,
The Centre where at last the Blest ascend;
The Seat where *Halelujah's* never end?
Corporéal Eyes won't let us clearly view,
But either thou art Heav'n, or Heav'n is you!

And thou my Muse (how e'er the Criticks blame)
Pleas'd with his Worth, and faithful to his Fame,
Art Musick while y'are hallowing *Purcell's* Name.
On other Subjects you Applause might miss,
But Envy will it self be Charm'd with this.
How oft has Envy at his Ayrs been found
T'admire, enchanted with the Blissful sound?
Ah! cou'd you quite forget his early Doom,
I wou'd not from the Rapture call you home:
But gently from your steepy height descend,
You've prais'd the Artift, and now mourn the
(Friend!

Ah most unworthy! shou'd we leave unsung
Such wondrous Goodness in a Life so young.
In spite of Practice, he this Truth has shown,
That Harmony and Vertue shou'd be one.
So true to Nature, and so just to Wit,
His Musick was the very Sense you Writ.
Nor were his Beauties to his Art confin'd;
So justly were his Soul and Body join'd,
You'd think his Form the Product of his Mind.
A Conqu'ring sweetness in his Vizage dwelt,
His Eyes wou'd warm, his Wit like Lightning
(melt,
But those no more must now be seen, and that
(no more be felt.)

Pride was the sole aversion of his Eye,
Himself as Humble as his Art was High.
Ah! let him Heav'n (in Life so much ador'd)
Be now as universally Deplor'd!
The Muses Sigh'd at his approaching Doom,
Amaz'd and raving, as their own were come!
Art try'd the last Efforts, but cou'd not save---
But sleep, O sleep, in an unenvy'd Grave!
In Life and Death the noblest Fate you share;
Poets and Princes thy Companions are,
And both of 'em were thy Admirers here.
There rest thy Ashes--- but thy nobler Name
Shall soar aloft, and last as long as Fame.

Nor shall thy Worth be to our Isle confin'd,
But flie and leave the lagging day behind.

Rome that did once extend its Arms so far,
Y'ave conquer'd in a nobler Art than War:
To its proud Sons but only Earth was giv'n,
But thou hast triumph'd both in Earth and Heav'n.

And now Farewel! nor Fame, nor Love, nor Art,
Nor Tears avail!---- we must for ever part!
For ever! dismal Accent! what alone!
But that can tell our Loss, or reach our Moan!
What term of Sorrow Preference dare contend?
What? but the tenderest dearest name of---Friend!

Hail him ye Angels to the *Elisian* Shoar,
The noblest Freight that ever *Charon* bore,
Tho *Orpheus* and *Amphion* pass'd before.
His Skill as far exceeds, as had his Name
Been known as long, he wou'd have done in Fame.
Tho the wide Globe for tuneful Souls you cull,
Hope no more such,---the happy Quire is full.
The Sacred Art can here arrive no higher,
And Heaven it self no further will Inspire.

R. G.

To my Friend, Mr. Henry Playford,
on his Publication of Mr. Henry
Purcell's *Orpheus Britannicus*;
Which is now render'd Compleat,
by the addition of this Second Book.

AS when the God of Numbers charms the
And gives Melodious Tunes to every Song,
The Voice deals Inspiration and Desire
To ev'ry Muse, to fill the Sacred Choir;
Each of the Nine, appears with her Applause,
And justifies the God and Musick's Cause;
As ev'ry tender Accent gently moves,
And shews their Duty, as it shews their Loves;
Ev'n so must I with Infant Notes repair,
And wanting Judgment, prove I want no Care.

What Great *Apollo* does to us deny,
He let this Chosen Son of his enjoy:
We Poets sow the seed of Fame in vain,
T' expect a Crop while we alive remain;
He puts us off till Death, and then will give,
When we are not permitted to receive.

Ah! who'd be pleas'd to have these Temples
Whose Brains are lost, and Heads are underground.
But *Purcell's* Privilege was vastly more,
He planted all the Laurels which he wore,
And heard his wide Applause fly all around,
For still his Fame did with his Musick sound.

All this to *Purcell*, but there's something due
To *Purcell's* and *Apollo's* Friend, to you,
From injuries of Time you save his Lays,
And rescue him from Fate, to claim our Praise.

Oh! cou'd you but the like return receive,
And have our Gratitude for what you give,
Rewarded for your Toil, exchange your Pains,
Not only for our Thanks, but for your Gains,
While Interloping French and Dutch oppose,
And shew themselves both your and Musick's Foes.

But it's in vain to hope, we're all abus'd,
Fond of the Riff-raff, which the World refus'd:
Each Foreign Fool sits wheedling in his Shop,
And Grinning entertains the thoughtless Fop,
Whose love for Trifles, makes him rove from
(Home,

And even hug *Discases* brought from *Rome*.
Let these, my Friend, a while pursue their Trade,
Your Province and your Right alone Invade,
Their feeble Malice but your Fame secures,
And Publishes both *Purcell's* Works and *Yours*.

P. K.

To Mr. Henry Playford, on his Pu-
blishing the Second Part of Or-
pheus Britannicus.

NEXT to the Man who so Divinely Sung,
Our Praise, kind *Playford*, does to thee belong.
For what you gave us of the Bard's before,
Vast Thanks were due, and now you merit more.
Tho' *Purcell* living, had our utmost Praise,
And dead, almost does Adoration raise,
Yet He, even He, had scarce preserv'd a Name,
Did not your Press perpetuate his Fame,
And shew'd the coming Age as in a Glass,
What our all-pleasing *Britain's Orpheus* was.
Go on my Friend, nor spare no Pains nor Cost,
Let not the least Motett of his be lost;
Whose meanest Labours your Collections show,
Excells our very best Performance now.

Duly each day, our young Composers Bait us,
With most insipid Songs, and sad Sonato's.
Well were it, if the World wou'd lay Embargo's
On such *Allegro's* and such *Poco Largo's*:
And would Enact it, There presume not any,
To Teize *Correlli*, or Burlesque *Bassani*;
Nor with Division, and ungainly Graces,
Eclipse good Sense, as weighty Wiggs do Faces.
Then honest *Crofts* might Copper cut in vain,
And half our Sonnet-sellers Starve again:

Thus while they Print their Prick'd-Lampoons to
Do you the World some piece of *Purcell's* give,
Such as the nicest Critick must Commend,
For none dare Censure that which none can Mend.
By this my Friend, you'll get immortal Fame,
When still with *Purcell* we read *Playford's* Name.

H. Hall,
Organist of Hereford.

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*BOOKS lately Printed, and Re-printed, for Henry Playford, at his Shop
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A Table of the SONGS Contain'd in this BOOK.

A.		Page.	N.		Page.
A	H! cruel Nymph,	4	N.	Next Winter comes Slowly, Pale Meager and Old,	2
	April who till now has mourn'd,	28		O.	
	As Amoret and Thirlis lay,	50		On the Brow of Richmond Hill,	12
	Ab! how happy are we,	60		Oh! Fair Cedaria,	14
	A Prince of glorious Race descended,	69		Oh! the sweet delights of Love,	17
B.		135	P.		
B	Britain now thy Cares beguile,	32	P.	Pious Celinda goes to Prayers,	6
	Beneath a Poplars shadow lay me,	47		R.	
	But Ab! how much are our Delights,	82		Return Revolting Rebels,	8
	Brigantium Honour'd with a Race divine,	99		S.	
C.			S.		
C	Crown the Year and Crown the day,	1	S.	Scorn'd Envy Heer's nothing that thou canst blast,	5
	Crown the Altar Deck the Shrine,	6		Sound the Trumpet beat the Warlike Drum,	7
	Come all ye Songsters of the Sky,	8		See my many Colour'd Feilds,	2
	Come all to me,	87		Sing ye Druids, all your Voices raise,	9
	Come let us agree,	91		So when the Glittering queen of Night	11
F.			T.		
F	For tho' the Sun has all the Summers Glory	67	T.	Thrice happy Lovers,	
	Fair Iris and her Swain,	153		Thus the Gloomy world began to shine,	1
G.			T.	Thus the ever grateful Spring,	2
G	Genius of England,	121		The fatal hour comes on a pace,	3
				To Arms, Heroick Prince,	3
H.				Their looks are such that mercy flows,	5
H	Hark! how all Things in one Sound Rejoyce,	17		They tell us that you mighty Pow'rs above,	5
	Hark! the Echoing Air a Triumph Sings,	18		The Father Brave as e're was Dane,	7
	Here's the Summer prightly Gay,	24		The Bashfull Thames,	102
	Hark! how the Songsters of the Grove,	76		The Pale and the Purple Rose,	107
	Hence with your trifling Deity,	80		'Tis Wine was made to rule the Day,	171
I.			V.		
I	Here ye Gods of Britain,	93	V.	Underneath this Mirtle shade,	141
	Hark each Tree it's silence breaks,	157		W.	
				What can we poor Females do,	46
L.			Y.	Wake Quivera, Wake,	52
L	I Low'd fair Celia,	150		Why shoud Men quarrel here,	54
	I spy Celia,	166		When a cruel long Winter has frozen the Earth,	64
	Julia, Julia, your unjust disdain,	145		Who can from Joy refrain,	66
				When my Acmeilia Smiles She Wounds me,	113
	Let the Fifes and the Clarions,	20		When Lovely Phillis thou art kind,	114
L.				Wonderous Machine,	115
L	Love in their little Veins Inspires,	81		Why my Daphne, why complaining,	131
	Let us Dance, let us Sing,	152			
				Young Thyrsis Fate ye Hills and Groves,	35
	May the God of Wit Inspire the sacred Nme,	9		Ye gentle Spirits of the Air,	43
	My Prayers are heard,	48		Yes Daphne in your Face,	16
M.			Y.		
M	Musick for a while, shall all our cares beguile,	126	Y.		
	Many, many Days may She behold,	137			
	May her blest Example Chase,	151			

The end of the Table.

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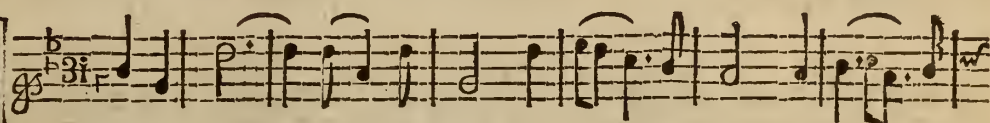
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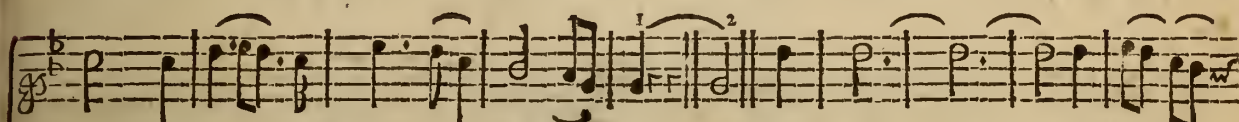
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The Second BOOK.

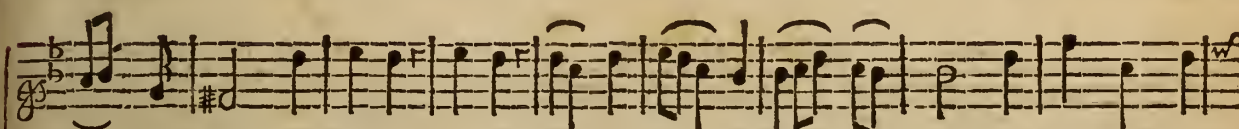
(Crown the Year.) A single SONG.



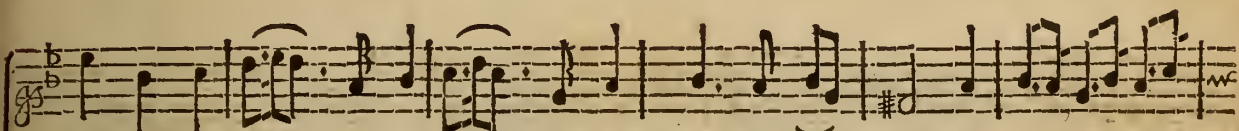
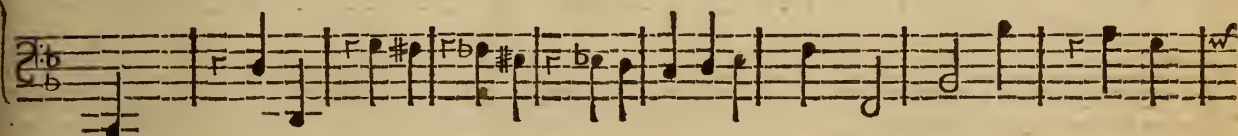
Crown the Year, Crown the Year, and Crown the Day, while di—stant



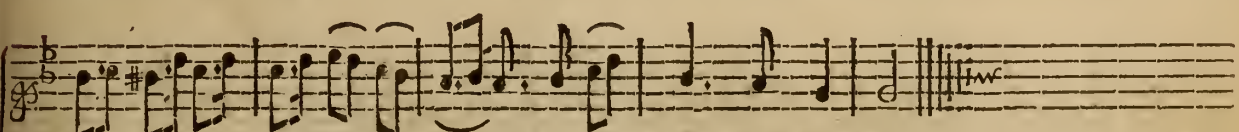
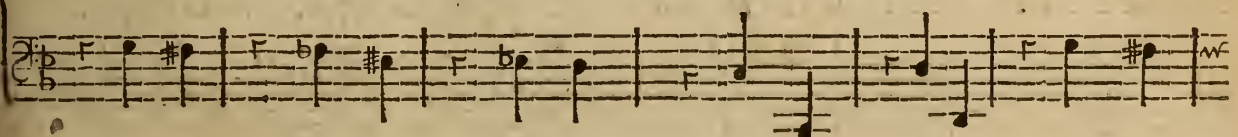
shoars, while di—stant shoars, the Tri-bute pay; while ne- - - - -ver fail—ing



Thames shall glide, while never, never, never fail—ing Thames shall glide, with Treasures, and



Pleasures; with Treasures, and Pleasures renew'd with each Tide; with Plea- - - - -



-sures, and Treasures renew'd with each Tide.



An EPITHALAMIUM.



Hrice Happy, Thrice happy, Thrice happy, happy, happy

Lovers, may you be for ever, ever, ever, ever free; may you be, for ever, ever,

ever, ever free, from the torment- - - - -ing Devil Jealousie;

from all the anxious ca- - - - -res and stri- - - - -fe that at-

-ten- - - - -ds a Married life. Thrice happy, thrice happy,

thrice happy, happy, happy, hap- - - - -py, hap-py Lovers, may you be, for

ever, ever, ever, ever, ever free: Be to one a

—nother true, Be to one a--nother true, kind to her, kind to her as she's to you;

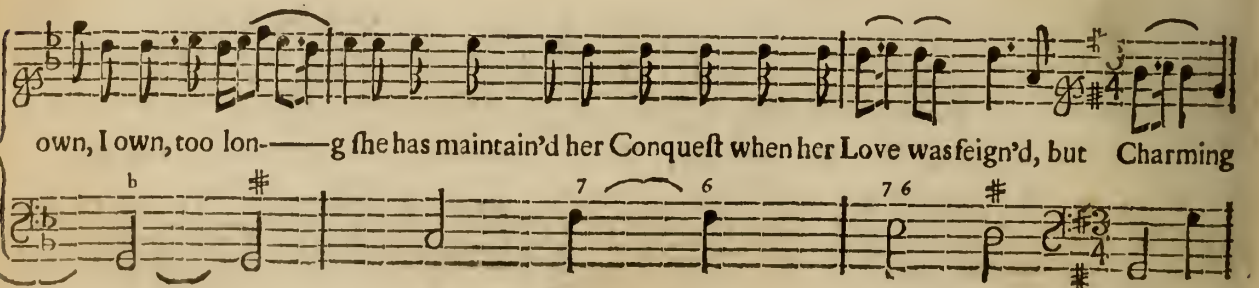
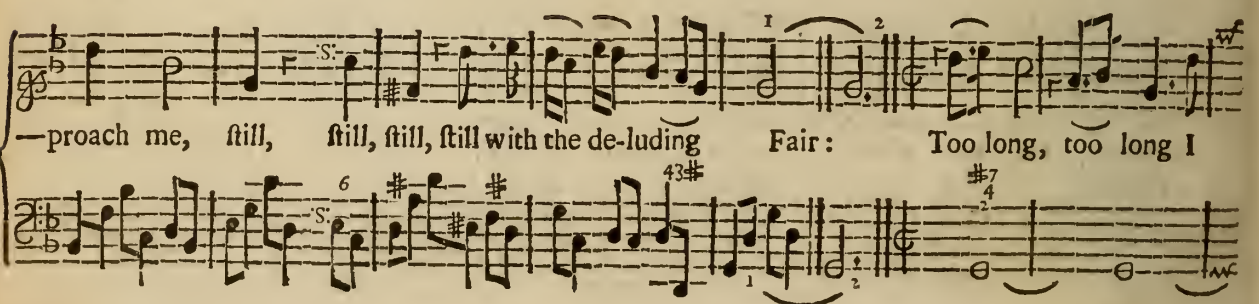
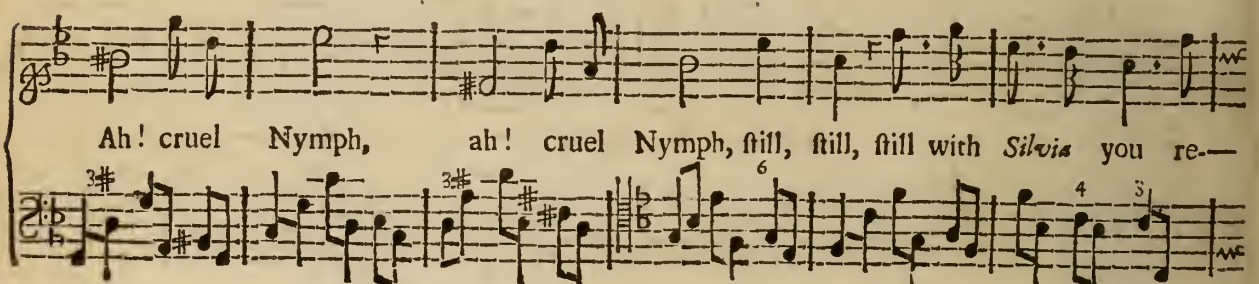
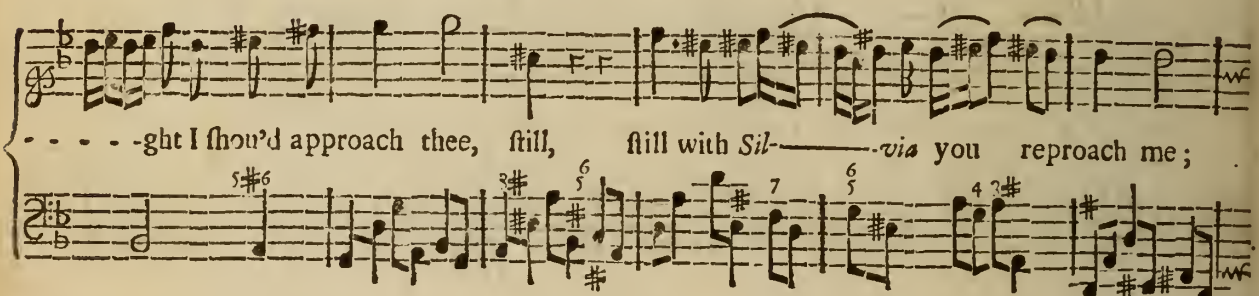
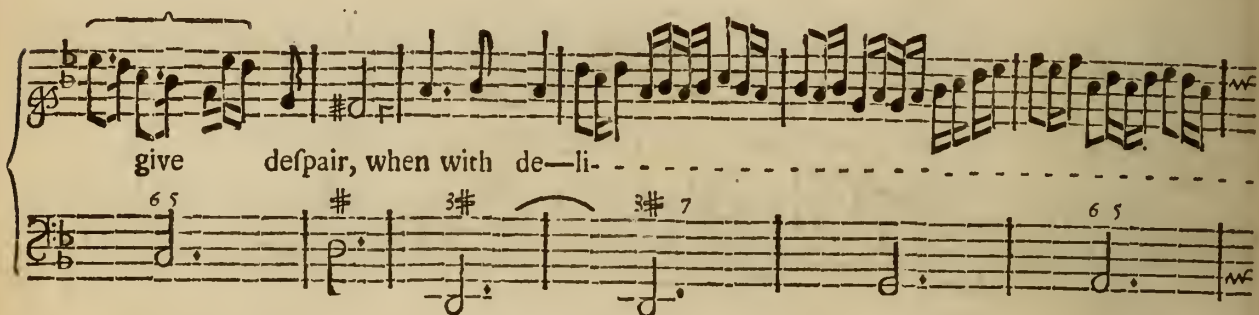
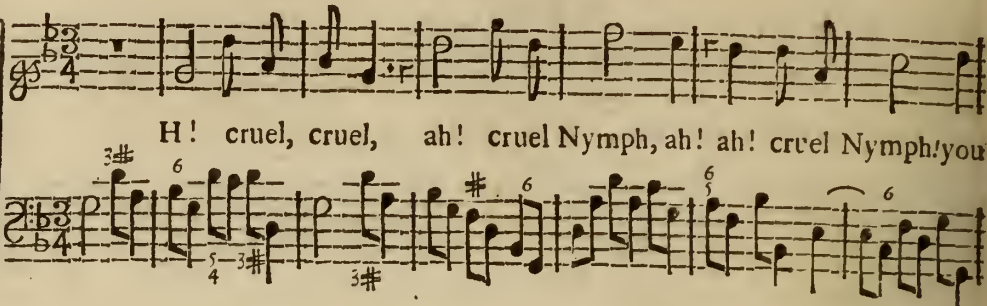
and since the errors, since the er—rors of the Night are past, may he be e—ver,

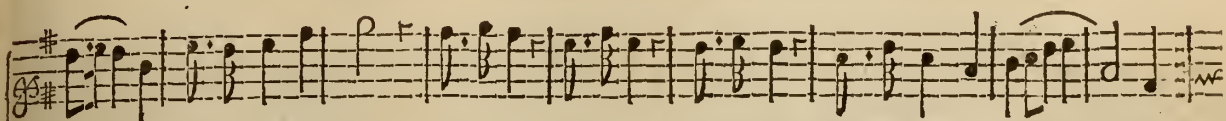
may he be e—ver, may he be e—ver, e—ver con—stant, she be

e—ver, she be e—ver, e—ver, e—ver Chast; may he be ever, e—ver

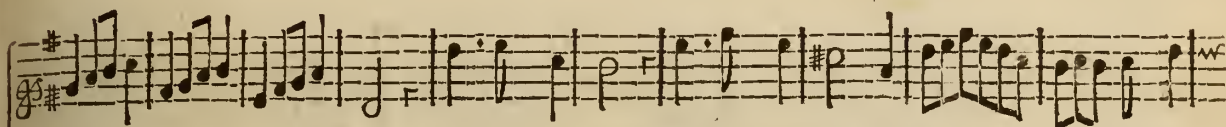
Con—stant, she be e—ver, she be e—ver, e—ver, e—ver Chast.

(Ah ! cruel Nymph.) A single SONG.

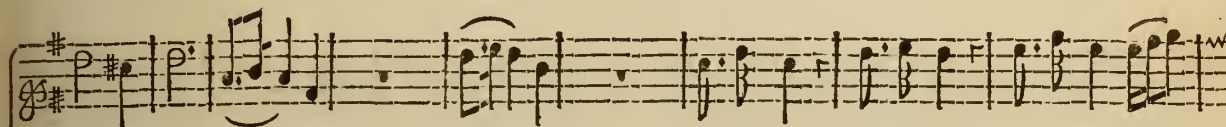
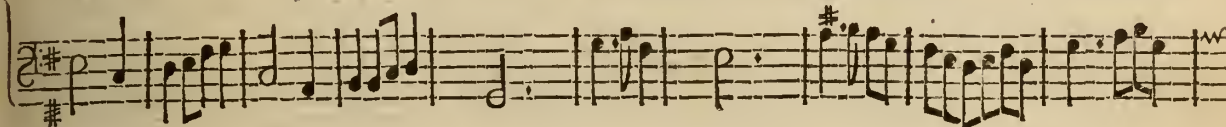




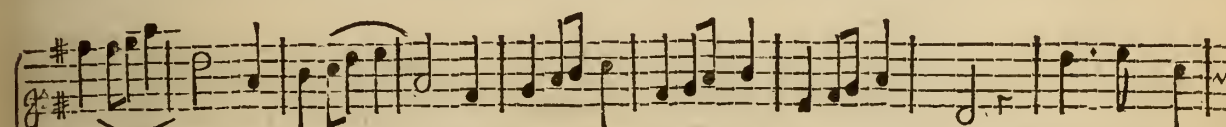
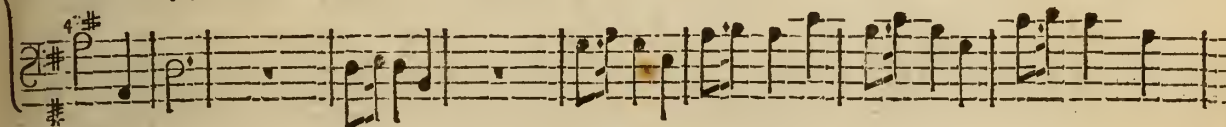
Ai—ry, Humorous and Gay, Humorous, Humorous, Humorous, Humorous and Ga - -y, and



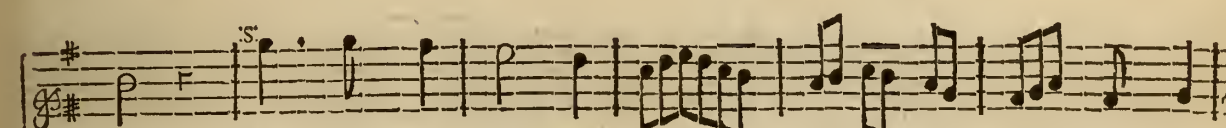
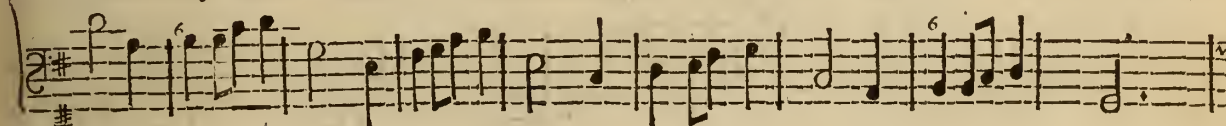
Ga - - - - -y; you from my Eyes, you from my Eyes have dri - - - - -ven the



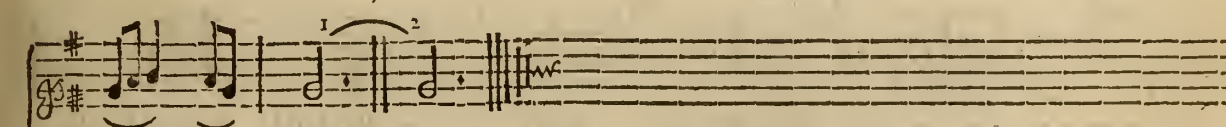
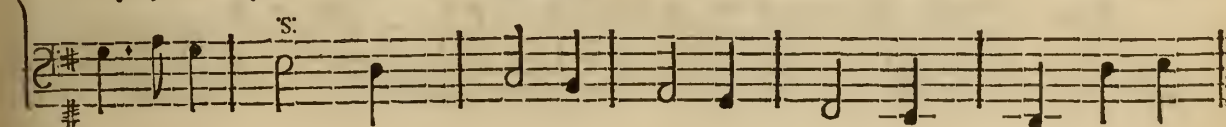
Mist away; Charming, Ai—ry, Humorous, Humorous, Humorous and



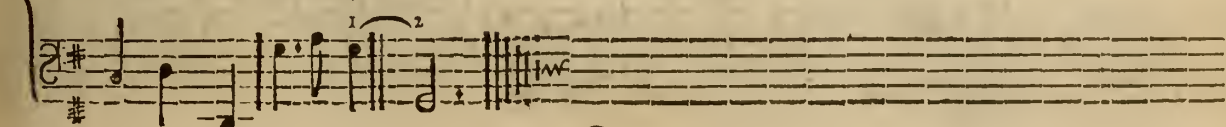
Ga - - -y, and Ga - - -y, and Ga - - - - -y, you from my



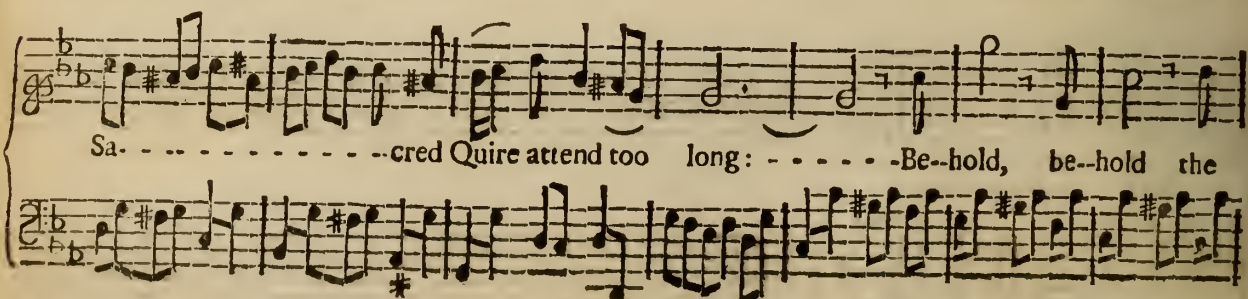
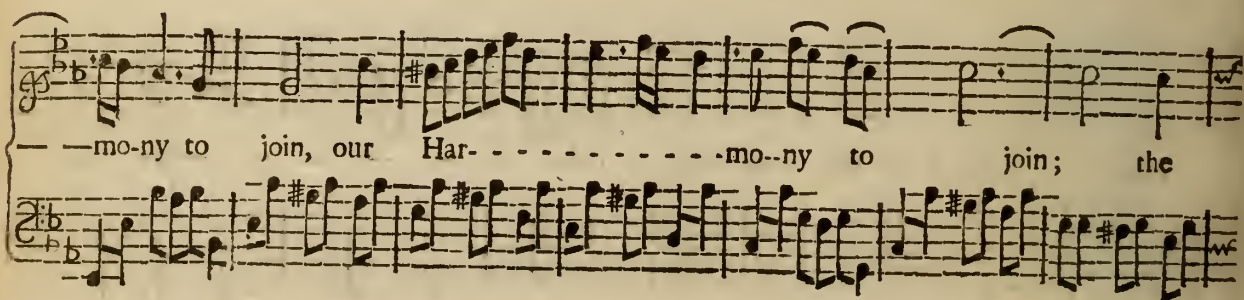
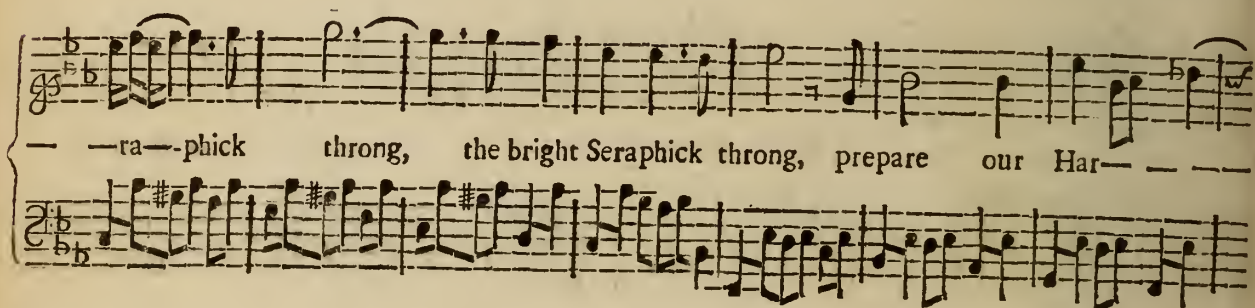
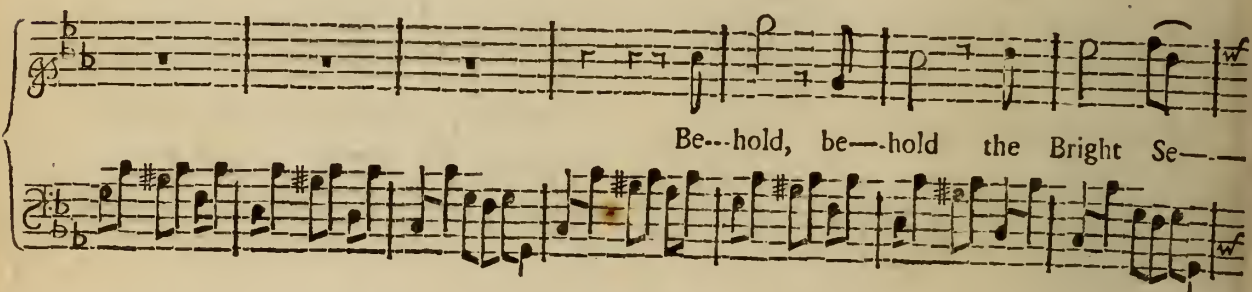
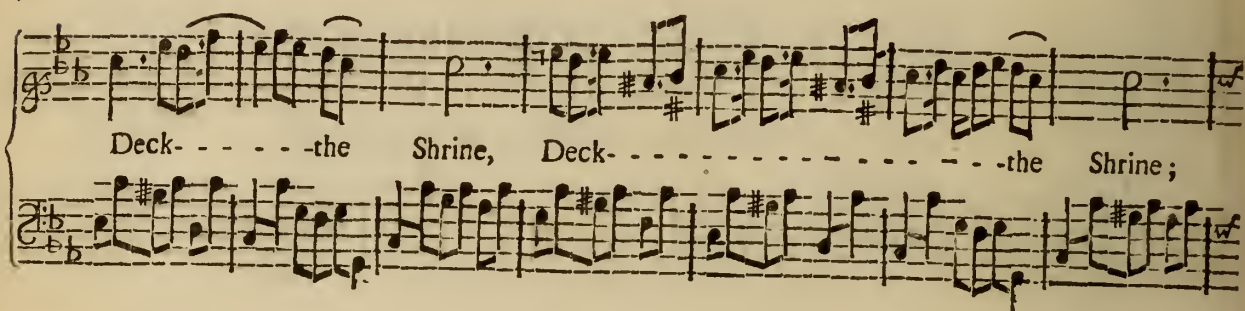
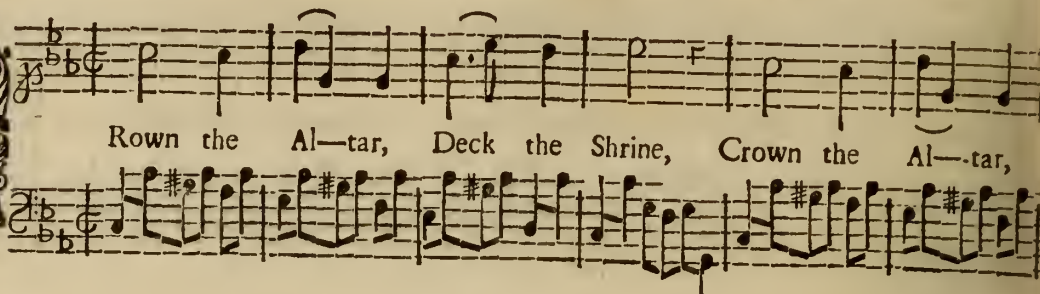
Eyes, you from my Eyes have dri - - - - -ven the

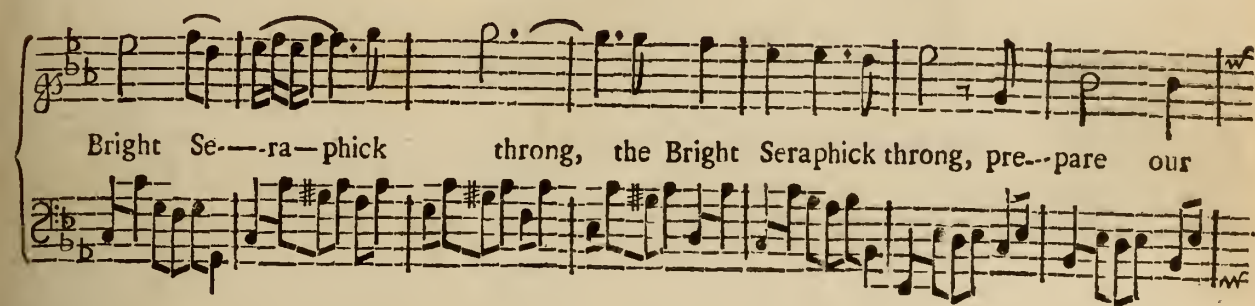


Mist a—way.

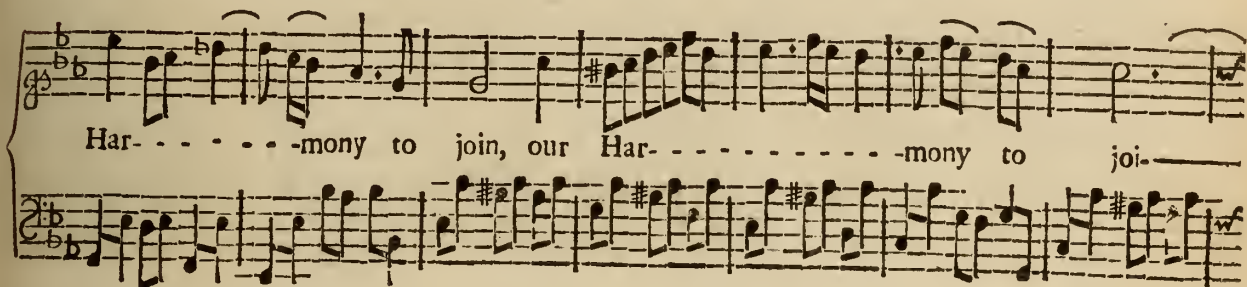


(Crown the Altar, Deck the Shrine.) A single SONG.

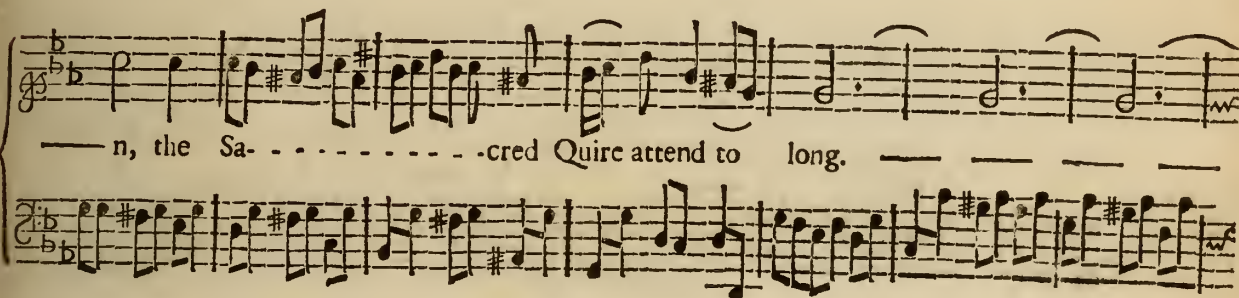




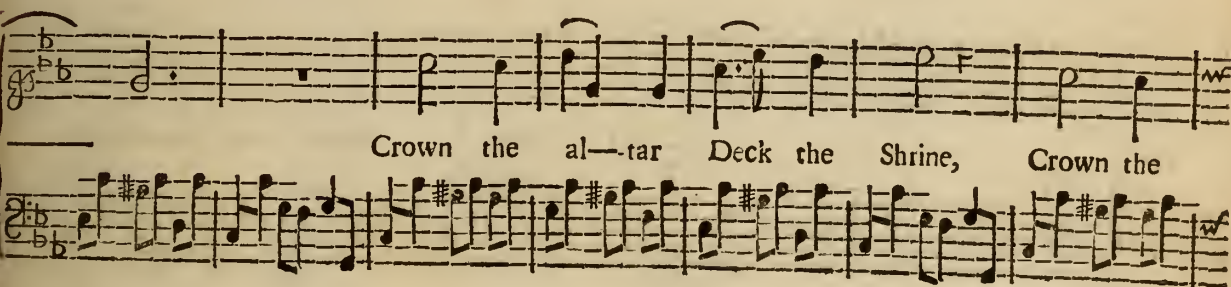
Bright Se—ra—phick throng, the Bright Seraphick throng, pre—pare our



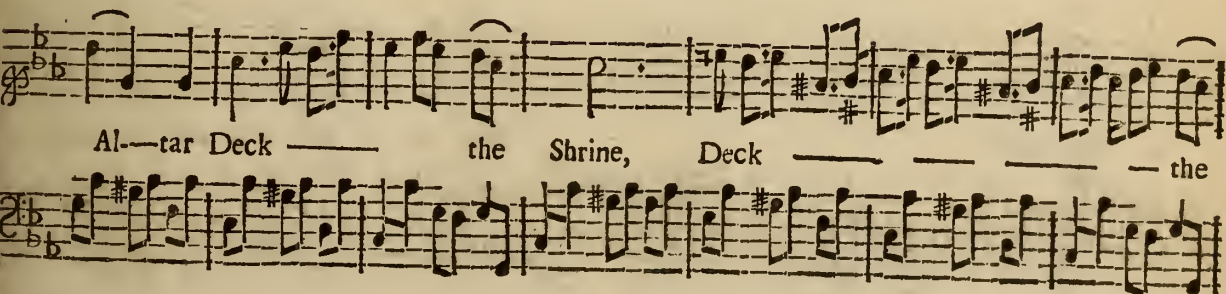
Har—mony to join, our Har—mony to joi—



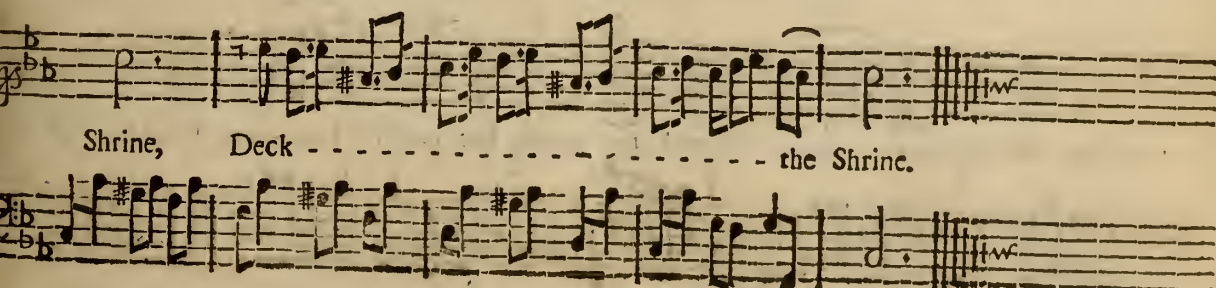
—n, the Sa—cred Quire attend to long.



Crown the al—tar Deck the Shrine, Crown the



Al—tar Deck — the Shrine, Deck — the



Shrine, Deck — the Shrine.

A S O N G in the 2d. Act of the Fairy-Queen.

Ome all, come all, all, all, come all ye Song- - - - -sters of the

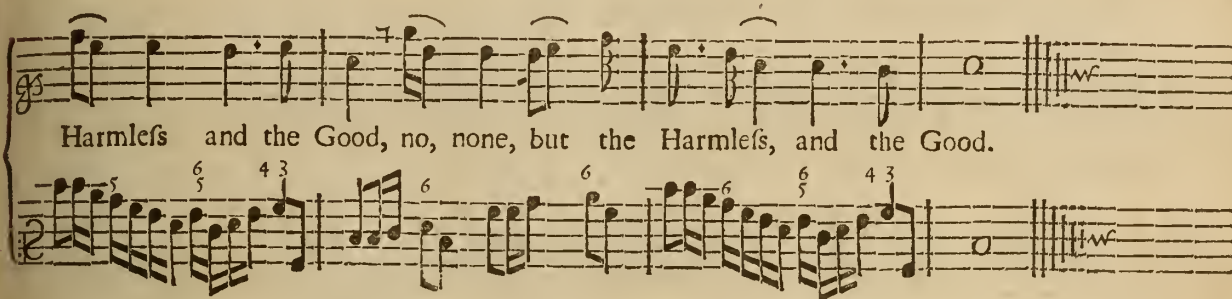
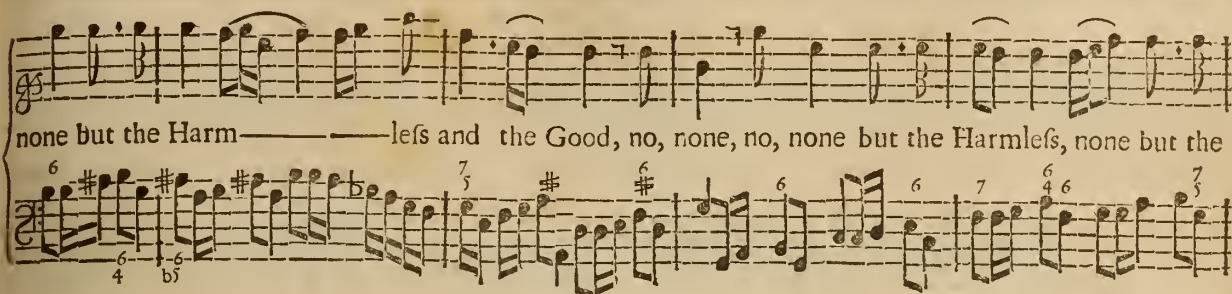
Sky, Wake and assemble, Wake and af- - - - -se- - - - -ble in this Wood ;

Come all, all, all, come all, all, all ye Songsters of the Sky,

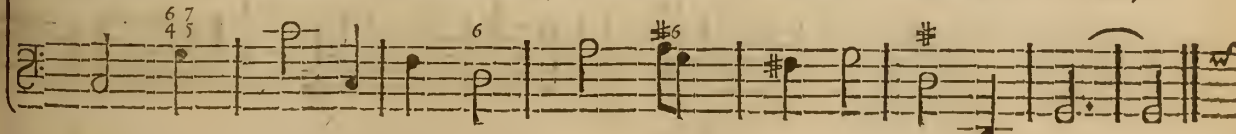
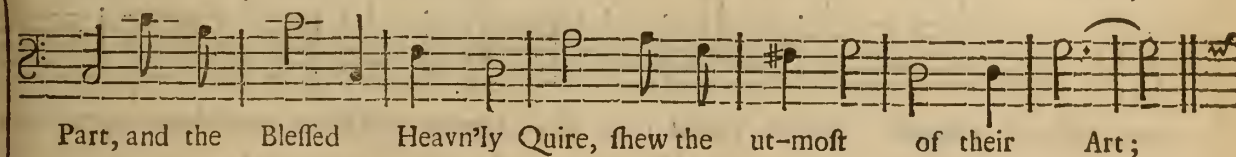
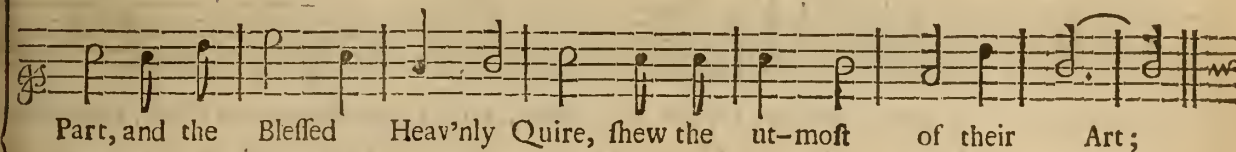
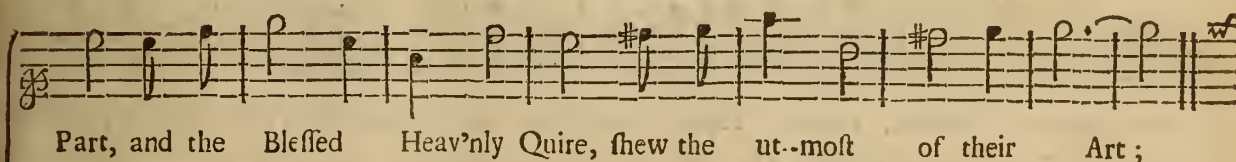
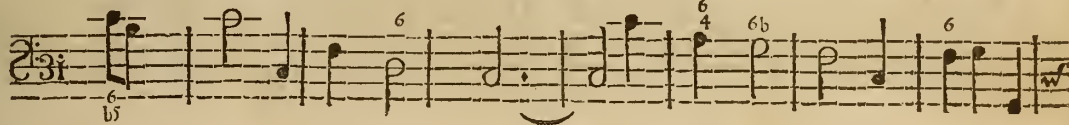
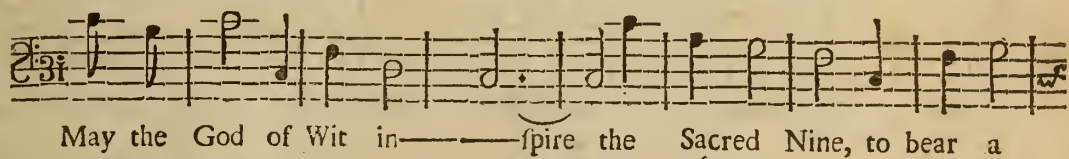
Wake- - - - - and af-semble, Wake and af-semble

in this Wood: But no ill bo-ding Bird be nigh, no,

none but the harm- - - - -less and the good; but no ill bo-ding Bird be nigh, no,



A SONG for Three Voices, in the Fairy Queen.



Ecco. *Softer.*

Whilst Ecco, whilst Ecco shall in sounds remote, repeat each Note, repeat each Note, each Note

Whilst Ecco, whilst Ecco shall in sounds remote, repeat each Note, repeat each Note, each Note

Whilst Ecco, whilst Ecco, shall in sounds remote, repeat each Note, repeat each Note, each Note

Whilst Ecco, whilst Ecco, shall in sounds remote, repeat each Note, repeat each Note, each Note

Vers. *Ecco.* *Softer* *Vers* *Ecco.* *Softer.* *Vers.*

whilst Ecco, whilst Ecco, Ecco, whilst Ecco, whilst Ecco, Ecco, shall in sounds re—

whilst Ecco, whilst Ecco, Ecco, whilst Ecco, whilst Ecco, Ecco, shall in sounds re—

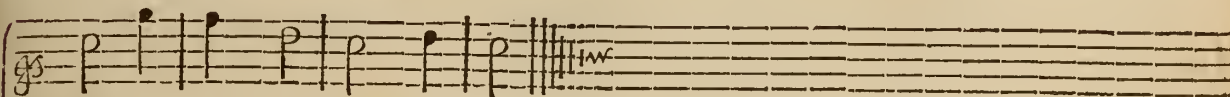
whilst Ecco, whilst Ecco, Ecco, whilst Ecco, whilst Ecco, Ecco shall in sounds re--

Ecco. *Softer, Vers.* *Ecco.* *Softer.* *Vers.*

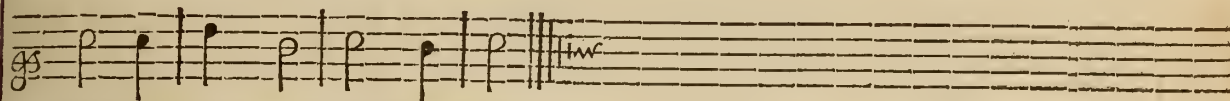
—mote, sounds re—mote, remote, repeat each Note, repeat each Note, each Note, repeat each

—mote, sounds re--mote, remote, repeat each Note, repeat each Note, each Note, repeat each

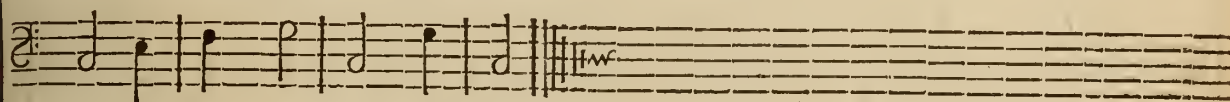
—mote, sounds remote, remote, repeat each Note, repeat each Note, each Note, repeat each

*Ecco.**Sofier.*

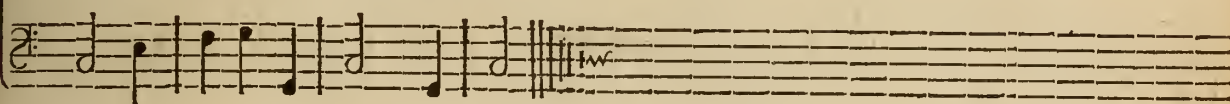
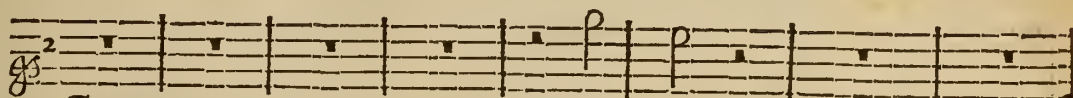
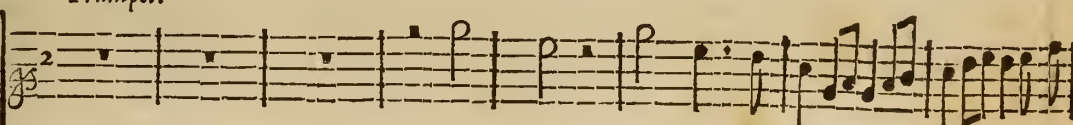
Note, re--peat each Note, each Note.



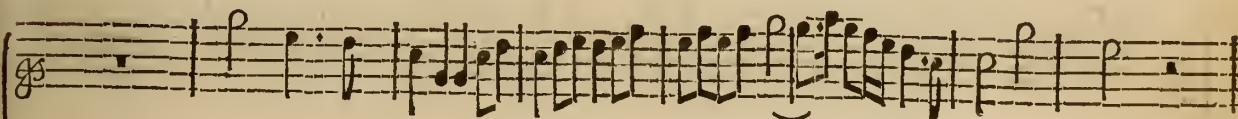
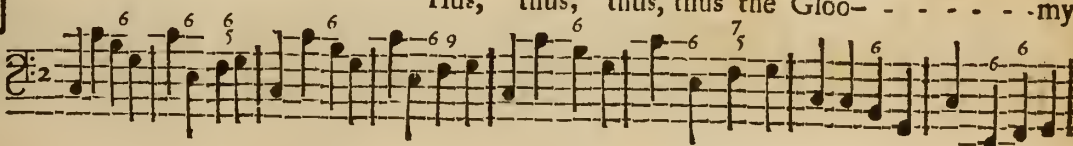
Note, re--peat each Note, each Note.



Note, re---peat each Note, each Note.

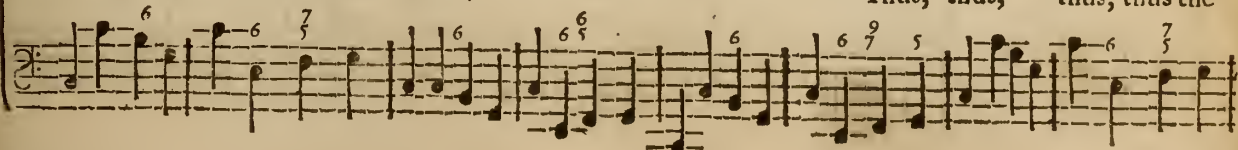
*A SONG in the 5th. Act of the Fairy Queen.**Trumpet.*

Hus, thus, thus, thus the Gloom - - - - my



World, at first be--gan to Shine ;

Thus, thus, thus, thus the



Gloo- my World at first began to Shine; And

from the Pow'r De-vine, and from a Pow'r De-vine, a glory

roun-d, a glory roun-d a-bout it hur-ld;

which made it bright, which made it bright, and gave it

gav- - - - - e it birth in light; which made it bright,

Figured Bass: b⁶ b⁶ b⁶ 7 6 9 5 6 6 6

which made it bright, and gave it, gav- - - - - e it birth in

Figured Bass: 6 6 6 7 5 b⁶ 5 b⁶ 5 b⁶ 5 7 6 9 7 5 3

light: Then, then were all minds as pure,

Violin.

Figured Bass: 6 5 6 # # # # #

as pure as those E-the- - - - - rial streams;

Figured Bass: # # b 6 7 4 6 4#3

In In-nocence se-cure, In In-nocence se-cure, not sub-ject

to Extrems; there was no place then, no place then for emp-ty Fame,

no cause for Pride, no cause for Pride, Am-bi-tion want-ed

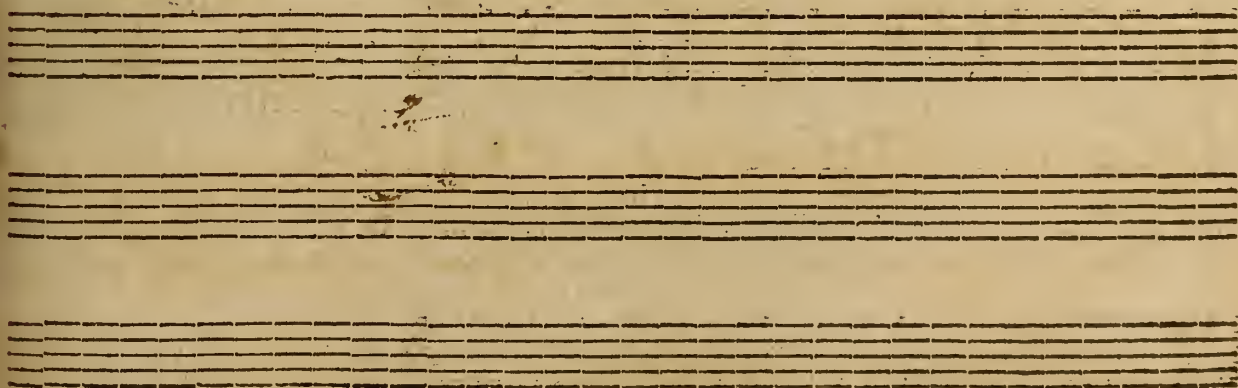
Aim, Am-bi-tion wanted Aim; there was no

place then, no place then for emp---ty Fame; no cause for Pride, no

cause for Pride, Am-bi---tion want-ed, Aim, Am-bi---

Trumpet.

---tion wanted Aim. Thus, thus, &c. (as before.)



SOLO.

A single SONG.

Y Es Daphne, yes Daphne, in- - - - - your

Face I find those Charm—s by which my Heart's betray'd, then let not your disdain un-

—bind the Pris'ner, the Pris'ner that your Eyes have made: She that in Love makes

least defence, woun- - - - -ds e—ver with the su—rest Dart, Beauty may Cap—

—ivate the Sense, but Kindness, but Kind- - - - -ness only gains the Heart, Heart.

II.

'Tis mildness, *Daphne*, must maintain,
 the Empire that you once have won;
 When Beauty does like Tyrants reign,
 Their Subjects from their Duty run:
 Then force me not to be untrue,
 Left I compell'd by gen'rous shame,
 Cast off my Loyalty to you,
 To gain a glorious Rebel's name.

SOLO.

A single SONG.

Ark! hark! how all things in one sound re-

-joyce, re-joyce, re-joy- — — — — — ce re-joy- — — — — —

— — — — — ce, re-joyce. Hark! —joyce. and the

World seems to have one Voice, the World seems to have one Voi- — — — — —

— — — — — ce, to have one Voice;

Hark! hark! how all things in one sound re-joyce, re-

joyce, re-joy — — — — — ce, re — — — — —

— — — — — ce rejoyce; rejoy — — — — —

— — — — — ce, re-joyce.

SOLO.

A single SONG.

H Ark! hark! the ecch'ing Air a tri- - - - -umph sings, hark! the

ecch'ing Air a tri- - - - -umph sings, a tri-

— — — — — umph, a tri — — — — — umph, tri — — — — — umph sing

s a tri - - - - - umph, triumph sings, sings. And all a--

round, and all a-round plea-s'd Cupids clap their wings, clap, clap, clap, clap their

wings; pleas'- - - - - d Cupids clap their wings; and all around, and all around plea-

-s'd Cupids clap, clap, clap, clap, clap their wings; clap, clap,

clap, clap, clap, clap, clap their wings, plea- - - - - s'd Cupids clap their

wings, and all a- wings.

A SONG for Two Voices, in the Fairy Queen.

L Et the *Fifes* and the *Clarions*, and shrill *Trumpets* sound; let the *Fifes* and the

Let the *Fifes* and the *Clarions* and shrill *Trumpets*

Clarions, and shrill *Trumpets* sound, sound, - - - - - sound, sound, sound, sound, - - - - -

sound; Let the *Fifes* and the *Clarions*, and shrill *Trumpets* sound, sound, - - - - -

sound, sound, sound, sound: And the Arch of high

sound, sound, sound, sound, sound, sound: And the Arch of high Heav'n the Clangor re-

Heav'n, the Clangor re-sound, and the Arch of high Heav'n, the Clangor re-sound—

sound, and the Arch of high Heav'n the Clangor re-sound- - - - -

-d, refoun- - - - -d, the Arch of high Heaven, the

Clangor refound, re-foun- - - - -d, the Arch of high

Heaven the Clangor refound.

The Four SEASONS in the Fairy-Queen.

Spring.

Thus the ever grate-ful,

Spring, Thus the ever grateful Spring, does her yearly Tri-bute bring, does her

yearly Tri- - - - -bute bring does, her yearly Tri-bute bring, does her

yearly Tri- - - - -bute bring; all your sweets before him lay, all your

sweets before him lay, then round his Al-tar sing and play, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, your

sweets before him lay, then round his Al--tar sing and play; then roun-

d his Al--tar sing and play; Thus the e--ver grateful

Spring, does her yearly Tri--bute bring, does her yearly Tri--bute

bring, does her yearly Tribute bring, does her yearly Tri--bute bring.

Summer.

Summer.

Her's the Summer Sprightly Gay, Smi—ling Wanton Fresh and Fair, adorn'd with

all the Flow'r's of May, whose various Sweets Perfume the Air; adorn'd with all the

Flow'r's of May, Whose various Sweets Per—fume the Air.

Autum

Figured Bass: $\sharp 7$ 7 $4\sharp 3$ $56\sharp$ $66\sharp 4$ $6\sharp 6$ $5\sharp$ $66\sharp 6$ $\sharp 6$ 6 $\sharp 6$ 76 $5\sharp 3$

See, fee my many couler'd Fields, fee, fee my many couler'd Fields, and Loaded

Figured Bass: 4 6 76 $\sharp$ 6 $4\sharp 3$ 4 6 76 $\sharp$ 6 6 76

Trees my will o—bey; —bey.

Figured Bass: $\sharp 67$ $4\sharp 3$ $\sharp$ 6 7 $\sharp 6$ $\sharp 6$ $\sharp 5\sharp 4$ $\sharp 3$ $\sharp 6$

Autumn yeilds, all the Fruit that Au—turnn yeilds, I of—fer to the God of Da—

Figured Bass: 6 $\sharp$ 6 $b\flat$ 6 7 6 76 $\sharp$

—y; all the Fruit that Autumn yeilds, I of—fer to the God of Day;

Figured Bass: $\sharp 6$ 6 9 $\sharp 4$ $\sharp$ 6 6 4 9 76 6 76 $4\sharp 3$ 6 4

all the Fruit that Autum yeilds, all the Fruit that Autum yeilds, I Offer to the God of

Day ; All the Fruit that Autum yeilds, I Offer to the God of Day ;

Winter

Winter

Next Winter comes flawly pale meager and old, thus

Next Winter comes flawly pale meager and old, thus

Handwritten musical score for "The Snow-Bird". The score is written on five staves. The first four staves contain the melody, and the fifth staff contains the lyrics and a basso continuo line. The lyrics are: "Frosts, and with Snow cov'rd o're, benumb'd with hard Frosts, and with Snow cov'rd o're ; prays the". The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals.

Sun to restore him, pray's the Sun to re-store him, and sin- - - gs as be-fore.

SOLO in the late Queen's Birth-day.

A — Pril who till now, who till now, now, now, now, now, now has mourn'd, has mourn'd, claps, claps, claps for jo- - - y his Sable Win- - - gs; to see, to see, to see, to see within his Orb return, the choicest

Blessings he cou'd bring, *Maria's* Birth-day, *Maria's*, Birth-day,

Maria's Birth-day, Ma--ri-

-a's Birth-day and the Spring; To see, to see, to see, to see with-

-in his Orb re-turn, the Choicest Blessings he cou'd bring: *Maria's*

Birth-day, *Maria's* Birth-day, *Maria's* Birth-day, Mari-

-a's Birth-day and the Spring.

A single SONG.



He Fa—tal Hour, the Fa—tal Hour comes on, comes

on a—pace, which I had rather di—e than see; for when

Fate ca—lls you from this place, you go to cer—tain Mi—fery, you go to

certain, cer—tain Mi—fery. The thought does stab me to the Heart,

and gives me pan—gs no word can speak, it Wracks me,

it Wracks me in each Vi—tal part; sure, sure when you go, sure when you go, my

Heart will break ; sure, sure my Heart will break ; since I for you so much, for you so

much en—dure, may I not, may I not hope you will, you will believe,

’tis you a—lone, ’tis you a—lone these Wounds, these Wounds, these Wounds can Cure, which

are the Fountains of my Grief; ’tis you alone, you alone, you a—lone thes

Wounds can cure, which are the Fountains, are the Fountains of my Grief.

A S O N G *for Two Voices, on the Late Queens Birth-day.*

Britain now,
B *Ri—tain now, now, now, now, now, now, now thy Cares beguile ;*
now, now, now, now, now, now, now thy Cares beguile ; *Britain now,*
Britain now, now, now, now, now, now, now, no—
now, now, now, now, now, now, now thy Cares beguile, now, now, now, now, now, no—
—w thy Cares beguile, now, now, now, now thy Cares beguile, now, now, now, now, now no—
—w thy Cares beguile : Bless the Day, Bless the Day, Bless the Day, the Day, the Day,
—w thy Cares beguile : Bless the Day, Bless the Day, Bless the Day, the Day, the

the Day, Bless the Day, Bless the Day, the Day that Bless our Isle, Bless, Bless,

Day, Bless the Day, Bless the Day, Bless the Day, that Bless our Isle, Bless, Bless,

6 7 8 7 4 6 5 3 6 7

End with the first strain.

Bless, the Day that Ble——fs our Isle.

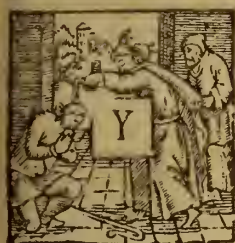
End with the first strain.

Bless the Day that Bless our Isle.

3# #

End with the first strain.

An ELOGY upon the Death of Mr. Thomas Farmer, B. M.



Oung *Thir-fis* Fate ye Hills and Gro- - - -ves deplore, *Thir-fis*,

6 5 #

Thir-fis, the Pride of all the Plains, the Joy———of Nymphs, and En—vy, and En—

76 #6 98 76

—vy of the Swains, the gentle *Thir-fis* is no more, the gen-tle *Thir-fis* is no

76 # b 6 # 4 3 # 4 3 7 6 4 #3

more, no more, Oh! no more, the gen-tle *Thir-fis* is no more.

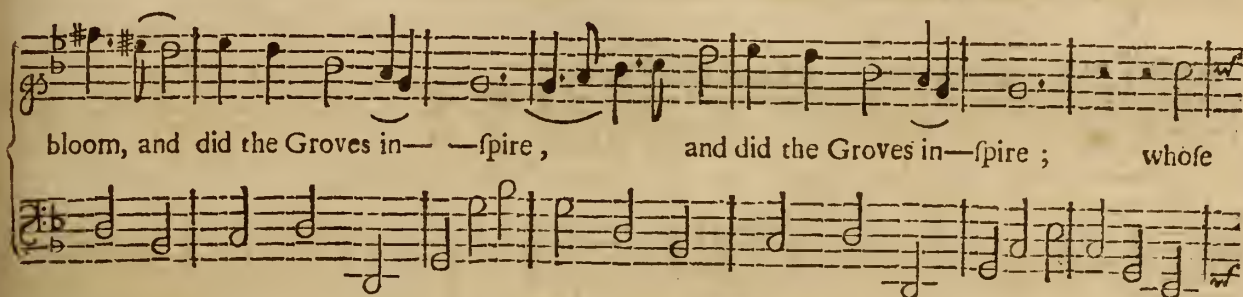
What, what makes the Spring re-tire, what, what, what, what makes the Spring re-

—tire, and Groves their Songs de—cline? What, what, what, what makes the Spring re—

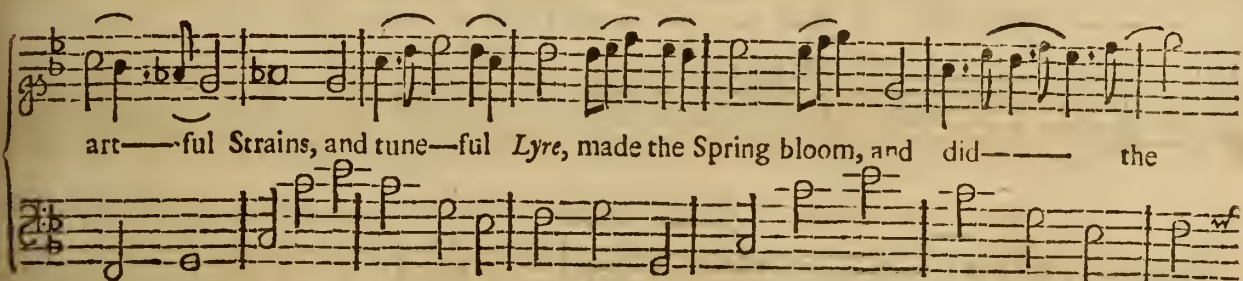
—tire, what, what, what, what makes the Spring re—tire, and Groves their Songs de—

—cline? What, what! Nature for her lov'd *Thir—fis* seems to pine, for her

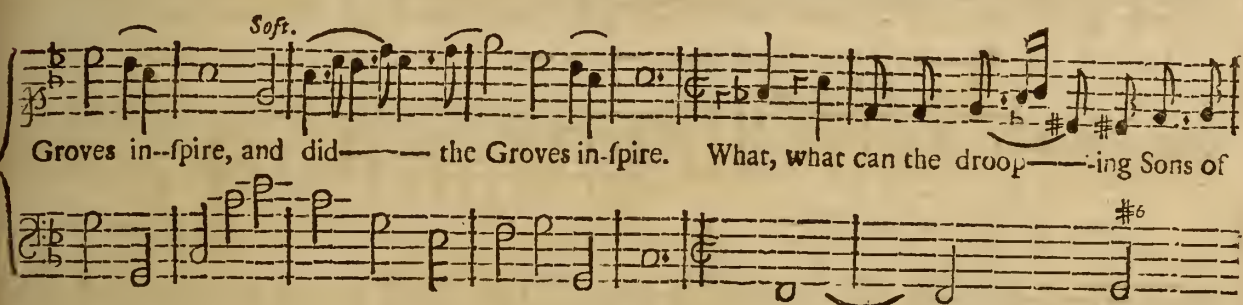
lov'd *Thir—fis* seems to pine; whose are—ful Strains, and tune—ful *Lyre*, made the Spring



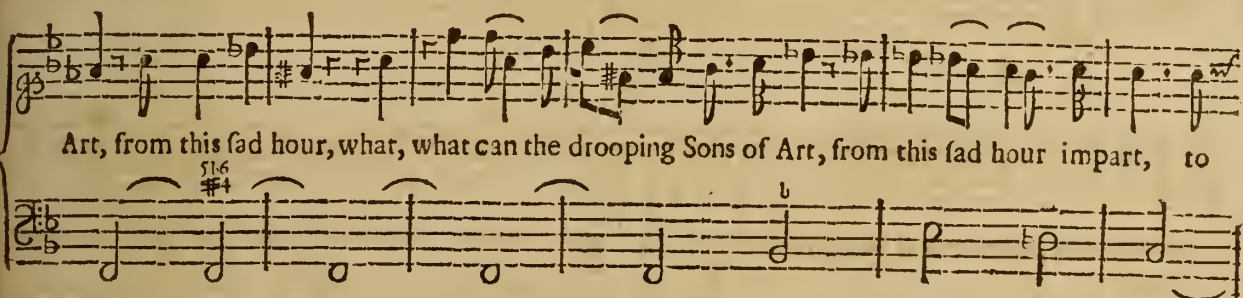
bloom, and did the Groves in—spire, and did the Groves in—spire; whose



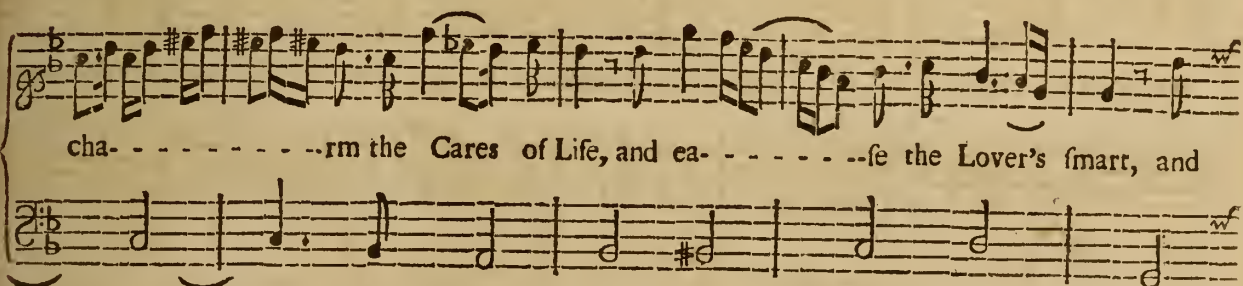
art—ful Strains, and tune—ful Lyre, made the Spring bloom, and did—the



Groves in—spire, and did—the Groves in—spire. What, what can the droop—ing Sons of

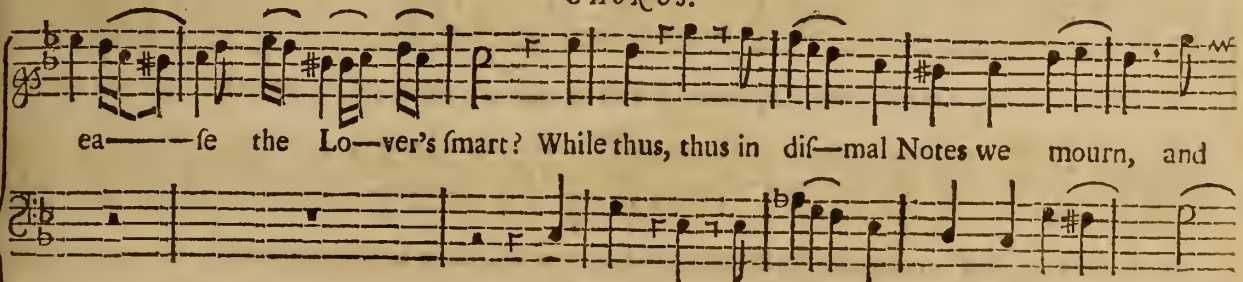


Art, from this sad hour, what, what can the drooping Sons of Art, from this sad hour impart, to

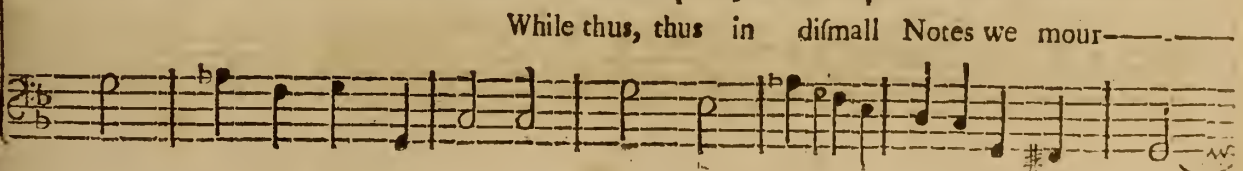


cha- - - - -rm the Cares of Life, and ea- - - - -se the Lover's smart, and

CHORUS.



ea—se the Lo—ver's smart? While thus, thus in dis—mal Notes we mourn, and



While thus, thus in dismall Notes we mour—

dis-mal Notes we mourn, in dis-mal Notes we mourn, the skilful Shepherd's

— — — — — n, while thus in dis-mal Notes we mourn, the skilful Shepherd's

Urn; to the gla-d, Skies, to the gla-d, the gla-d Skies, his

Urn; to the gla-d Skies, his

Harmony he bears, and as he charm'd the Earth, and as he charm'd the Earth, as he charm'd

Harmony he bears, and as he charm'd the Earth, and as he charm'd, as he charm'd

the Earth, transports, transports the Spheres; and as he charm'd the Earth, transports, the Spheres.

the Earth, transport's, transports the Spheres; and as he charm'd the Earth, transports, the Spheres.

A Trumpet Song, Sung by Mr. Bowen, in the (Libertine destroy'd.)

T O Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms,

to Arms, to Arms Hero- - - - - ick Prince ;

to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

L

Arms, to Arms, to Arms He-ro- ick

Prince; to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms;

Glo-ry, like Love, has pow'r-ful

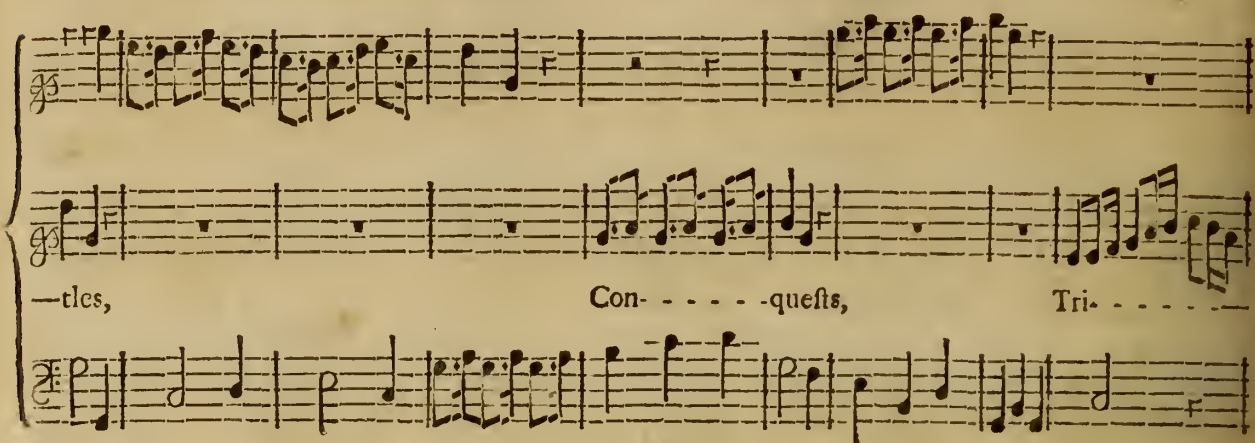
Charms, Glo-ry, like Love, has

pow'r-ful Charms; let Glo-ry, let Glo-

—ry now thy Soul ingross, and recompence its Ri-

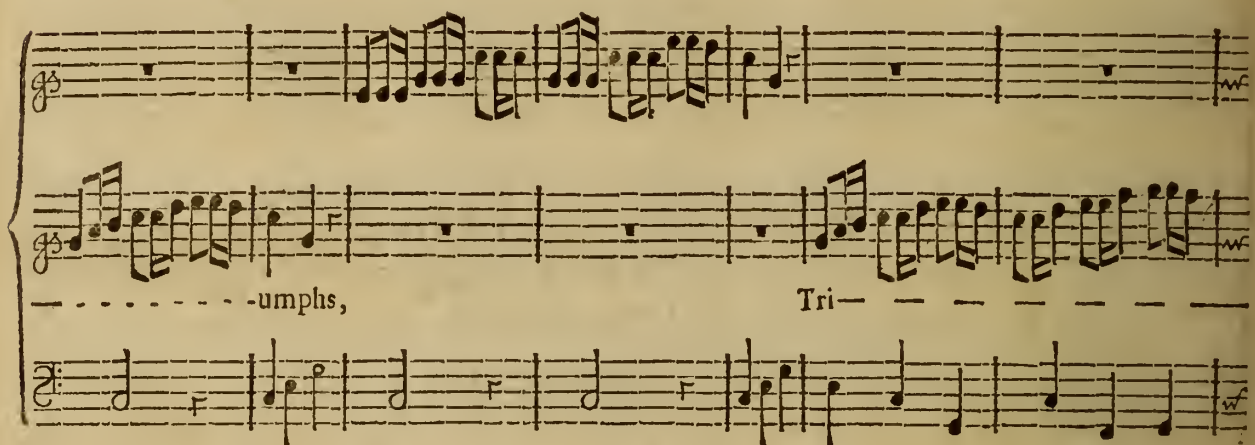
—vals loss: bid Trumpets sound, bid Trumpets sound, sou-

—nd; and nothing, nothing name but Battles, but Battles, but Bat-



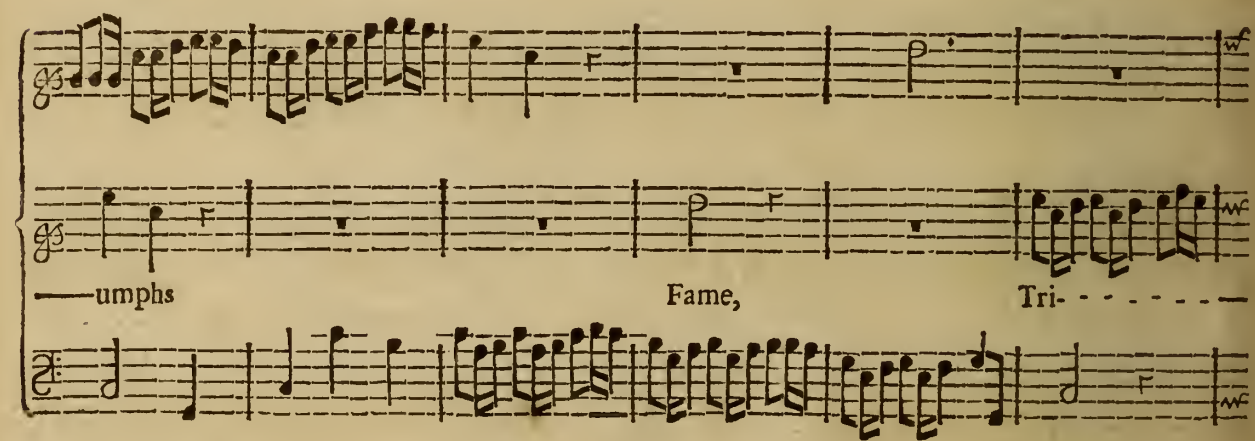
—tles, Con- - - - -quests, Tri- - - - -

This system contains three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It features a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature, containing a simpler melodic line. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature, containing a bass line. The lyrics are positioned below the middle staff.



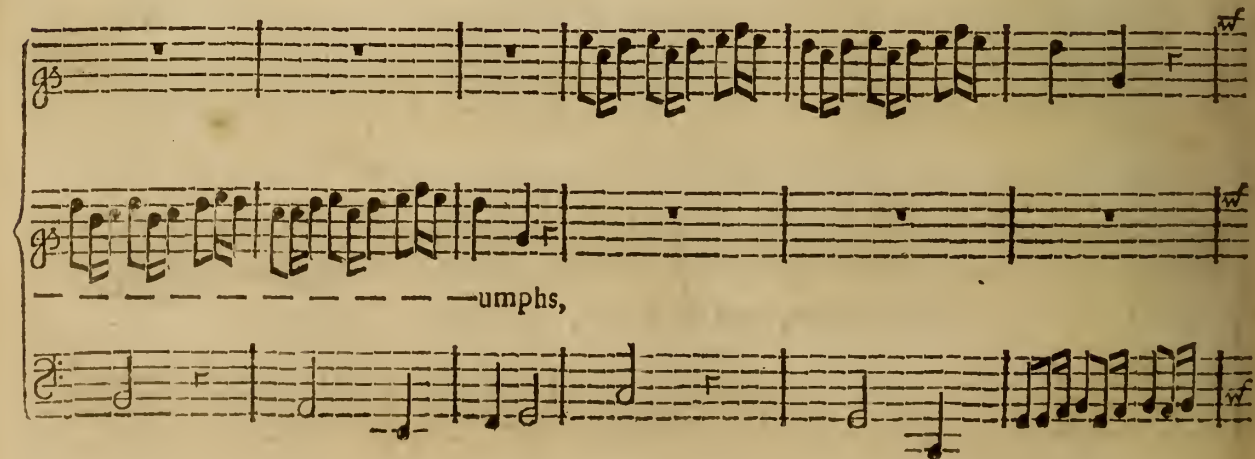
- - - - -umphs, Tri- - - - -

This system contains three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lyrics are positioned below the middle staff.



—umphs Fame, Tri- - - - -

This system contains three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lyrics are positioned below the middle staff.

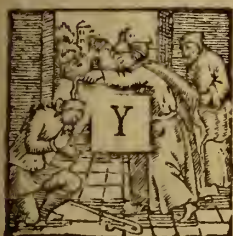


- - - - -umphs,

This system contains three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lyrics are positioned below the middle staff.

Tri — — — — — umphs Fame.

A single SONG.

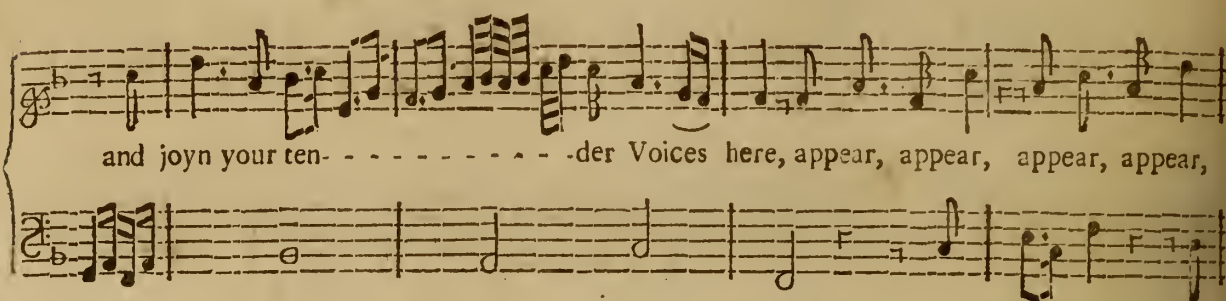


E gen- - - - - tie

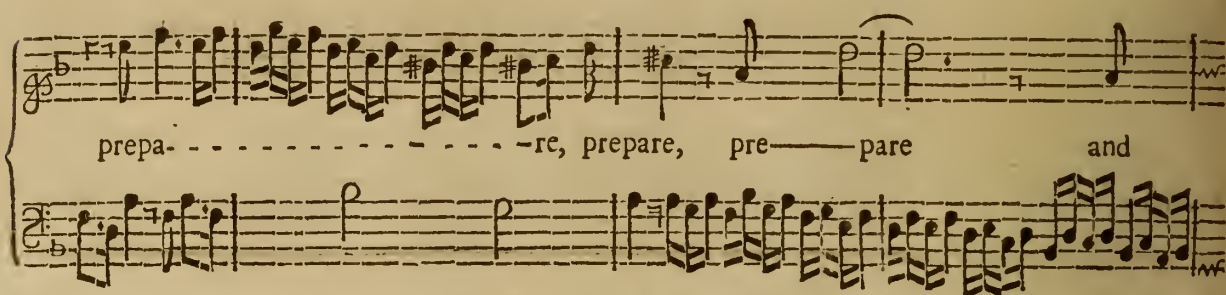
Spirits of the Air, ye gen- - - - - tle Spirits of the

Air; appear, appear, appear, appear; prepare, prepare, - - - - -

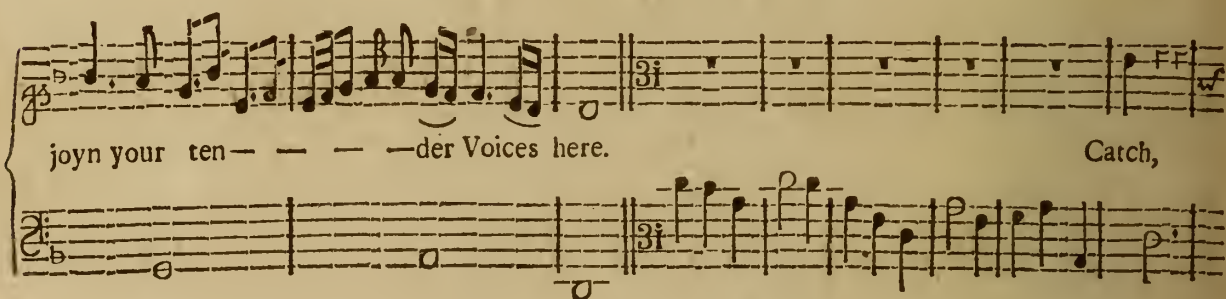
Musical score for "The Rose Tree" in G major, 2/4 time. The score is written for two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a single line. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass line is written in a single line. The lyrics "prepare, pre—pare;" are written below the first staff. The music is a simple, folk-like melody.



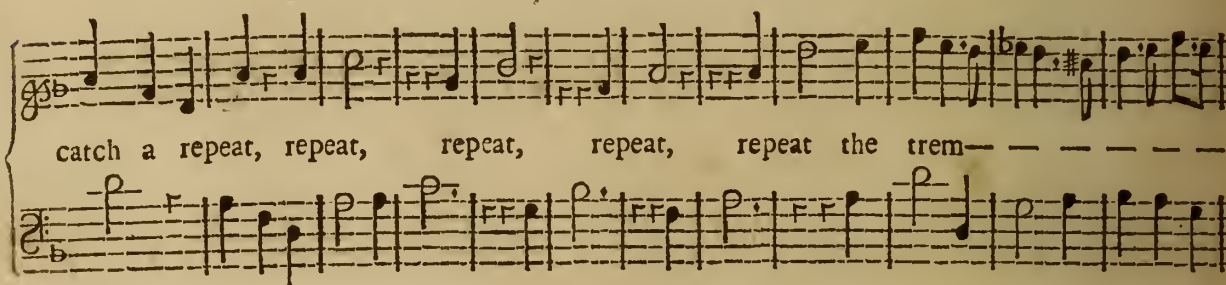
and joyn your ten- - - - - der Voices here, appear, appear, appear, appear,



prepa- - - - - re, prepare, pre—pare and



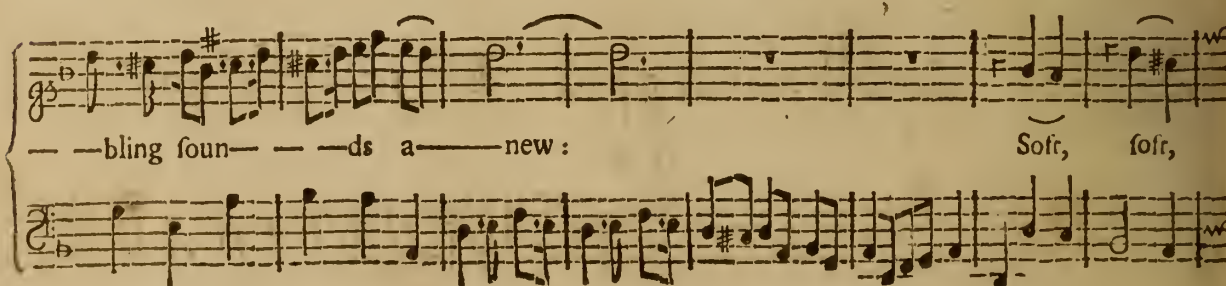
joyn your ten- - - - - der Voices here. Catch,



catch a repeat, repeat, repeat, repeat, repeat the trem— - - - -



— - - - - bling sounds a-new repeat, repeat the trem— - - - -



— - - - - bling soun— - - - - ds a—new : Soft, soft,

soft as her sighs and sw— — — — — eet as Pearly dew, and

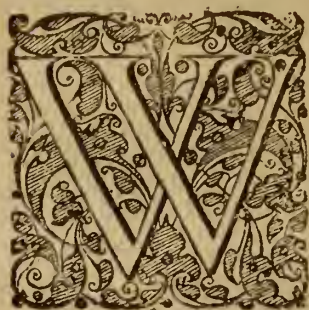
sw— — — — — eet as Pearly dew;

run, — — — — — run — — — — — new Di—vi—sion, run new

Di—vi—sion, and such Measure keep, as when you lull, you lull the God of Love a—

—sleep, — — — — — as when you lull, you lull the God of

Love a—sleep. *Da Capo.*

A SONG *for Two Voices.*

Hat can we, what can we poor Fe-males do; when
 What can we, can we poor Fa-males do; when

Pressing, Teasing, Pressing, Teasing Lovers sue? What can we, what can
 Pressing, Teasing, Pressing, Teasing Lovers sue? What can we, what can

we poor, poor Females do? Fate affords no o-ther way, but De—
 we poor, poor Females do? Fate affords no o-ther way, but De—

—ny-ing, or Com-ply-ing, but De-ny-ing, or Com-ply-ing;
 —ny-ing, or Com-ly-ing, but De-ny-ing, or Com-ply-ing;
 First Strain again.

And Resenting, or Consenting, and Resenting, or consenting, does a—like—— our Hopes betray.

And Resenting, or Consenting, or Consenting does a—like—— our Hopes betray.

End with the first strain.

A Mad SONG.

[illegible]

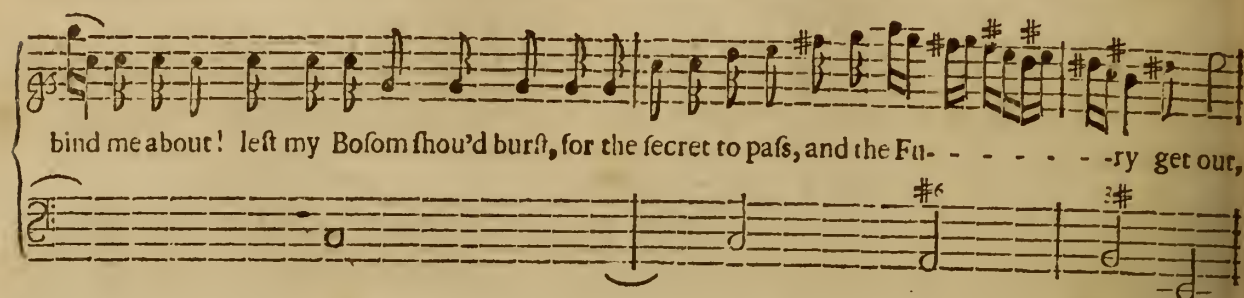
Soft.

—may me; near some silver Current lying, near some silver Current lying; Oh! oh! under

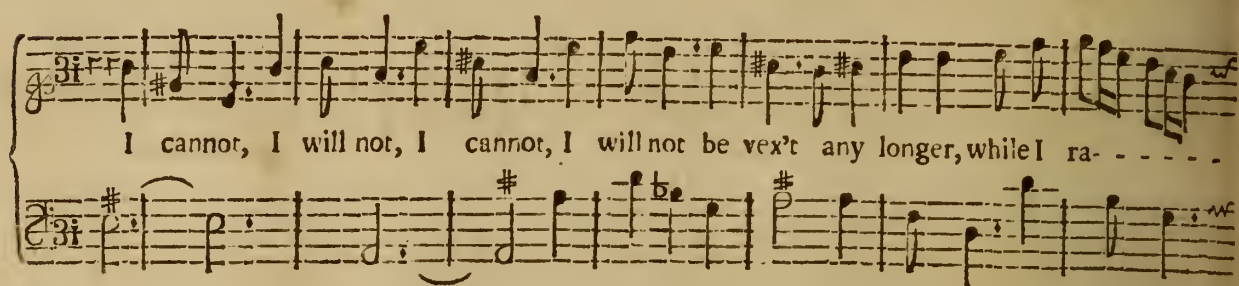
The image shows a musical score for a song. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. The bottom staff is in G major and 2/4 time, featuring a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. The lyrics are written below the staves. The word 'Soft.' is written above the first staff. The lyrics are: '—may me; near some silver Current lying, near some silver Current lying; Oh! oh! under'. There are some musical notations like '6 5' and '4 3' below the bottom staff.

flee — py Poppies dying: I fwell — and am bigger, I fwell —

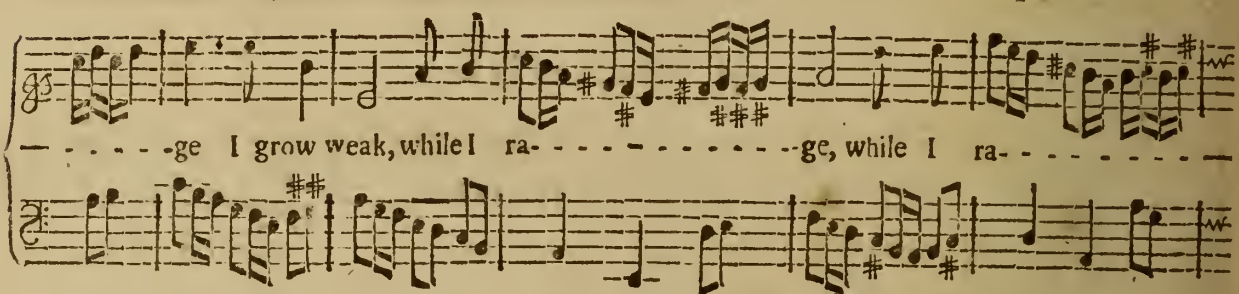
and am bigger than *Typhon* e're was; with a strong band of Brads oh! bind me, oh!



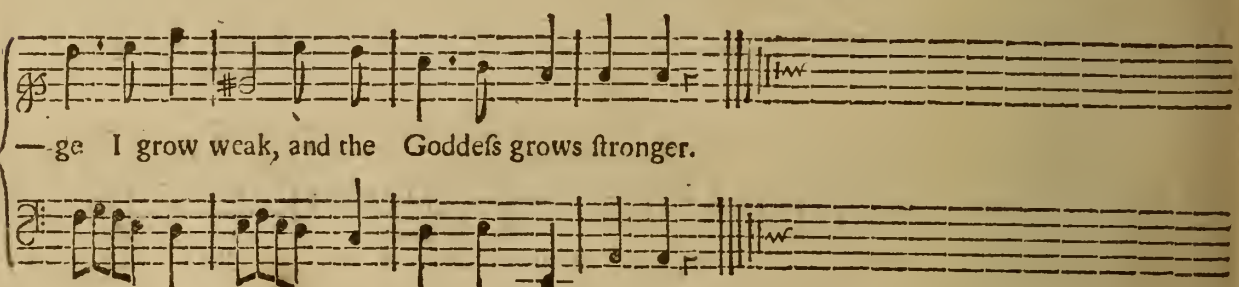
bind me about! lest my Bosom shou'd burst, for the secret to pass, and the Fu- - - - - ry get out,



I cannot, I will not, I cannot, I will not be vex't any longer, while I ra- - - - -

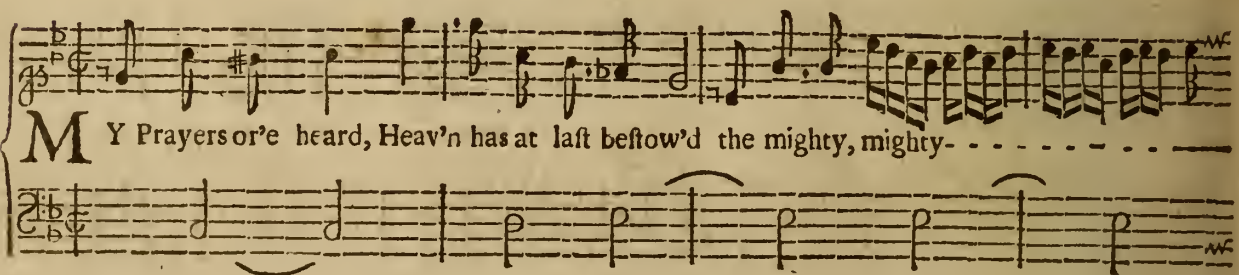


- - - - - ge I grow weak, while I ra- - - - - ge, while I ra- - - - -

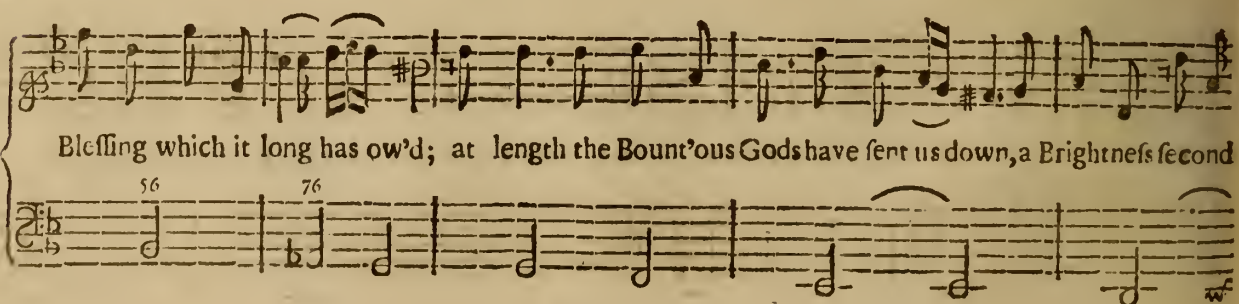


- - - - - ge I grow weak, and the Goddess grows stronger.

A Verse out of the late Queen's Birthday SONG.



MY Prayers or'e heard, Heav'n has at last bestow'd the mighty, mighty- - - - -



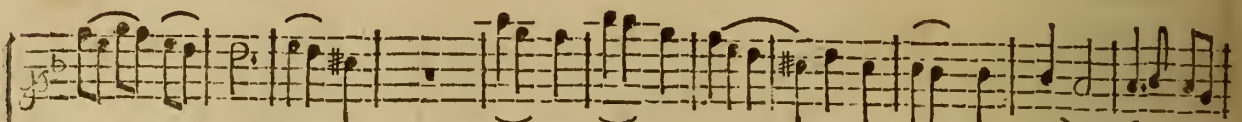
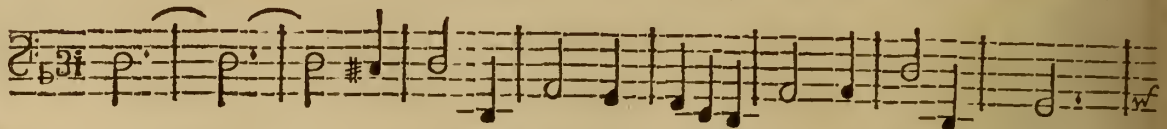
Blessing which it long has ow'd; at length the Bount'ous Gods have sent us down, a Brightness second



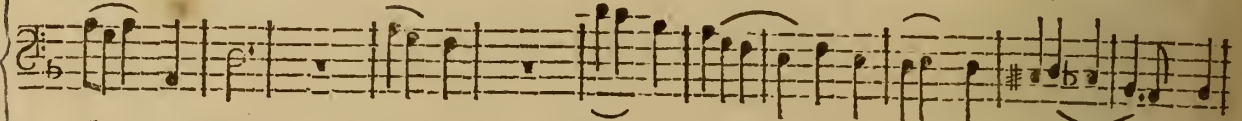
S A-mo-ret and Thir-fis lay, as A-mo-ret, as A-mo-ret and



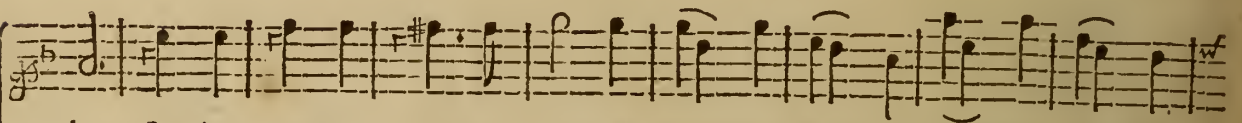
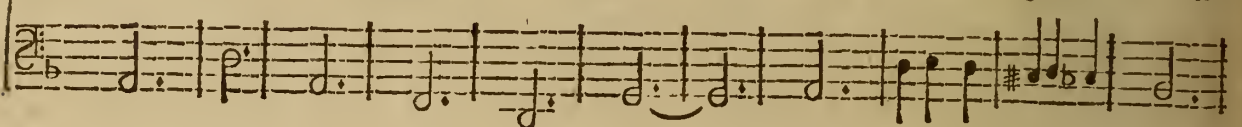
As A-mo-ret and Thir-fis lay as A-mo-ret and



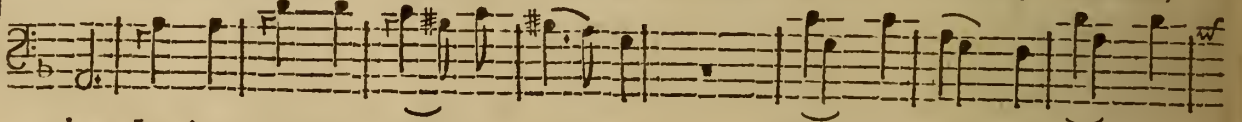
Thir-fis lay; Melting, melting, melting, melt-ing the hours in gen-tle



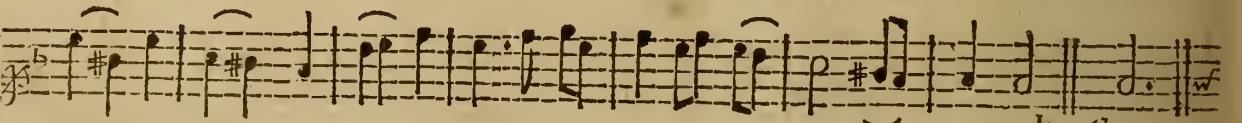
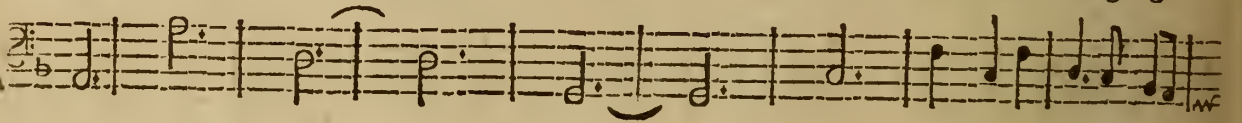
Thir-fis lay; Melting, melting, melt-ing the hours in gen-tle



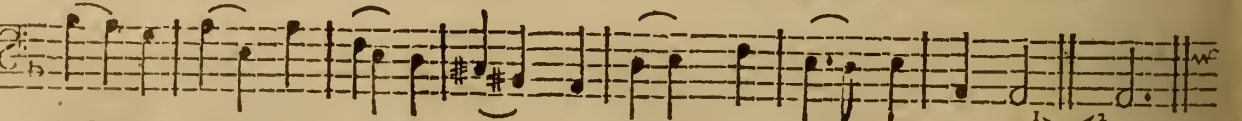
play; Joyning, joyning, joyning Fa-ces; Mingling Kif-fes, mingling Kif-fes,



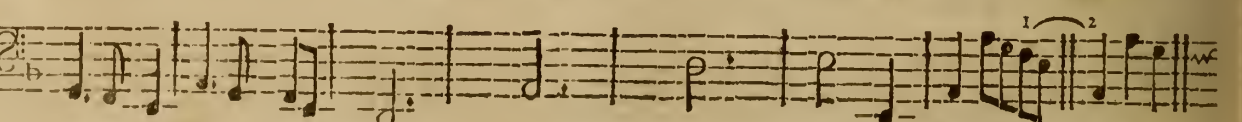
play; Joyning, joyning, joyning Fa-ces; Mingling Kif-fes, mingling

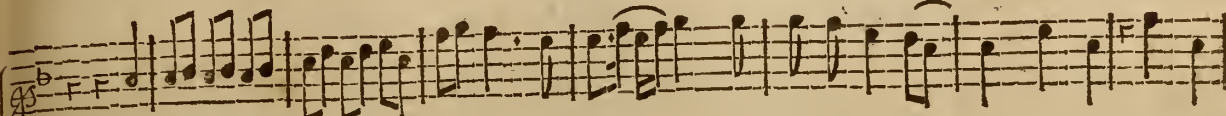


mingling Kif-fes, and ex-chang- - - - - ing harmlefs Blif-fes: 1 2

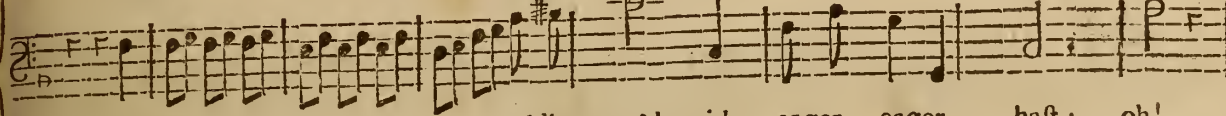


Kif-fes, mingling Kif-fes, and ex-chang-ing harmlefs Blif-fes: 1 2

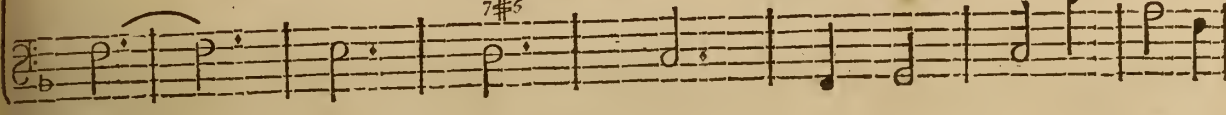




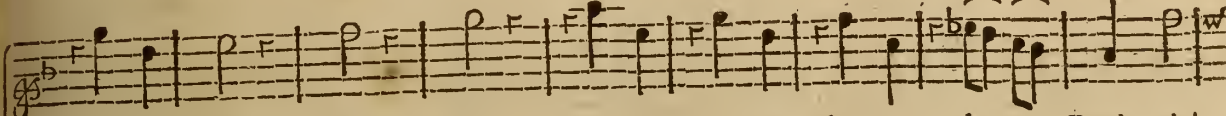
He trem- - - - -bling cry'd, with eager, ea-ger haſt; let me, let me,



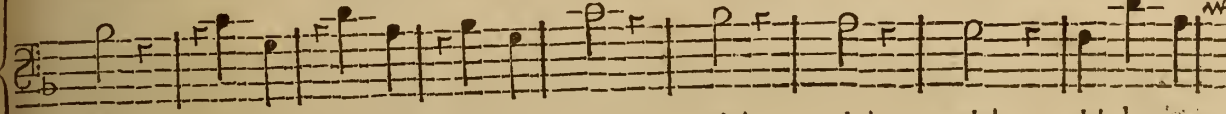
He trem- - - - -bling cry'd, with eager, eager haſt; oh!



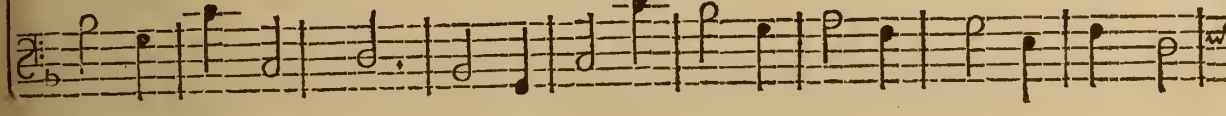
7#5



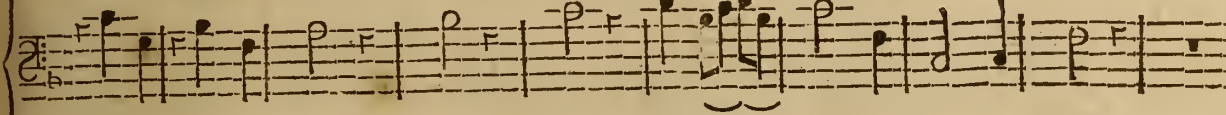
let me Feed; oh! oh! let me, let me, let me, let me Feed; oh!



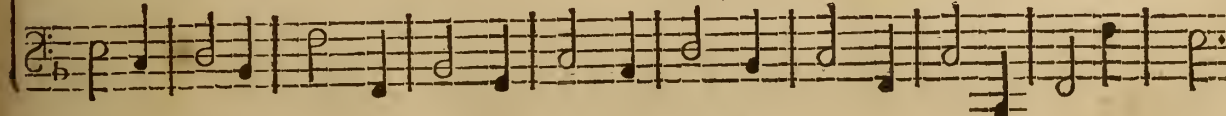
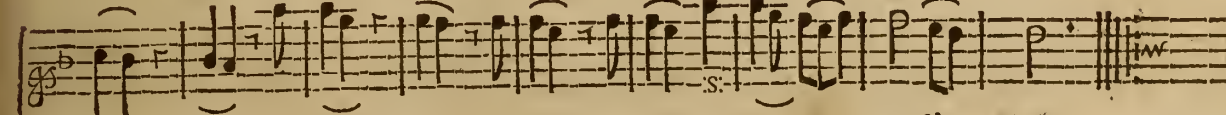
oh! let me, let me, let me, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! let me



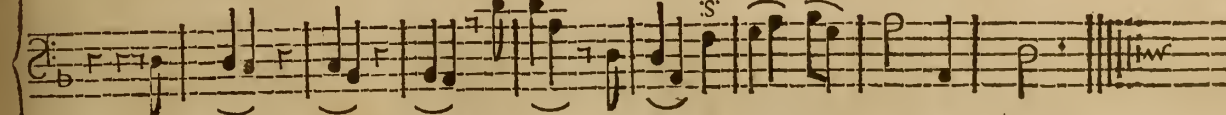

oh! oh! oh! let me, let me, let me, let me, Feed as well as Taſt; I dye,



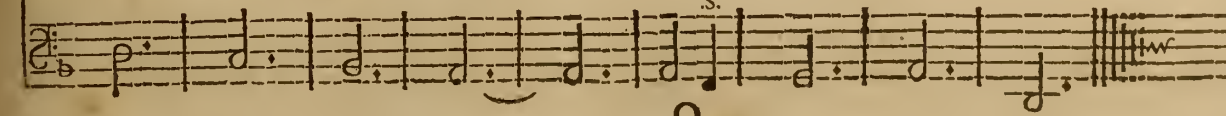
let me, let me, ho! oh! oh! oh! let me Feed as well as Taſt;

die, die, I die, die, I die, I die if I'm not wholly Bleſt.



I die, die, die, I die, I die if I'm not wholly Bleſt.



A single SONG in the Indian Queen.

Wake, wake, wake, our soft- - - - -

rest must cease; Wake, wake, wake, our

wake, Qui- - - - - ra, wake, our

soft- - - - - rest must cease, and fly- - - - - to-gether, and

fly- - - - - to-gether with our Country's

peace ; no more, no more, no

more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no, — — — no more must we

sleep, must we sleep under Plan——tain shade, which neither Heat could peirce, nor

Cold in-vade ; where bount'ous Nature never, never, never, never, never, never fells de--

—cay, and op'——ning Buds, and op'——ning Buds drive——fall——

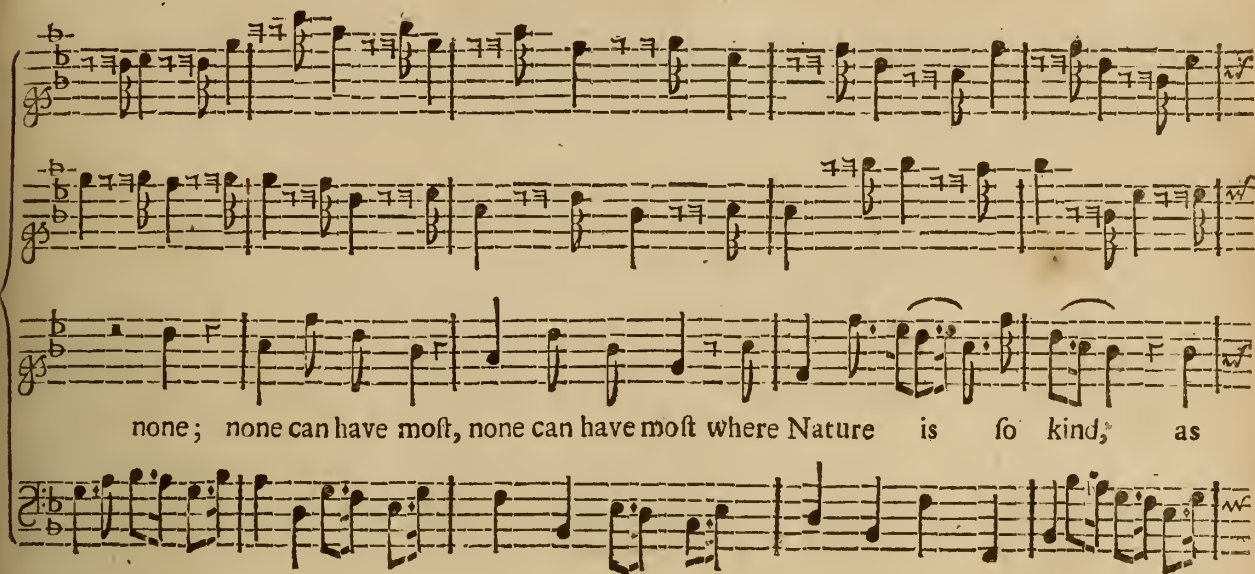
——ing Fruits a——way.

A SONG in the Indian Queen, Sung by Mr. Bowen.

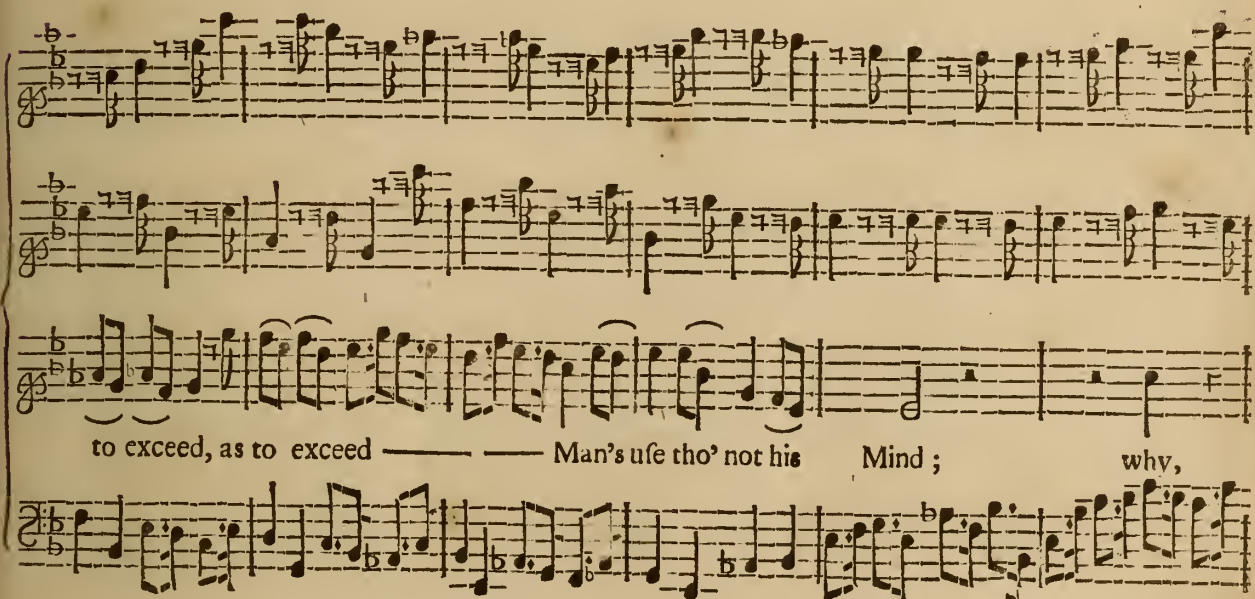
Hy, why,

why, shou'd men quarrel, why, why shou'd men quarrel here, where all, all, all, where

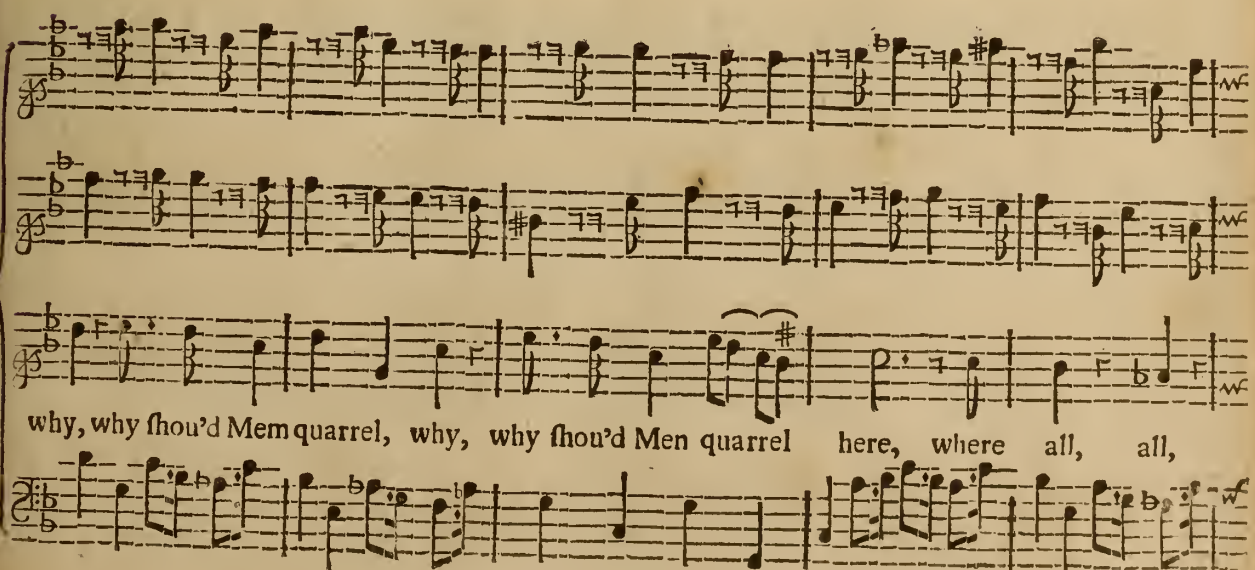
all — — — — — pos-sess as much as they can hope for by suc-cess ;



none; none can have most, none can have most where Nature is so kind, as



to exceed, as to exceed ——— Man's use tho' not his Mind; why,

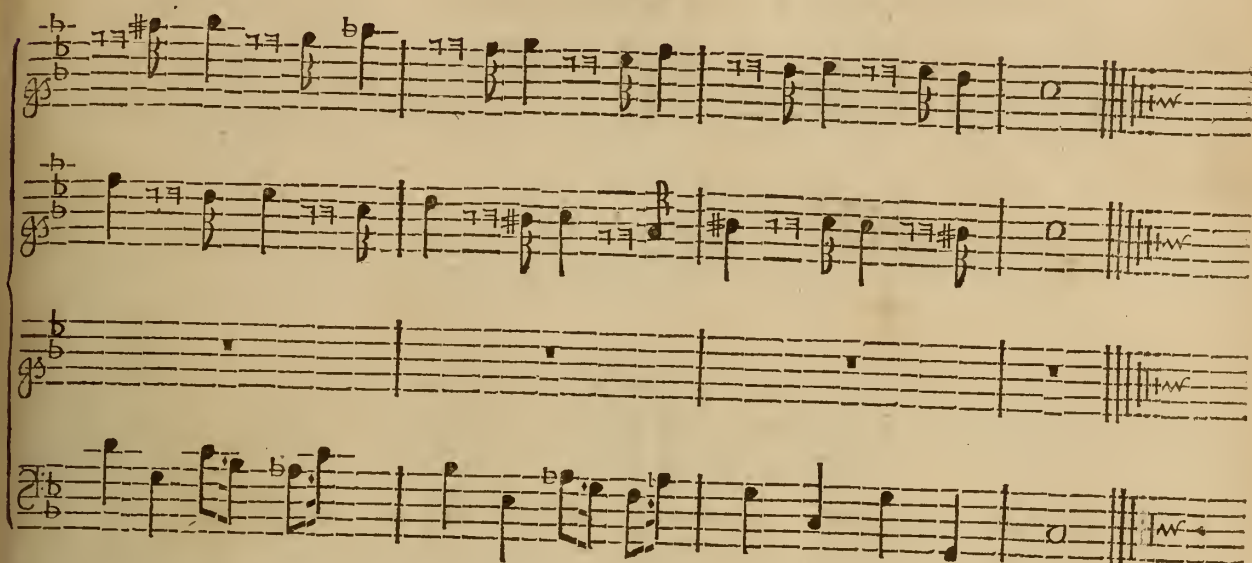


why, why shou'd Mem quarrel, why, why shou'd Men quarrel here, where all, all,

all, where all- - - - - pos- - sels as much as they can hope for by suc-

--cess, as much as they can hope for by suc- - - - - cess as much as they can

hope, as much as they can hope for by suc- - - - - cess.



A SONG in the Indian Queen, Sung by Mr. Freeman.

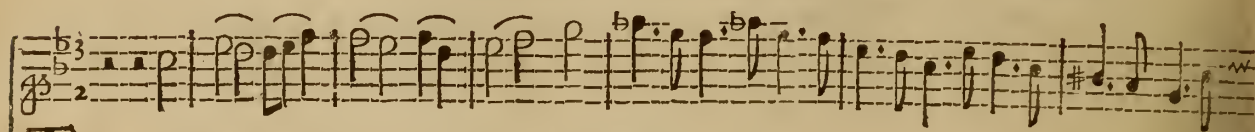
S Corn'd Envy here's nothing, here's nothing that thou, that thou canst blast; Her

glo—ries, her glo—ries are too bright, to be o're—

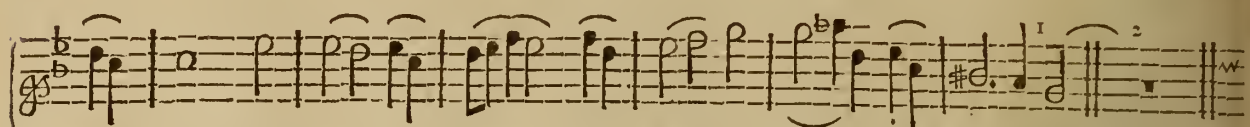
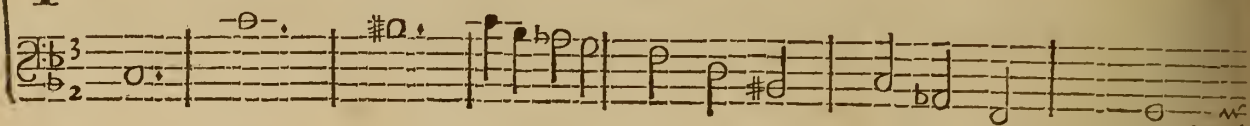
—cast; her glo—ries, her glo—ries are too brigh—

—t to be o're—cast.

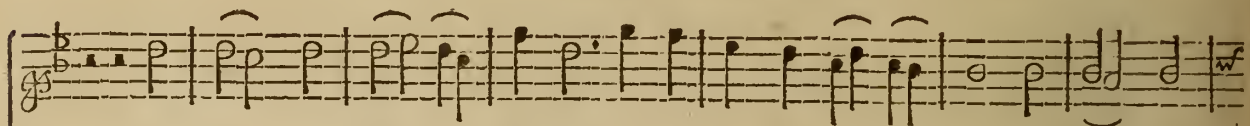
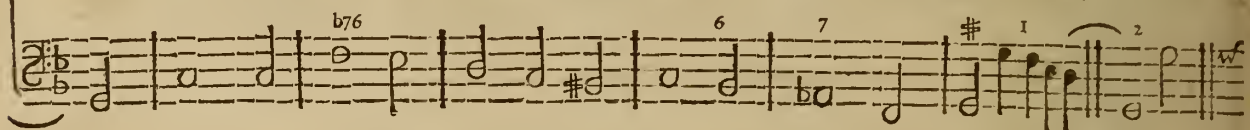
A SONG in the Indian Queen, Sung by Mr. Freeman.



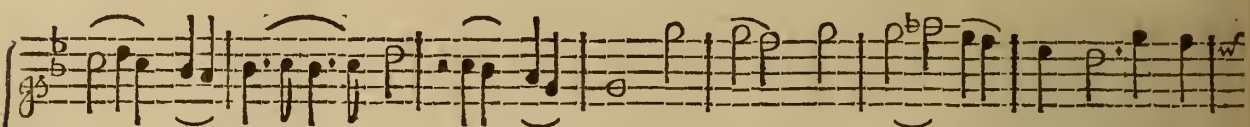
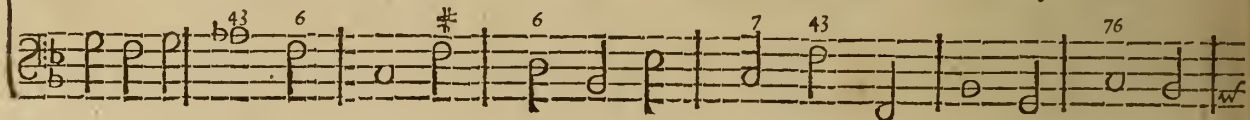
T Heir looks are such that Mercy flow- - - - -s



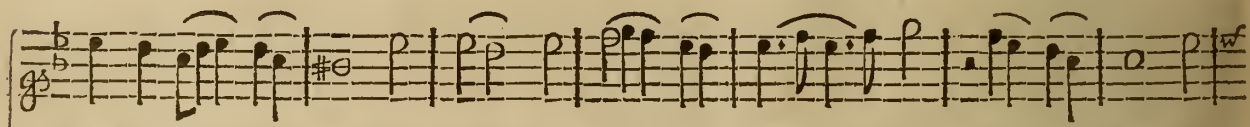
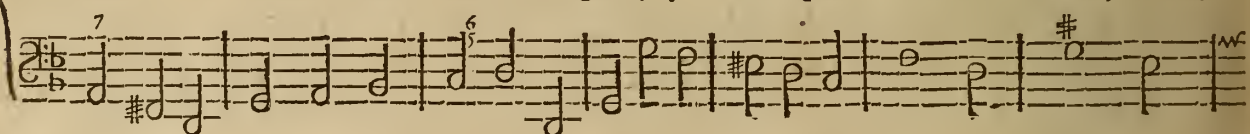
from thence, more gen—tle, gen—tle then our Na—tive innocence:



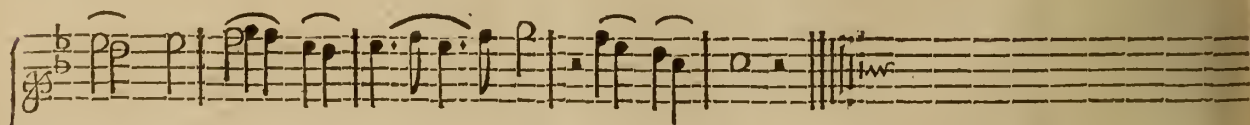
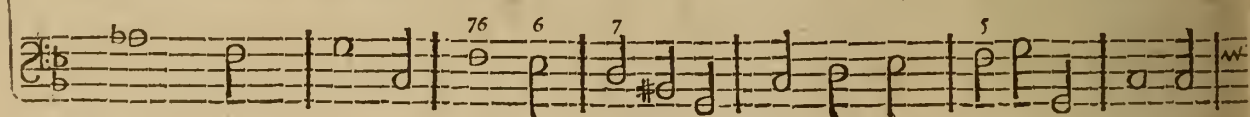
By their pro—tec—tion let us, let us, let us beg to live, they come not



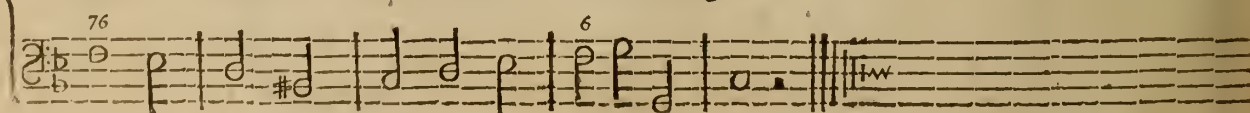
here to con—quer but for—give; by their pro—tec—tion let us, let us,



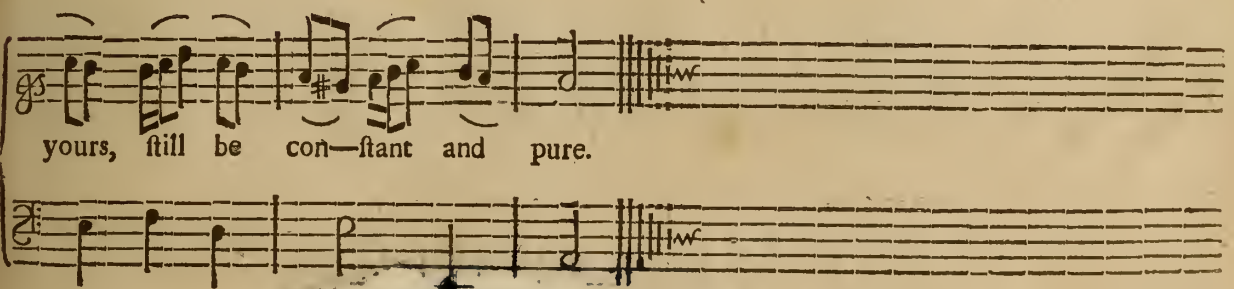
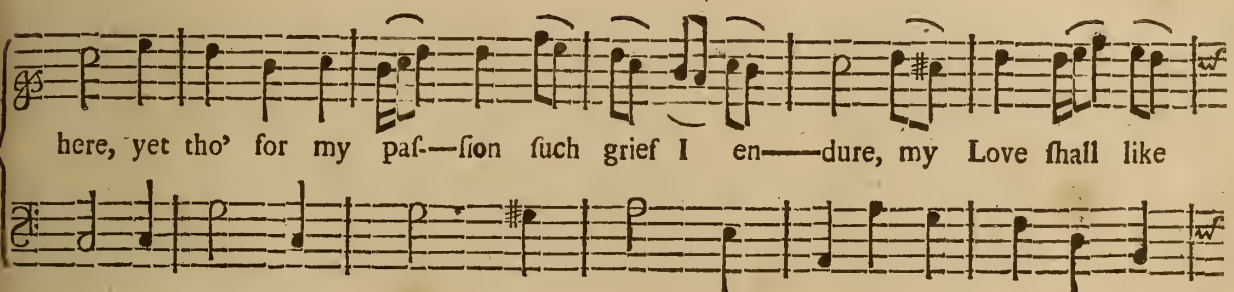
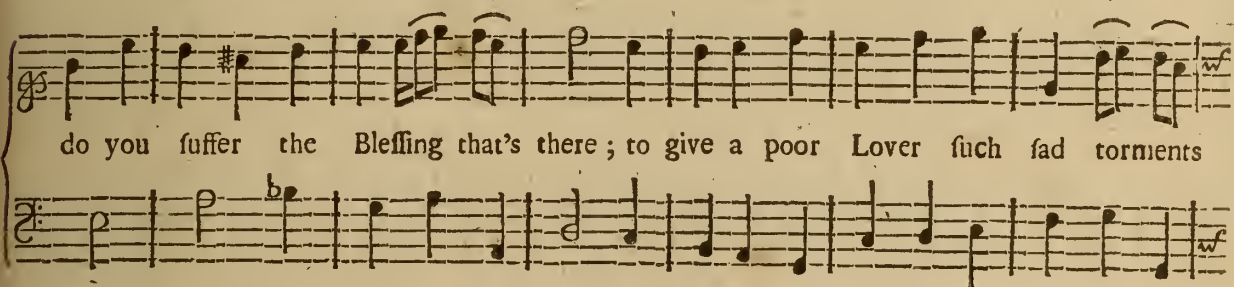
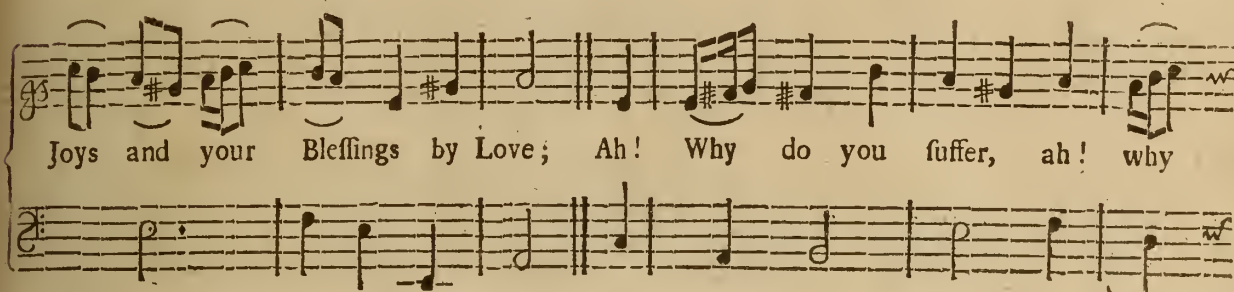
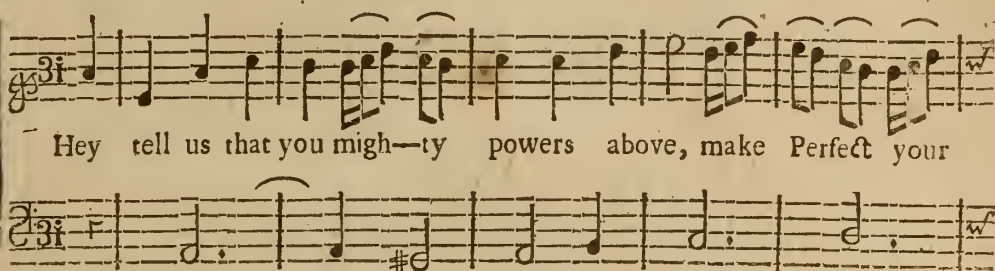
let us beg to live, they come not here to con—quer but for—give, they



come not here no con—quer but for—give.



A SONG in the Indian Queen, Sung by Mrs. Cross.



II.

To suffer for him gives an ease to my pains,
 There's joy in my Grief, and there's freedom in chains;
 If I were Divine, he could love me no more,
 And I in return, my Adorer Adore;
 Oh! let his dear life then, (Kind Gods) be your care,
 For I in your Blessings have no other share.

A SONG in the Indian Queen, Sung by Mr. Freeman and Mr. Church.

A H! ah! how hap-py are we, are we, are we, ah!

ah! how hap-py are we, from humane passions, from humane pas-sions

free : Ah! ah!

free : Ah!

-d Tenants of the Breaſt; no never, never, no never,

-d Tenants of the Breaſt; no never,

never, no never, never, never can diſturb our reſt; ah!

never, no never, never, never can diſturb our reſt; ah! ah!

ah! how happy are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how happy are

ah! how happy are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how hap-py are

we: Yet we pit-ty, we pit-ty, we pitty, tender Souls whome the Tyrant

we: Yet we pit-ty, we pit-ty, tender Souls whom the

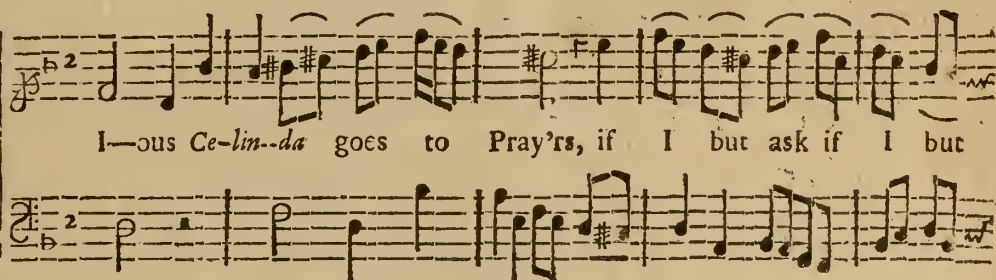
Love, whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love con—trouls;
Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love con—trouls;

Ah! ah! how hap—py are we, from humane
Ah! ah! ah! how hap—py are we,

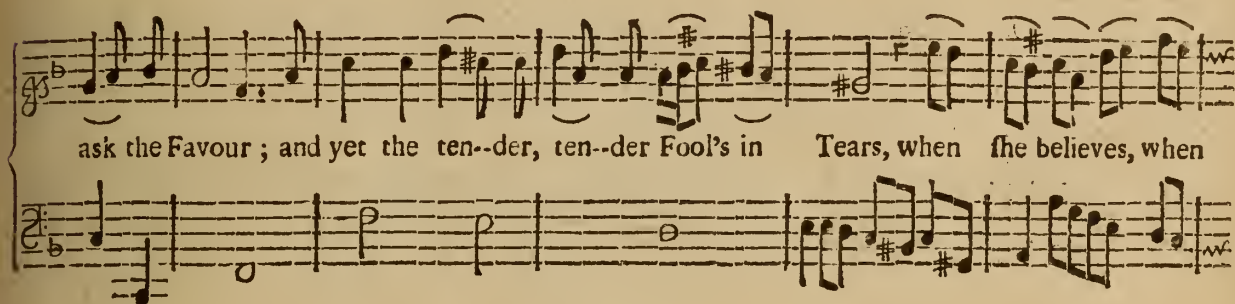
Passion, from humane Pas—
from humane Pas—

-sion free.
-sion free.

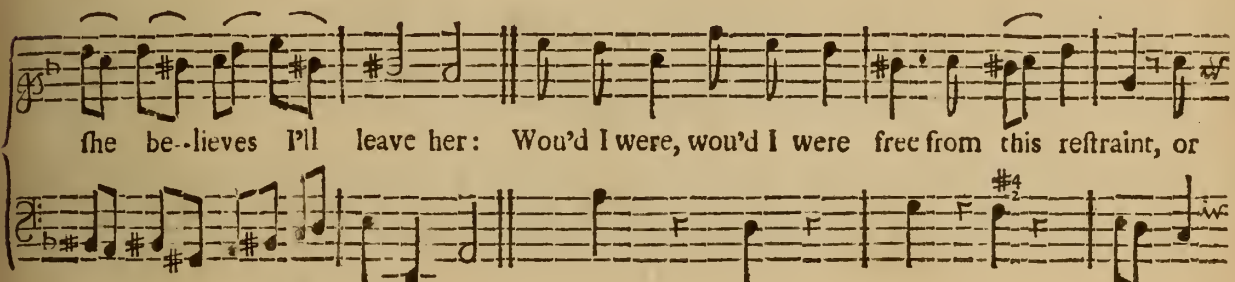
A single SONG, the Words by Mr. Congreve.



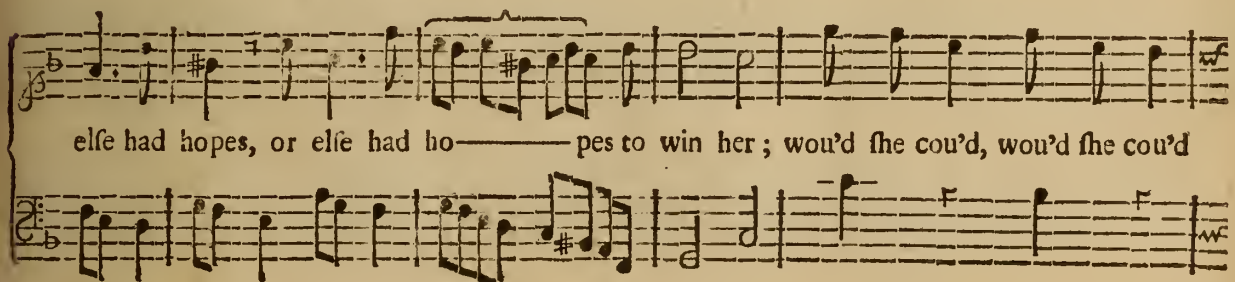
I—ous Ce-lin--da goes to Pray'rs, if I but ask if I but



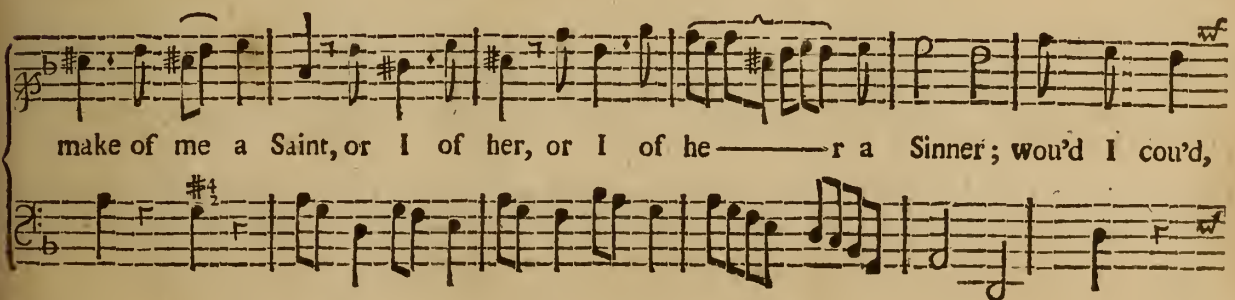
ask the Favour ; and yet the ten--der, ten--der Fool's in Tears, when she believes, when



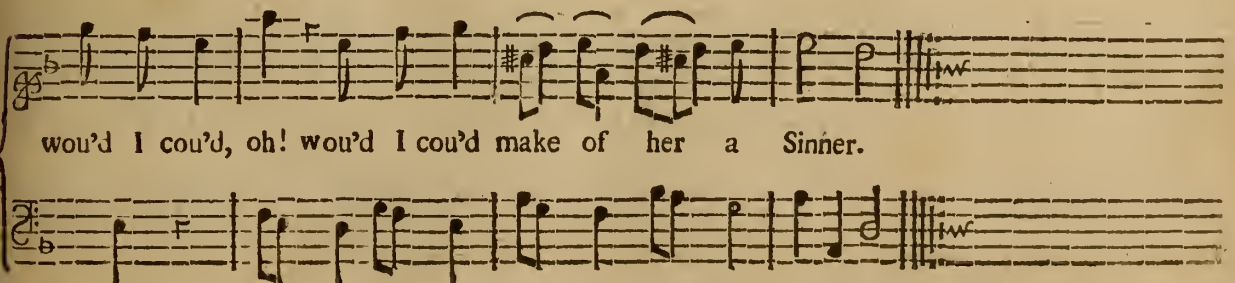
she be--lieves I'll leave her: Wou'd I were, wou'd I were free from this restraint, or



else had hopes, or else had ho—pes to win her ; wou'd she cou'd, wou'd she cou'd

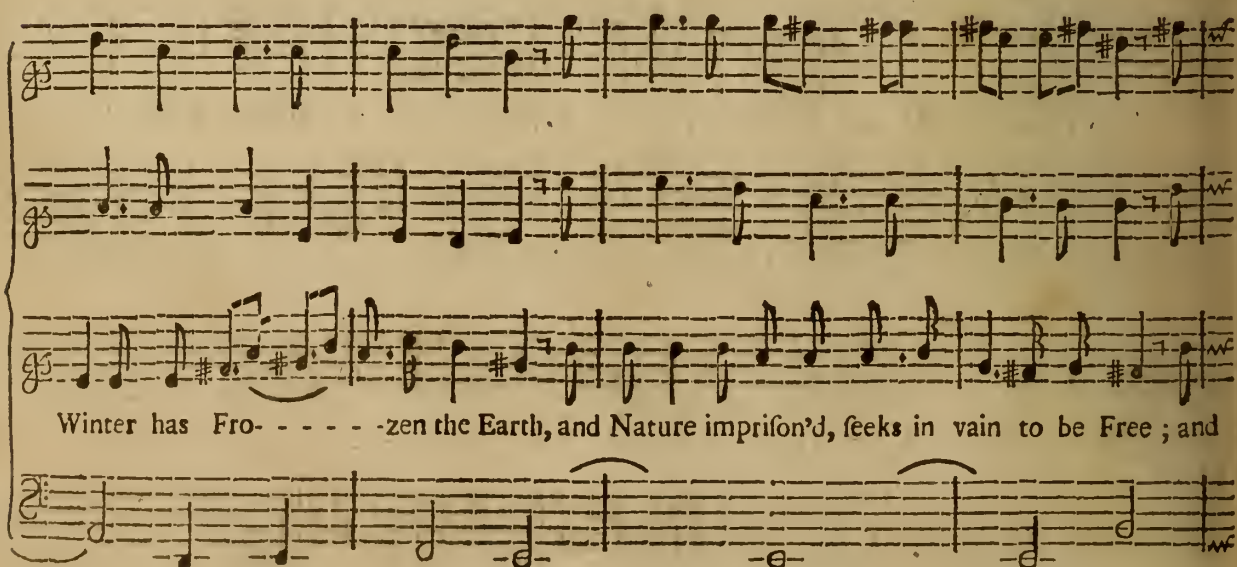
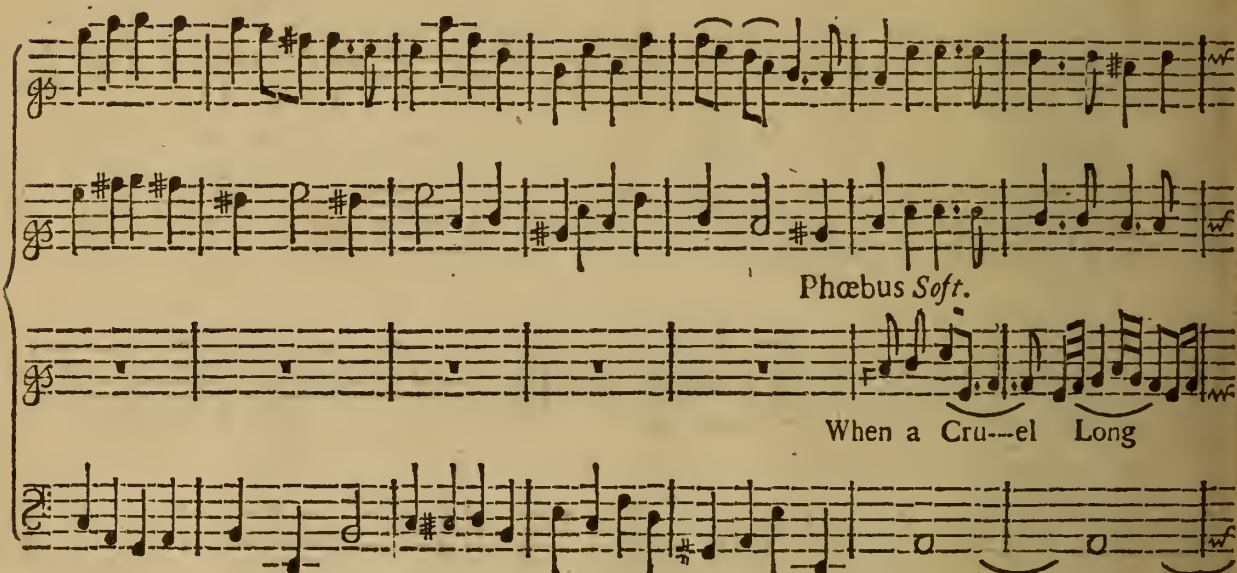
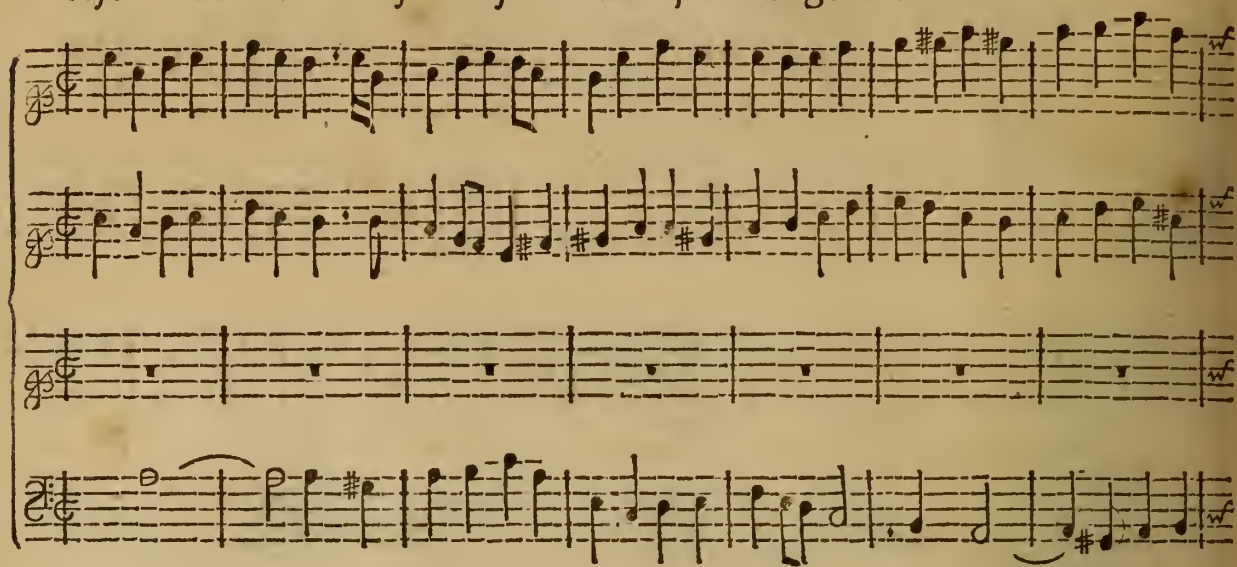


make of me a Saint, or I of her, or I of he—r a Sinner ; wou'd I cou'd,



wou'd I cou'd, oh! wou'd I cou'd make of her a Sinner.

A SONG by Phœbus in the Fairy-Queen, which shou'd have been put before the Four Seasons of the Year, in Page 21.



Nature imprison'd seeks - - - in vain to be Free : I

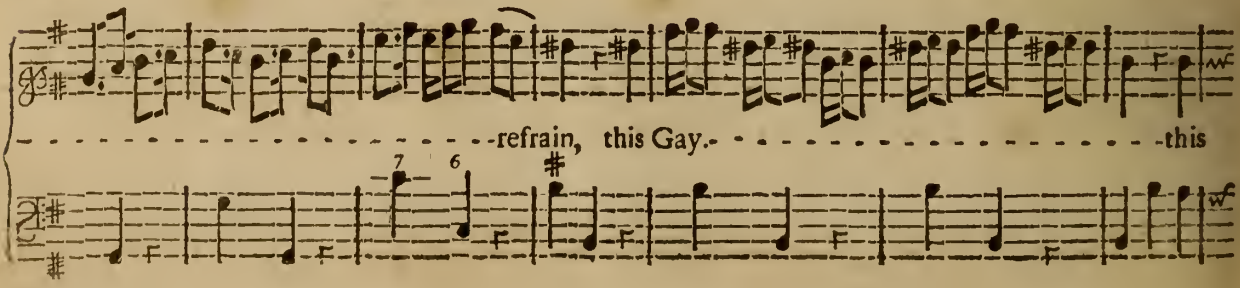
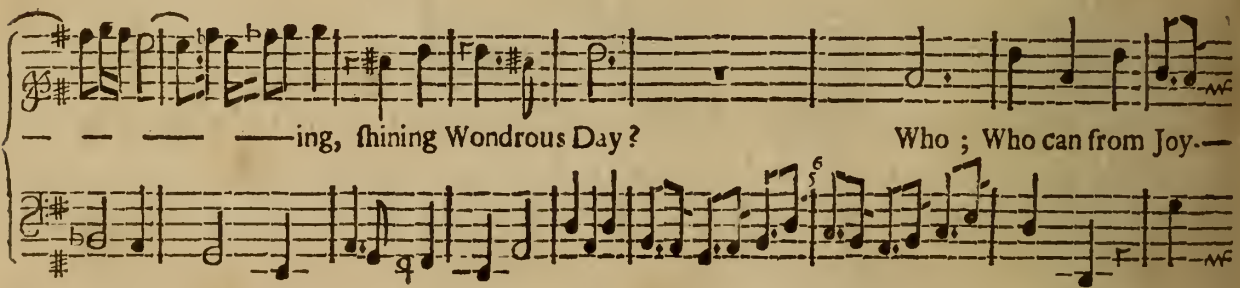
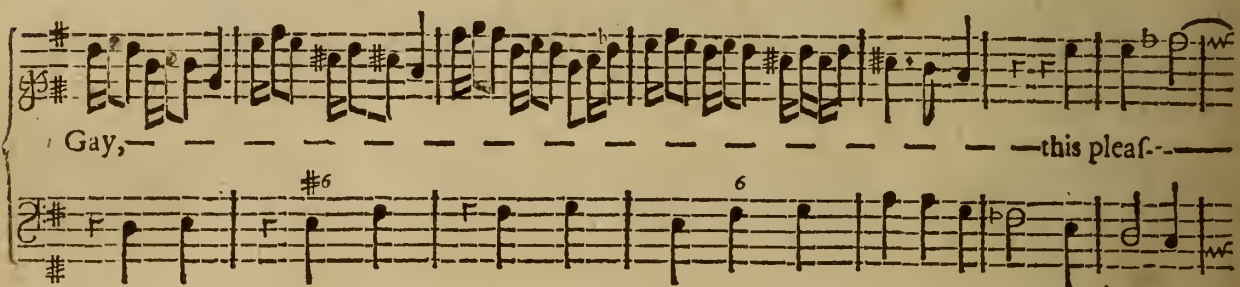
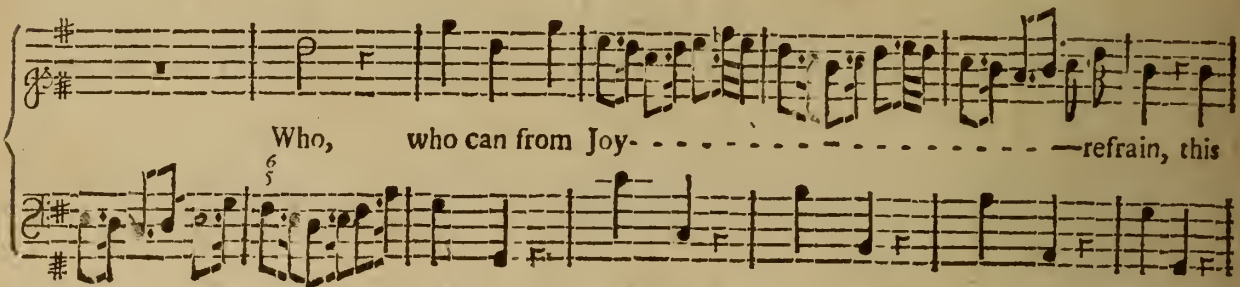
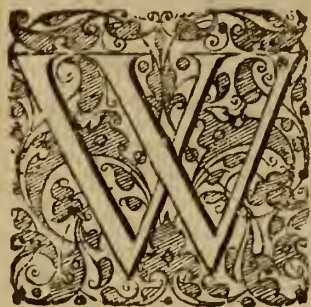
Dart forth my Beams to give all things a Breath, make-ing Spring for the Plants, ev'-ry

Flow'r and each Tree. 'Tis I who give Life - - - warmth and Vigour to

all ; ev'n Love who rules all things in Earth Air and Sea, wou'd Languish and fade and to

nothing, nothing would fall ; the World to its Chaos wou'd re---turn, but for me.

The following Five Verses, are taken out of one of the Duke of Gloucester's Birth-Day SONGS.



pleasing, pleasing shining wond'rous day; wond'rous, wond'rous, wond'rous,

wond'rous, wond'rous, wond'rous, wond'rous, wond'rous, wond'rous,

day, wond'rous, wond'rous, wond'rous day.

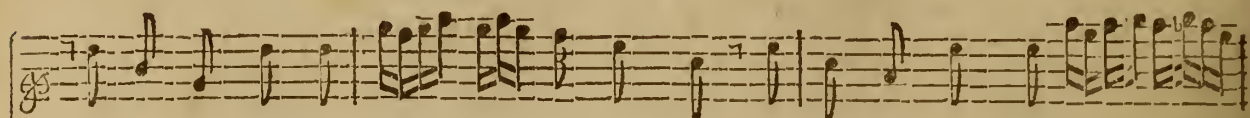
The Second SONG for Two Voices.

Or tho' the Sun has all, has all his Summers Glo—

For tho' the Sun has all, has all his Summers Glo—

—ries on, has all, all, all, has all, all, all his Summers Glories on;

—ries on, has all, all, all, all, all his Summers Glories on;



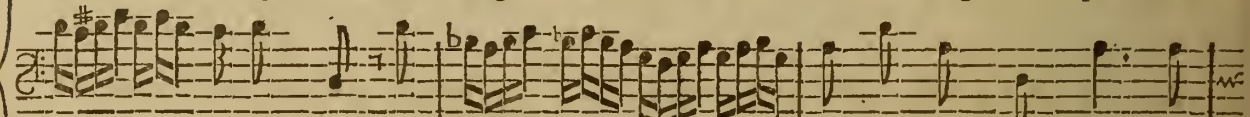
This day has brighter, brigh—ter splendors, this day has brighter, brigh— — —



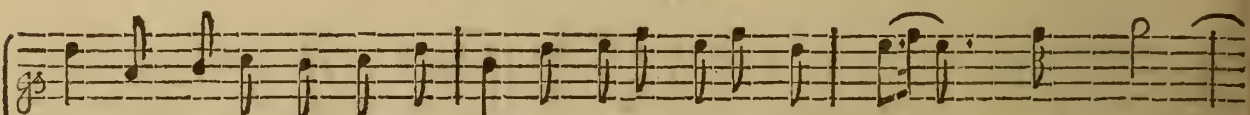
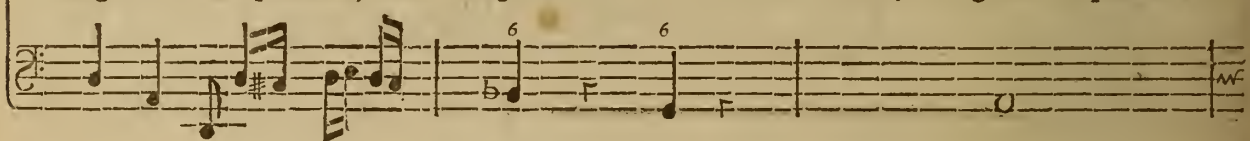
This day has brighter, brigh—ter Splendors, this day has brighter,



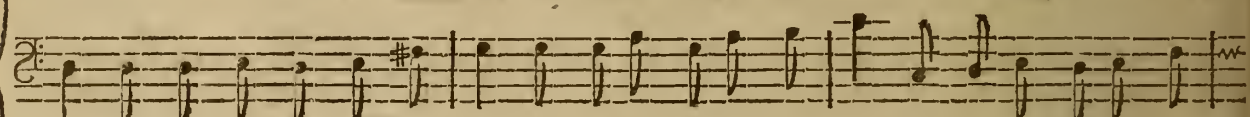
— — —ter splendors, has brigh— — —ter, brighter splendors



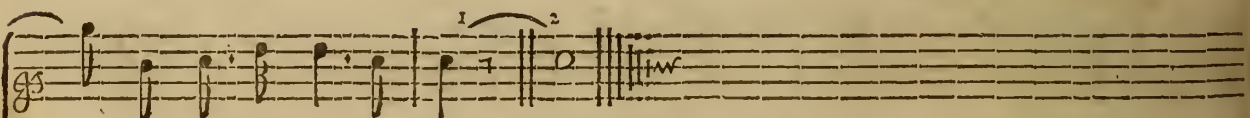
brigh—ter splendors, has brigh— — —ter, brighter splendors



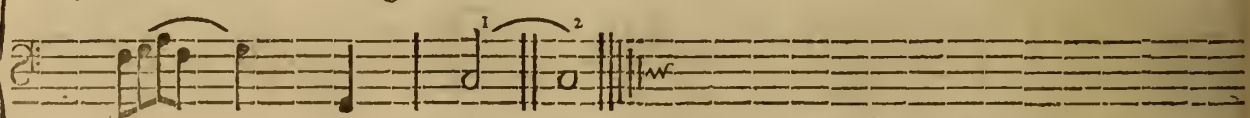
far, from a lit—tle rising Star, from a lit—tle, lit—tle ri—sing Star —



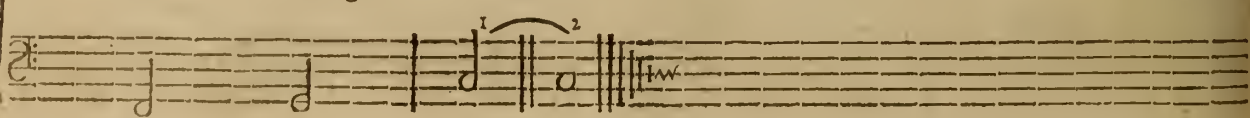
far, from a lit—tle ri—sing Star, from a lit—tle ri—sing Star, from a lit—tle, lit—tle



—, a lit—tle ri—sing Star.



ri—sing Star.



SOLO.

The Third SONG.

A Prince, a Prince of Glo- - - - -

-rious Race descend-ed, at his hap-py, hap-py Birth, at his hap-py, hap-py,

hap- - - - - py Birth at-tend-ed ; A Prince, a Prince of

Glo- - - - - rious race descended, at his happy happy Birth, at his hap-py

happy, hap- - - - - py Birth attended ; With Ro- - - - - fy Smi- - - - - ling

hours, with Ro- - - - - fy Smi- - - - - ling hours to shew, he will Golden Days be-

—flows, he will, he will, he will, he will Golden days be—flow, he

will, he will, he will, he will Golden Days be—flow.

The Fourth SONG *with* VIOLINS.

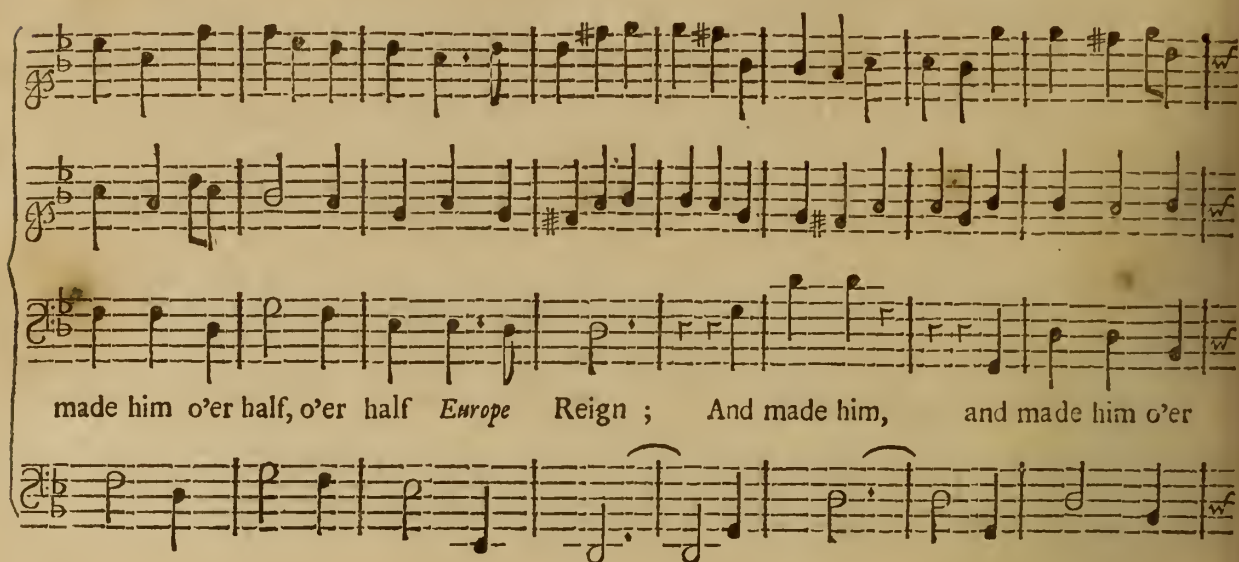
The image shows a page from a music book with three staves of music. The first two staves are for a piano accompaniment, and the third staff is for the vocal melody. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics 'The Father Brave, the Father Brave as' are written below the third staff.

e're was Dane, as e're was Dane ; Whose Thundring,

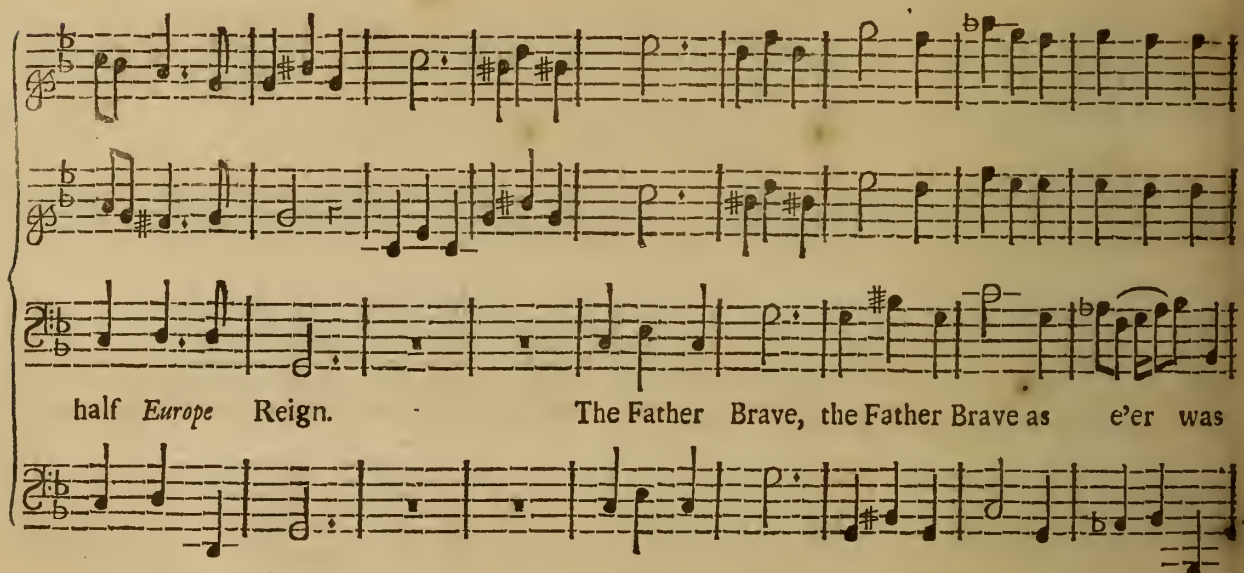
Thundring; Thundring, Thundring Sword, whose Thundring, Thundring,

Thundring, Thundring Sword, has Thousands, thousands, has thousands, thousands, thousands,

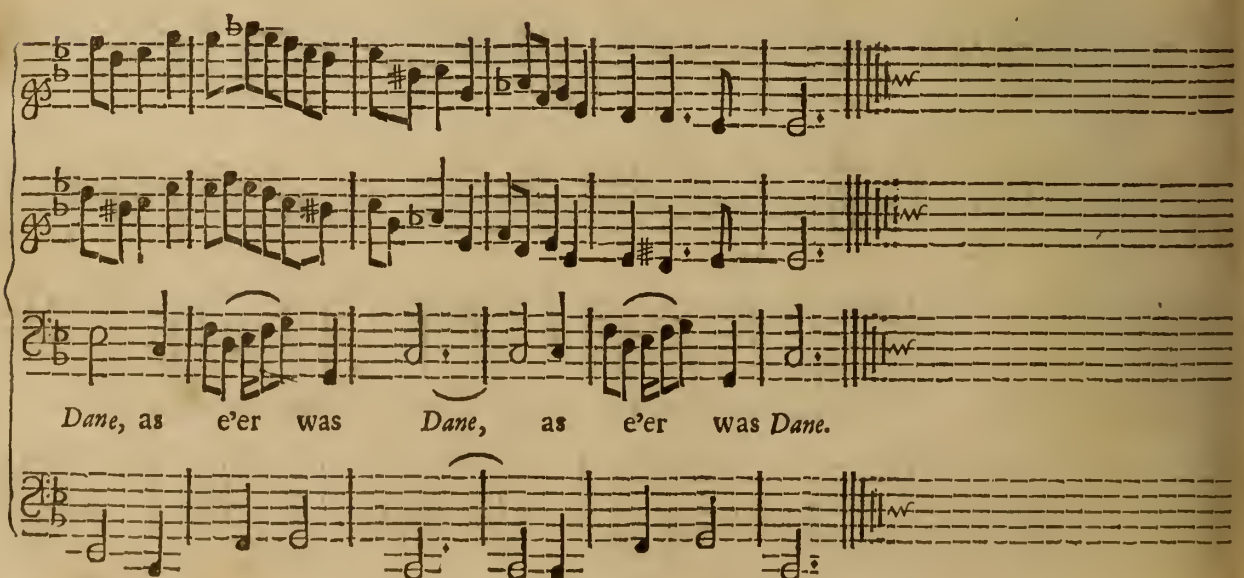
thousands Slain, has thousands, thousands, has thousands, thousands Slain, and made him, and



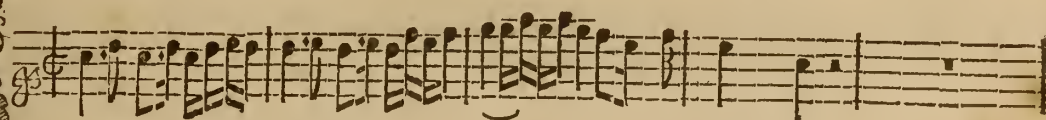
made him o'er half, o'er half *Europe* Reign ; And made him, and made him o'er



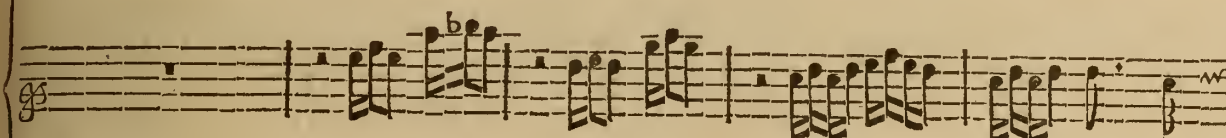
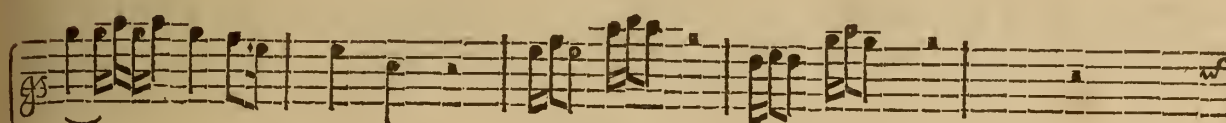
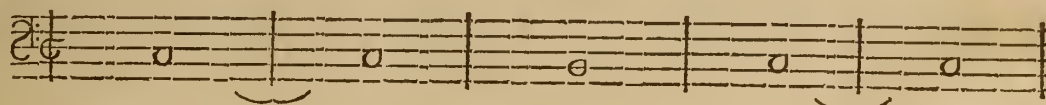
half *Europe* Reign. The Father Brave, the Father Brave as e'er was



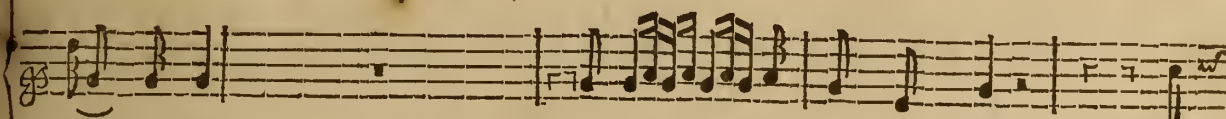
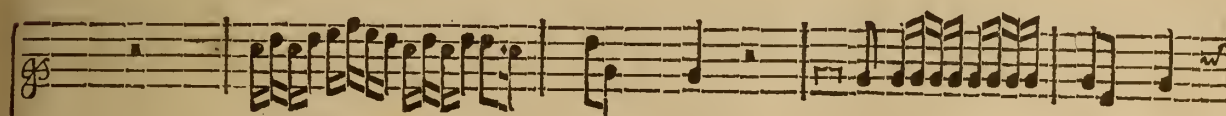
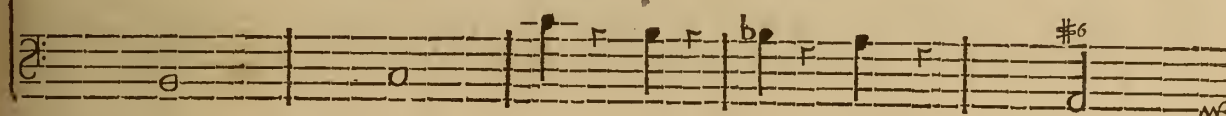
Dane, as e'er was Dane, as e'er was Dane.

The Fifth SONG, with a Trumpet.

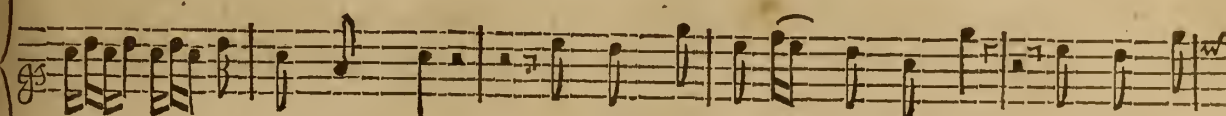
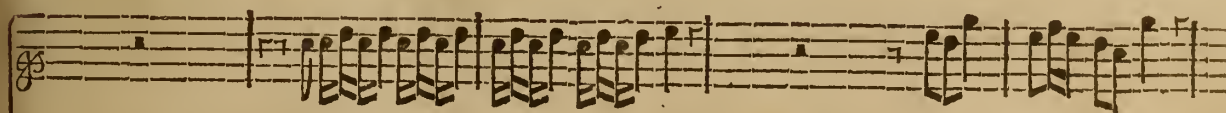
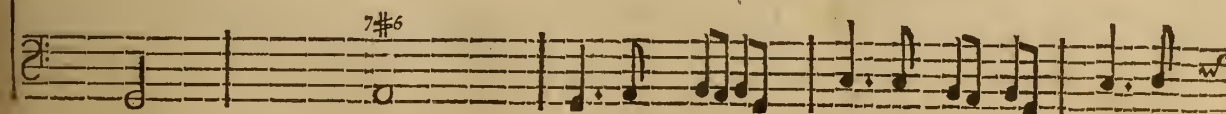
Oun- - - - - d the Trumper,



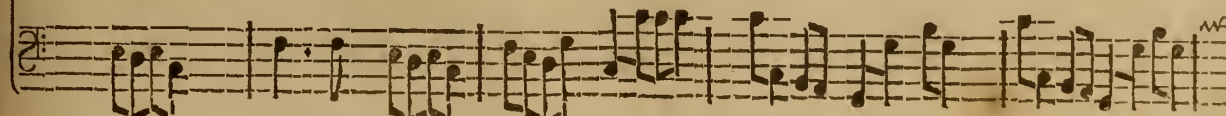
foun—d, foun—d, foun— — — — d the



Trumpet Sound ; And beat the War-like Drums, and



beat the War-like Drums; The Prince will be with Lawrels Crown'd, the Prince will



be with Lawrels Crown - - - - -d, be-fore his Manhood comes ;

Ah! Ah! how pleas'd he is and Gay, Ah! Ah! How

pleas'd he is and Ga- - - - -y, when the Trumpet Strikes his Ear, when the

Trumpet Strikes his Ear; Ah! Ah! how- pleas- - - - -d he

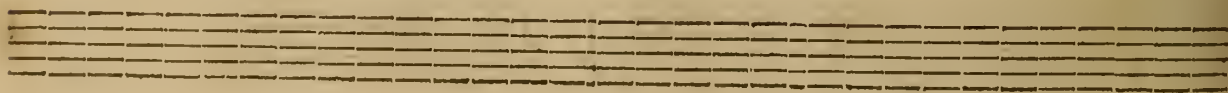
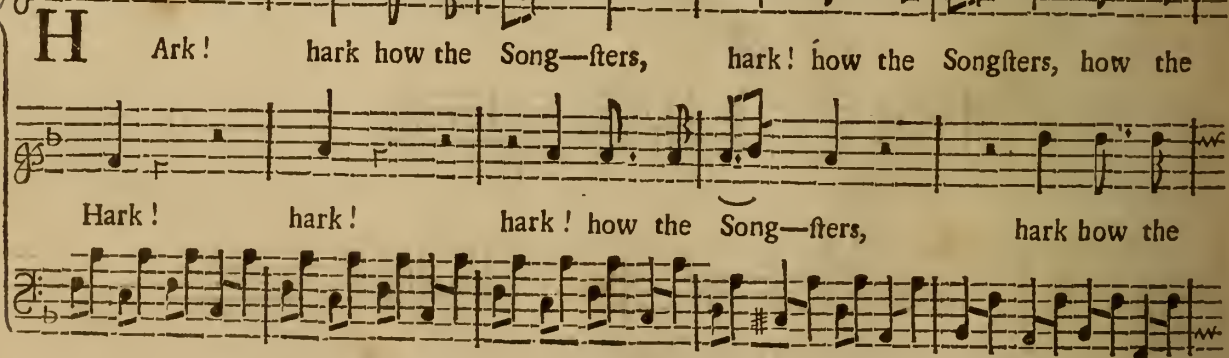
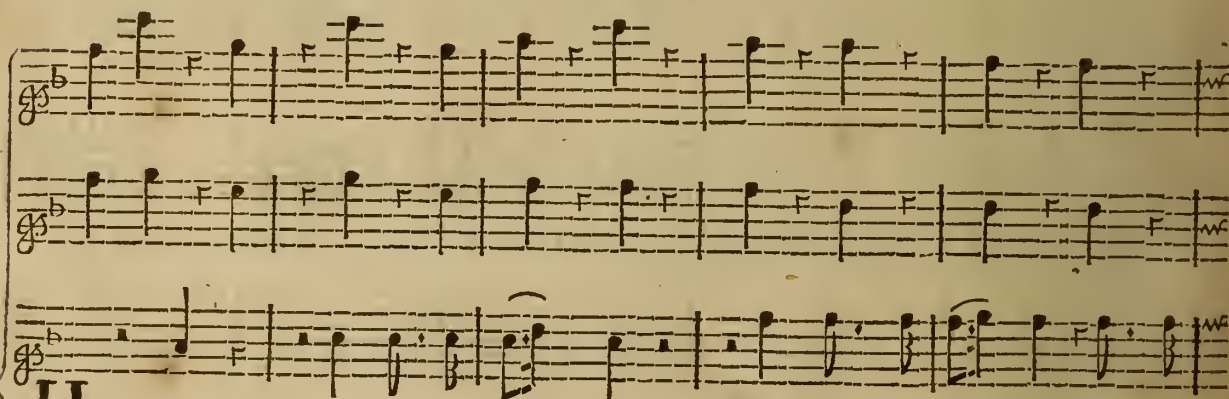
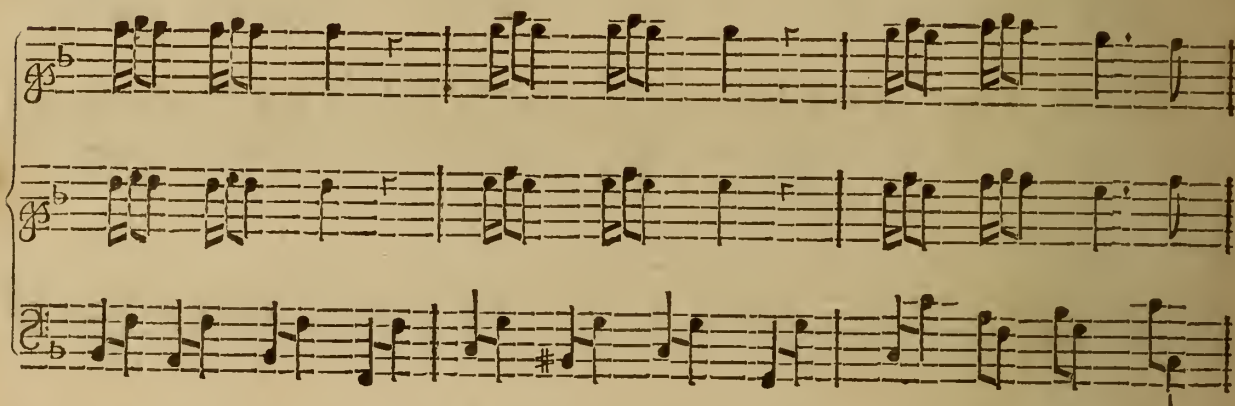
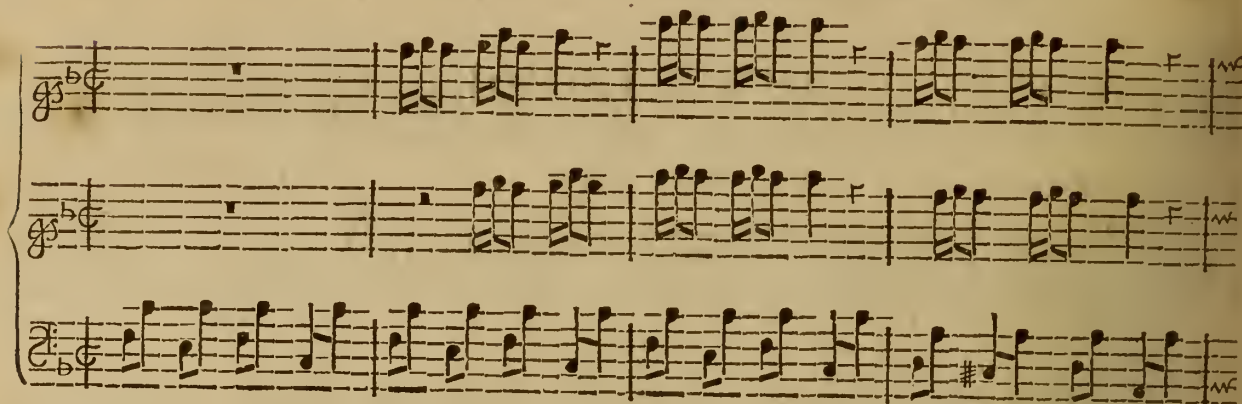
is and gay ; His hands like shak- - - - -ing Lillies play ;

his hands like shake- - - - -ing

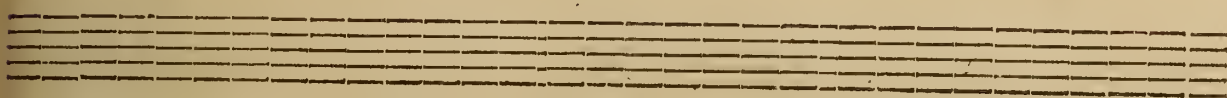
Lillies play, and catch, and catch, and catch, and catch at ev- - -ry Sphear, and catch

at ev-ry Sphear.

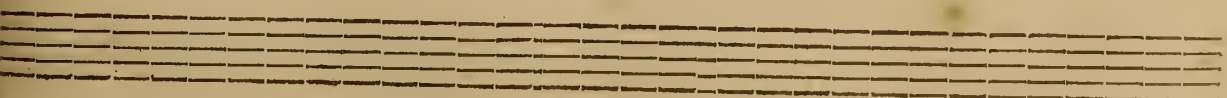
MUSIC in Timon of Athens.

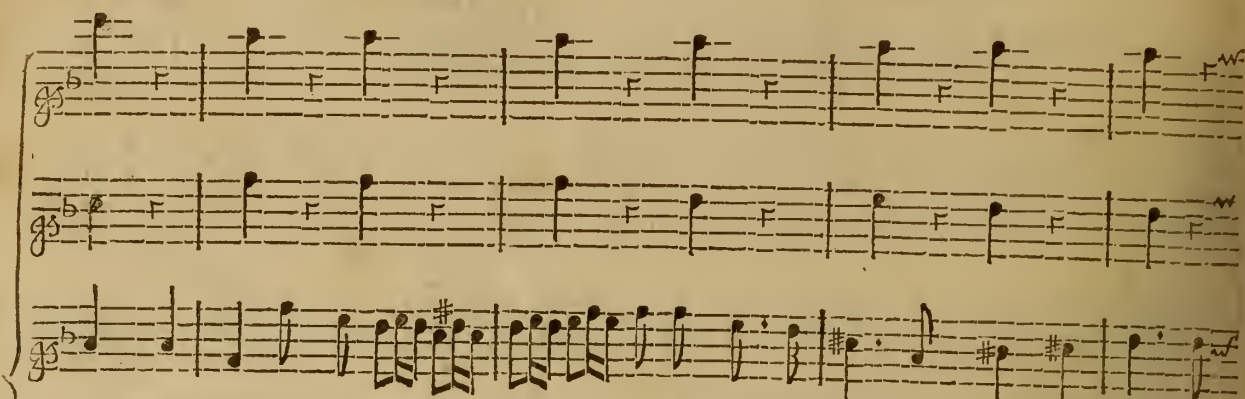
The First SONG, with Flutes.

Song— — —fters of the Grove ; Sin— — —g, Sin— — —



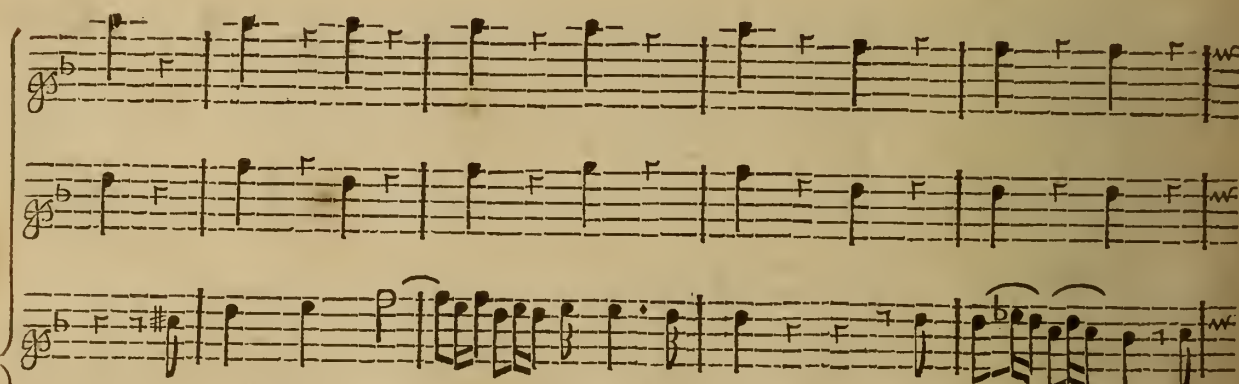
— — —g, Anthems to the God of Love. Hark ! hark ! hark !





hark! hark! hark how each Am — — — arous winged pair, with Love's great Praifes,

hark! hark how each Am — — — arous winged pair, with Love's great



with Love's great Prai- - - - fes fill the Air; On ev—'ry fide the

Praifes, with Love's great Praifes fill the Air; On ev—'ry fide the Char- - -

Charm- - - - -ing found does from the hollow Woods, does from the hollow Woods, the

- - - - -ing found does from the hollow Woods, does from the hollow

Charming found does from the hallow, hollow, hollow Woods re-boun- - - - -

Woods, the Charming found does from the hollow Woods reboun- - - - -

—d; Does from the hollow, hol—low Woods re—bound,
—d; does from the hollow, hollow, hollow, hol—low Woods rebound, re—

rebound.
—bound, re—bound.

rebound.
—bound, re—bound.

L Ove in their little Veins in-spires, Love in their lit-tle Veins inspires, their

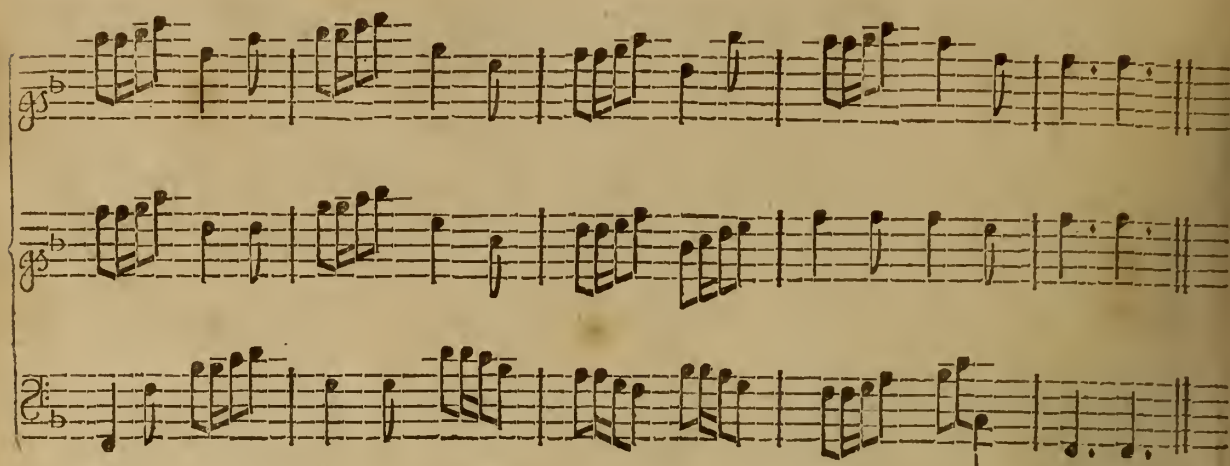
Cher — — — — — full Notes their soft de—fire, Love in their little

—fire while heat, while heat make Budds and Blossoms spring; those pretty, pretty Couples love and

sing ; But Winter puts out, puts out their desire, and half the year they want, they want Loves

Fire ; But Winter puts out, puts out their desires, and half the year they

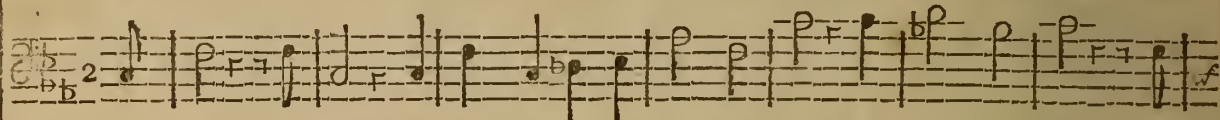
want, they want Loves Fire. But Fire.



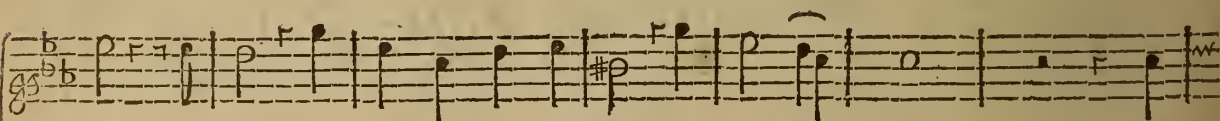
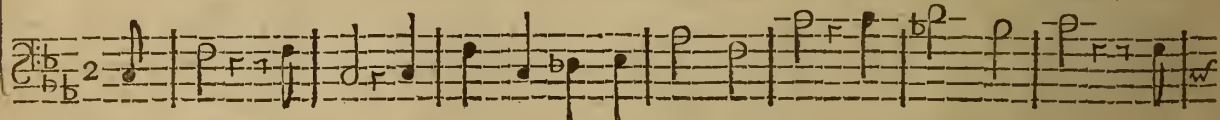
B Ut ah! but ah! how much are our delights more dear, more, more, more dear ; But



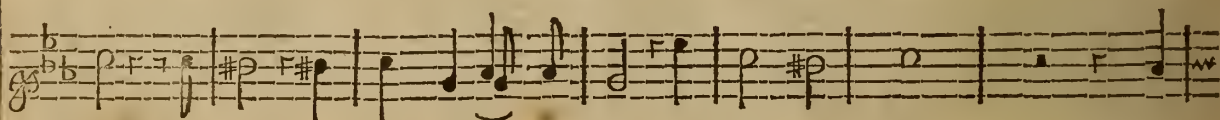
But ah! but ah! how much are our delights more dear, more, more, more dear ; But



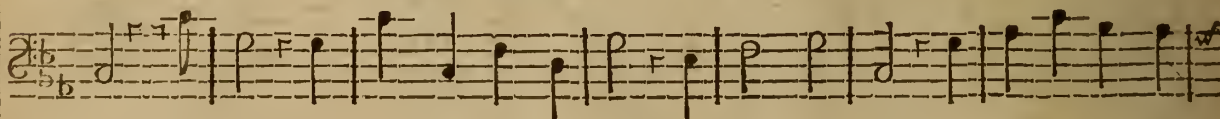
But ah! but ah! how much are our delights more dear, more, more more dear ; But



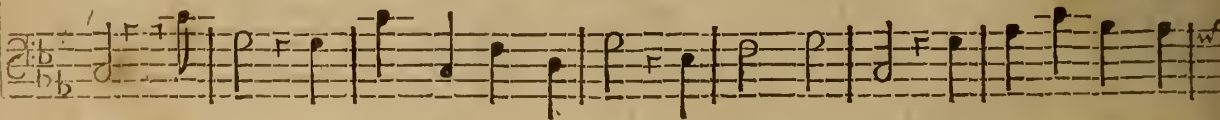
ah! but ah! how much are our delights more, more, more dear ; For



ah! but ah! how much are our delights more, more, more dear ; For



ah! but ah! how much are our delights more, more, more dear ; for on-ly human



Only Human kind, for on-ly Human kind, For on-ly Human kind; love,
 On-ly Human kind, for on-ly Human kind, For on-ly Human kind; love
 kind, for only Human kind, for only Human kind; Love, love, love

all the year, all, all, all, all, all the year; For only
 all the year, all, all, all, all, all the year; For on-ly, only
 all the year, all, all, all, all, all the year; For only,

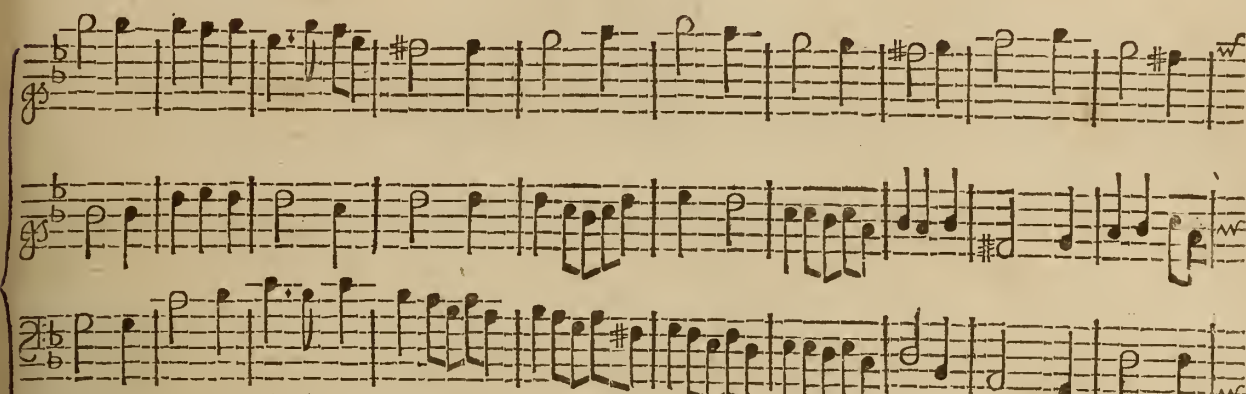
Human kind, love all the year.
 Human kind, love all the year.
 human kind, love all the year.

HAUTBOYS.

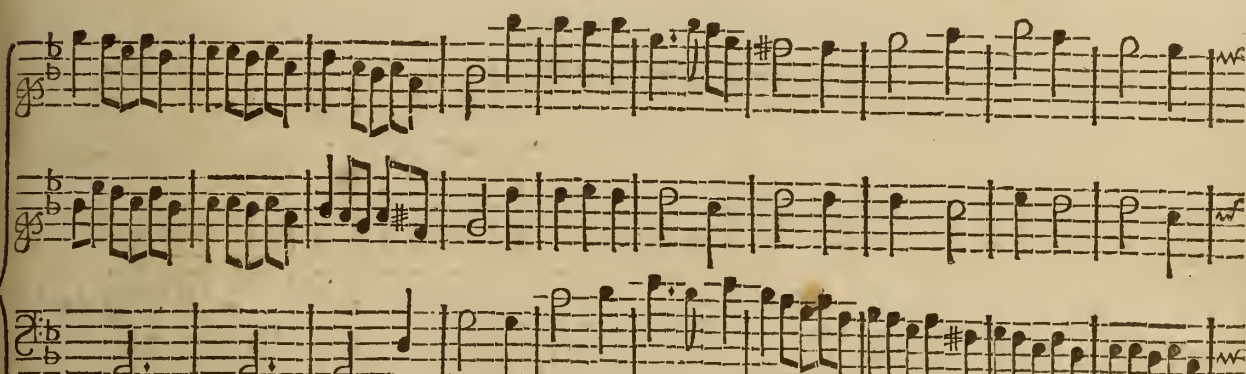
Hence, hence,

hence with your trifling Deity ; a grea- - - - -ter, grea- - - - -ter

grea- - - - -ter we a-dore ; Bacchus, Bacchus, Bacchus, Bacchus who

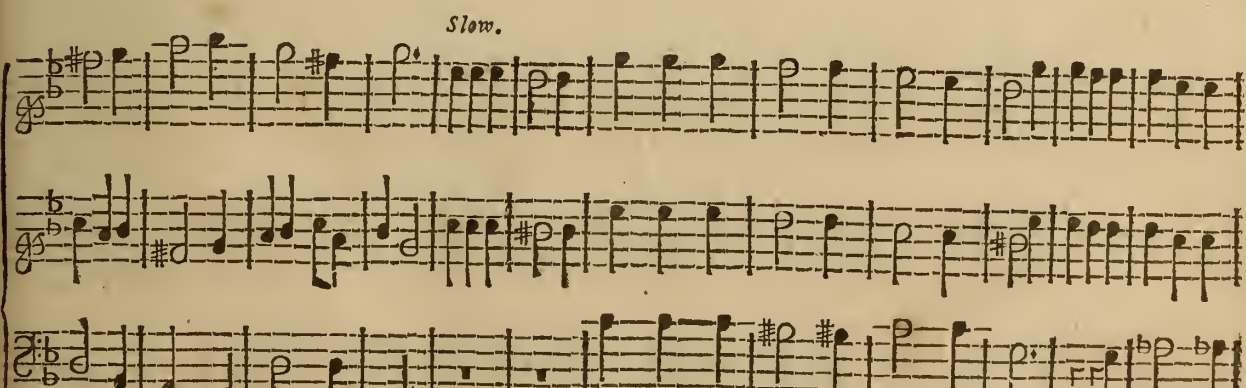


allways, allways keeps us Free ; - - - - - from that blind Childish



Pow'r- - - - - that allways, allways keeps us free, - - - - -

Slow.



from that blind Childish Pow'r : Love makes you languish and look pale, and sneak and

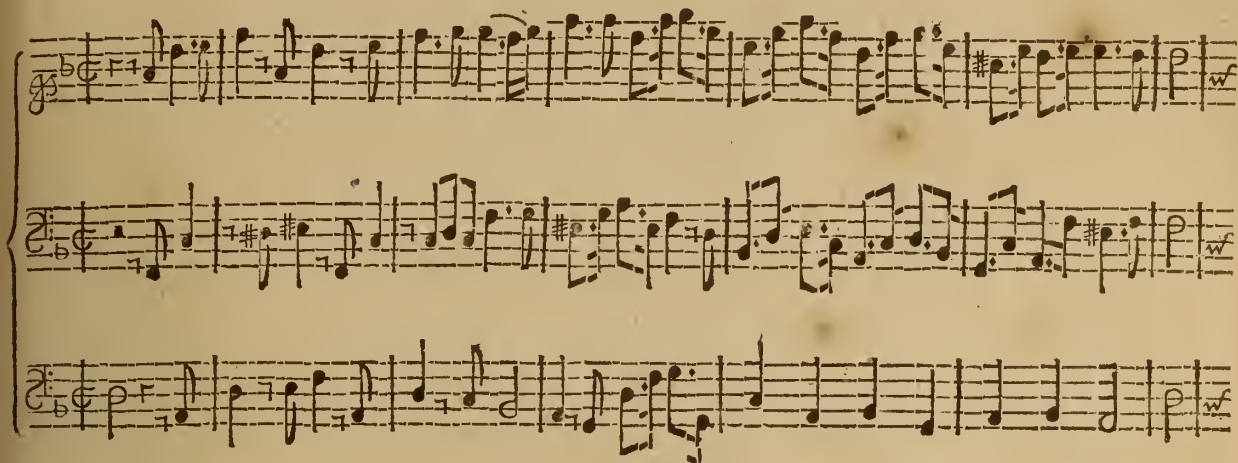
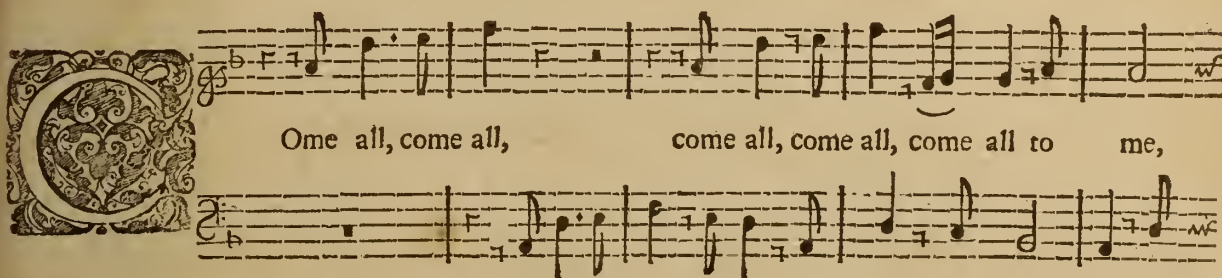
Brisk.

Sigh, sigh, sigh and whine, but over us no griefs prevail, No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no

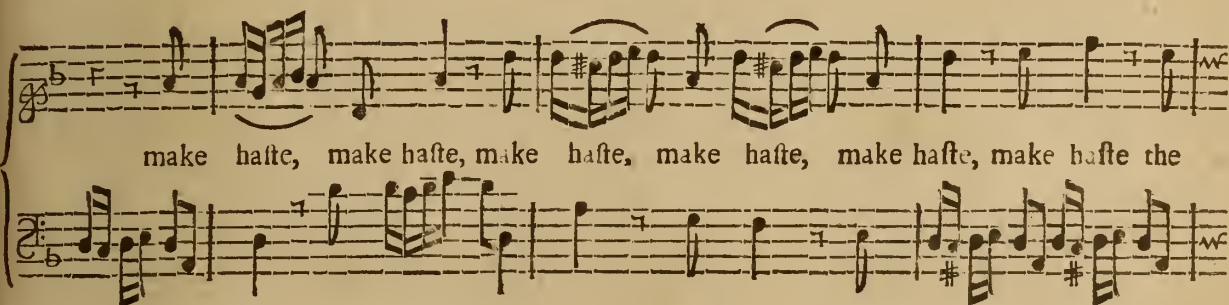
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no griefs prevail, while we have lu—sty Wine ; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no

griefs prevail, while we have lu—sty Wine, while we have lu—sty Wine.

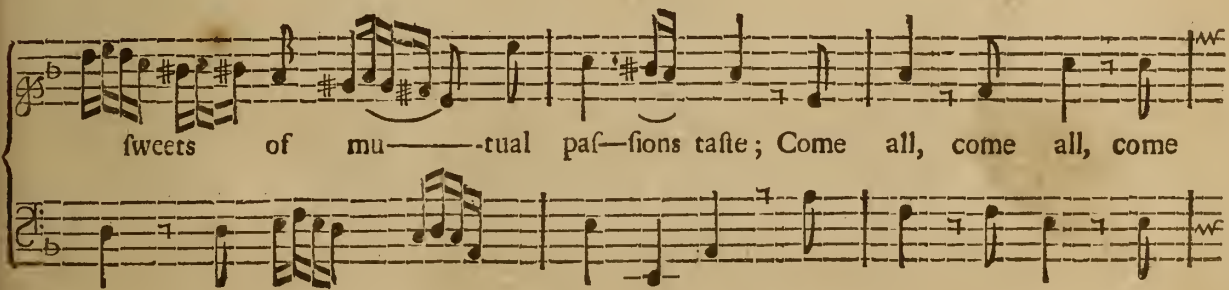
A single SONG with a SIMPHOMY.

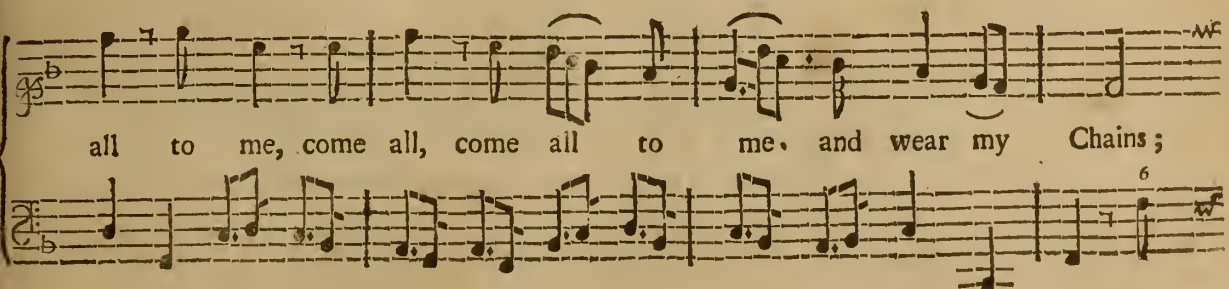
Ome all, come all, come all, come all, come all to me,



make haste, make haste, make haste, make haste, make haste, make haste the



sweets of mu—-tual pas—sions taste; Come all, come all, come



all to me, come all, come all to me, and wear my Chains;

the joys of Love, the joys — of Love without its pains ; The joys of

Love, the joy — -s of Love without its pains.

A SONG *with Instruments.*

Handwritten musical score for "The British Grenadiers". The score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The lyrics "Return, return, revolting Rebels; return, where d'ye go, where d'ye go, where d'ye go, d'ye" are written below the final staff.

know? D'ye know, d'ye know, what Phantism 'tis misleads you so: Return, return, re—

—volting Rebels return; Where d'ye go, whered'ye go, where d'ye go d'ye know? D'ye know, d'ye

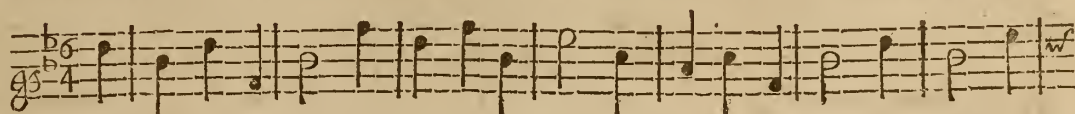
know what Phantism 'tis misleads you so, to grieve and to care, to grieve and to

care ; To Tyrannous Chains, to Tyrannous Chains, to doubt and despair ; To Barbarous

Jea-lou-sy, Barbarous jea-lou-sy, mi-se-ry, Slavery ; To Torments and pains,

to Torments, Torments and pains. *Return, as before.*

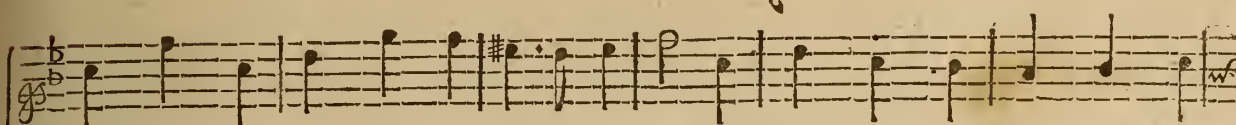
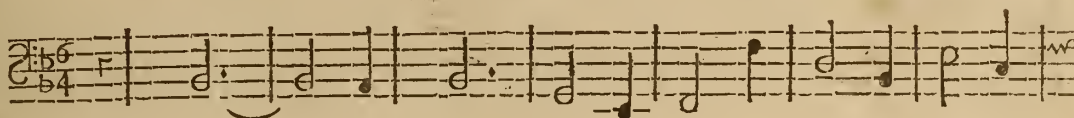
A Two Part SONG between Cupid and Bacchus.



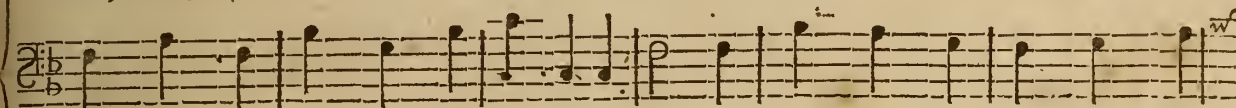
Ome let us a-gree, come let us a-gree, come let us a-gree, come, come, come,



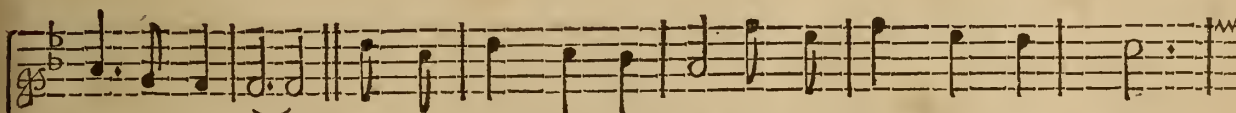
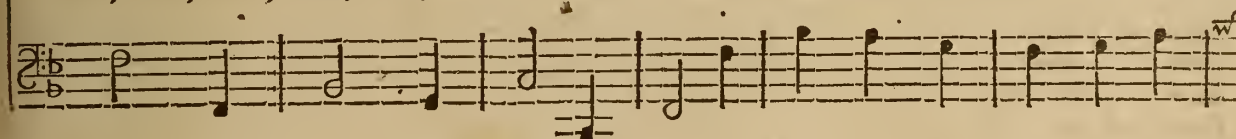
Come let us agree, come let us a-gree, come let us a-gree, come,



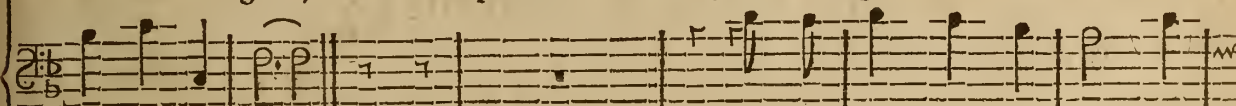
come, come, come, come, come, come let us agree; come, come, come, come, come, come, come



come, come, come, come, come, come let us agree; come, come, come, come, come, come, come

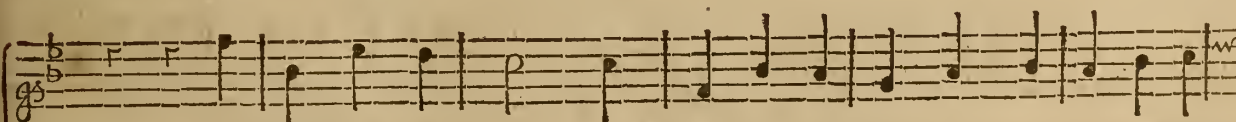
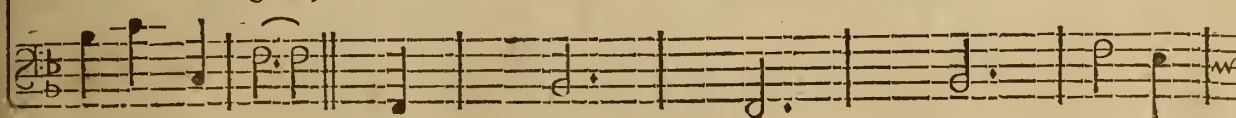


let us a-gree; There are pleasures di-vine, there are pleasures di-vine,

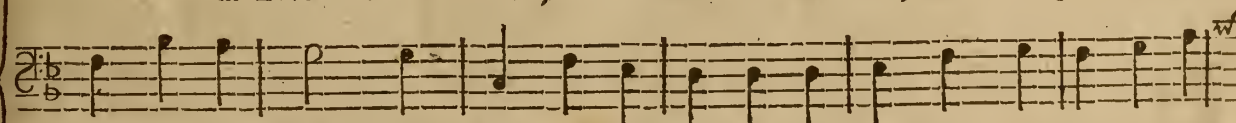


let us a-gree;

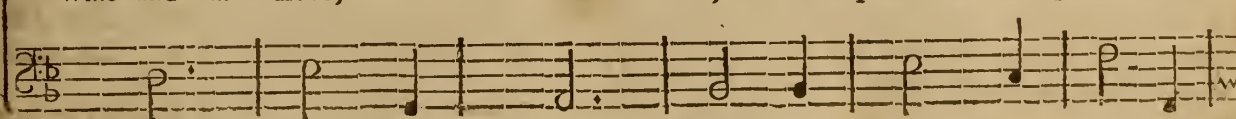
There are pleasures di-vine, in



in Love and in Wine, in Love and in Wine, there are pleasures di-



Wine and in Love, in Wine and in Love, there are pleasures, are pleasures di-



—vine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine, in Wine and in

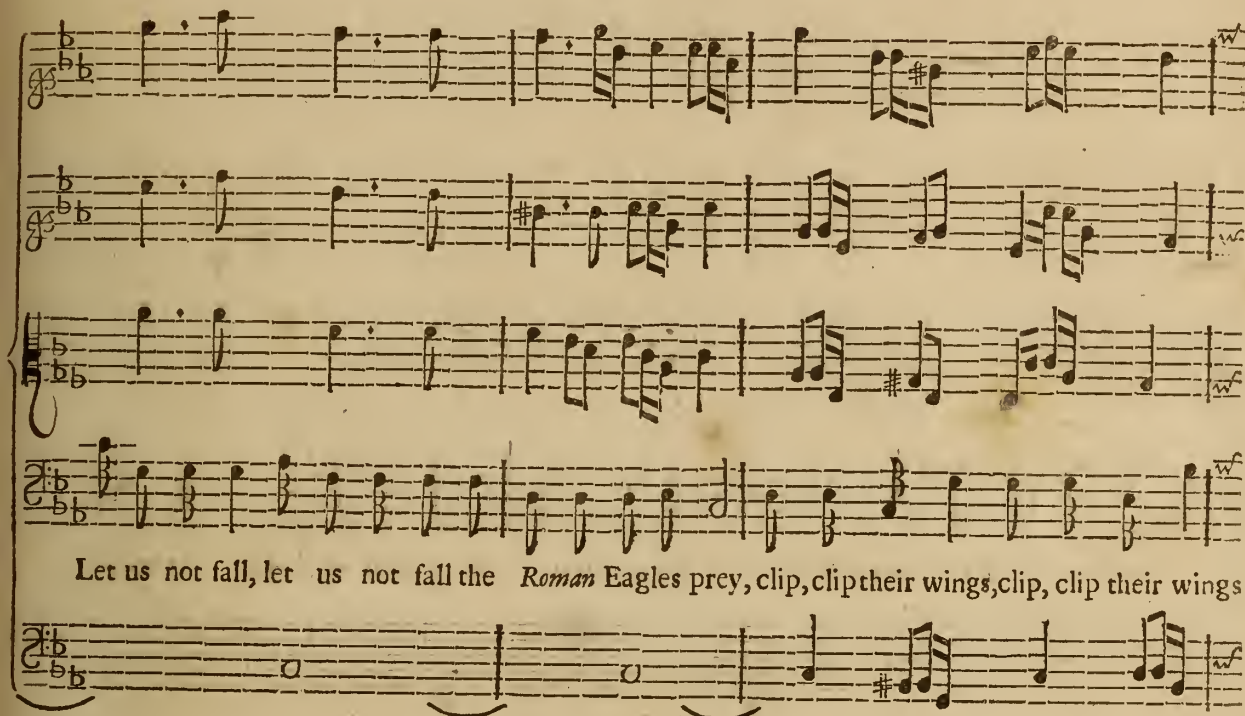
—vine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine, in Wine and in

Love, in Love and in Wine.

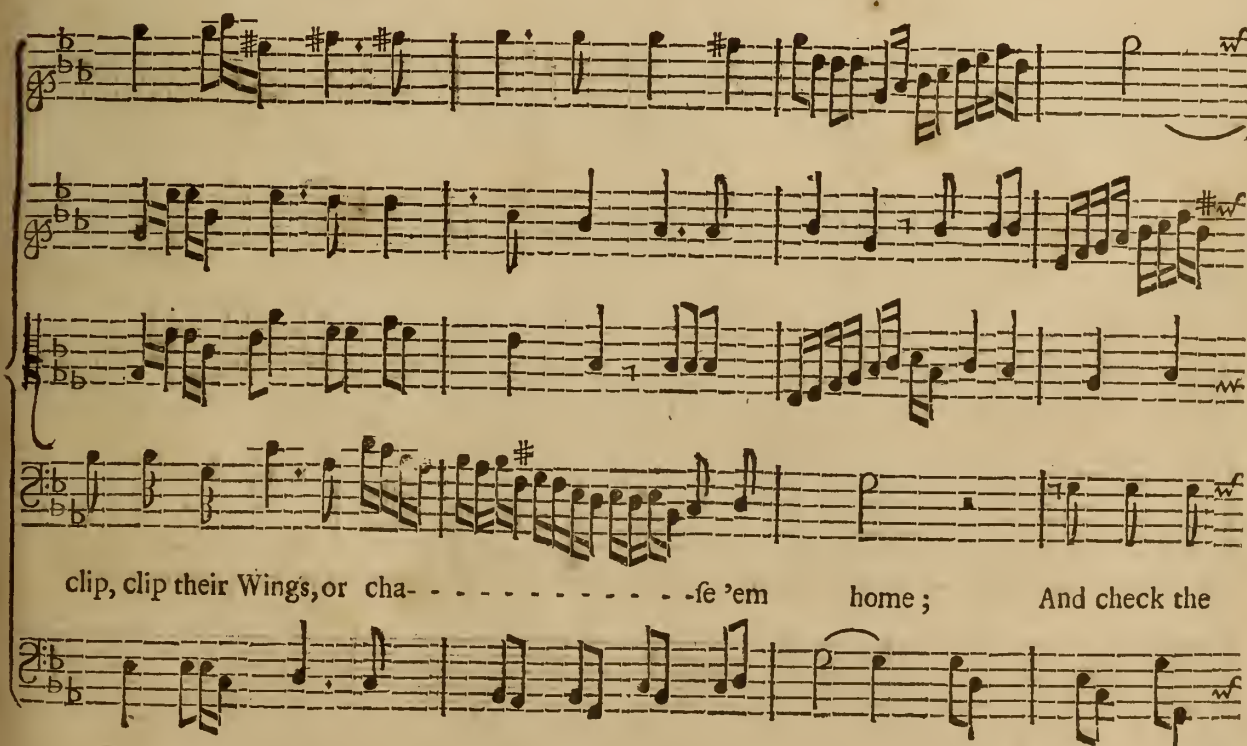
Love, in Love and in Wine.

SONGS in Bonduca.

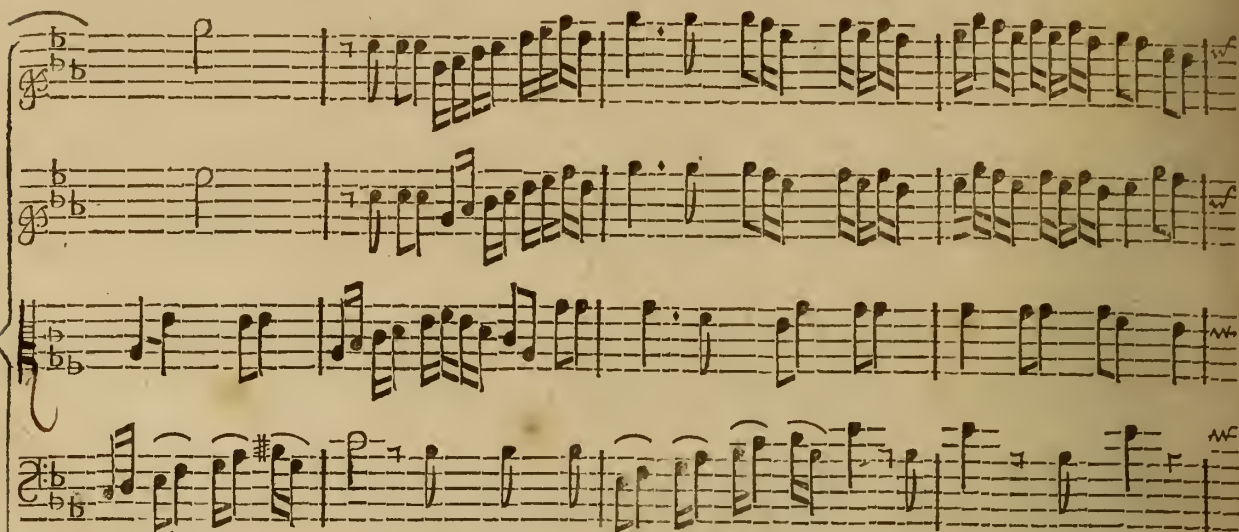
Here ye Gods of *Britain*, here ye Gods of *Britain* ; Here us this day ;



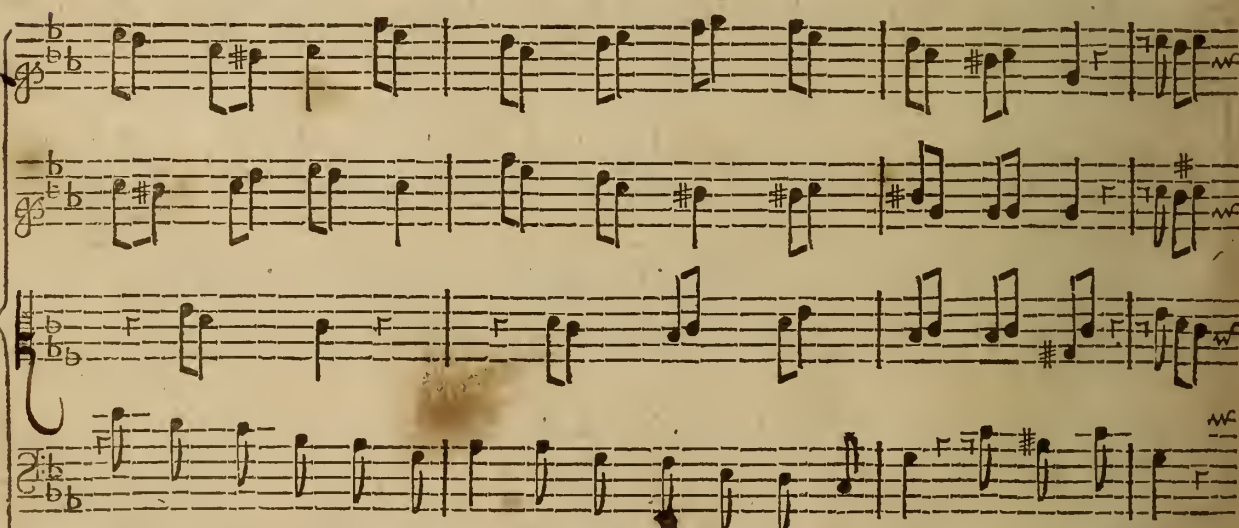
Let us not fall, let us not fall the Roman Eagles prey, clip, clip their wings, clip, clip their wings



clip, clip their Wings, or cha - - - - - fe 'em home ; And check the



Tow'ring pride of *Rome*; And check the Tow'ring pride of *Rome*, of *Rome*, of *Rome*,



clip their wings, or chase 'em home, clip their wings or chase 'em home, clip, clip their wings



or chase 'em home, and check the Tow'ring pride of *Rome*, of *Rome*, of *Rome*, of *Rome*.



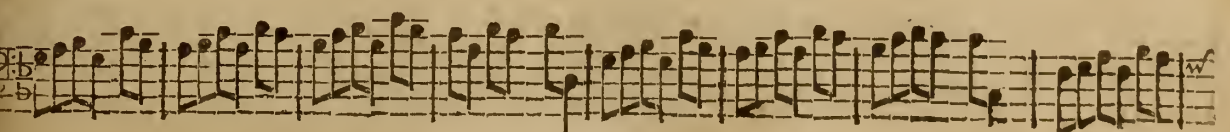
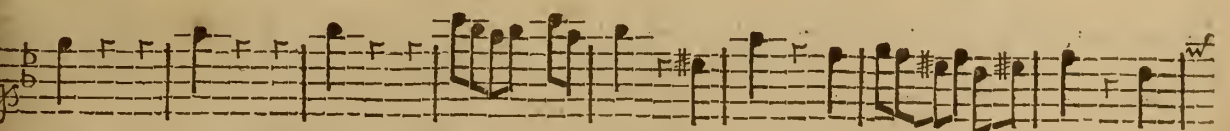
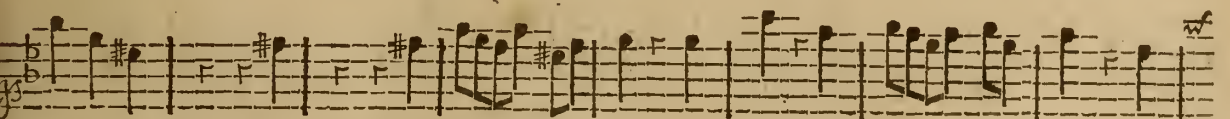
A Symphony for Flutes to the following SONG.



First Flute.



Second Flute.



The musical score is written for three staves, likely representing Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass parts. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score consists of several measures of music, with lyrics provided for the lower staves.

Sing, sing, sing, sing ye Druids; sing, sing, sing,

Sing, sing, sing,

sing, ye *Druids*; All, all, all, all your Voi—ces raise; All, all, all, all your

Voi—ces raise; Sing, sing, sing, sing, all, all your Voi—ces raise- - - - -to

Celebrate, to Celebrate di--vine *An-da--tes* Praise; To Celebrate, to Celebrate di--

—vine *An-da--tes* Praise; Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing di--vine An—

da-tes, di-vine, di-vine An-da-tes Praise;

vine An-da-tes, di-vine An-da-tes Praise;

sing, sing, sing ye Druids; sing, sing, sing ye Druids; sing, sing di-

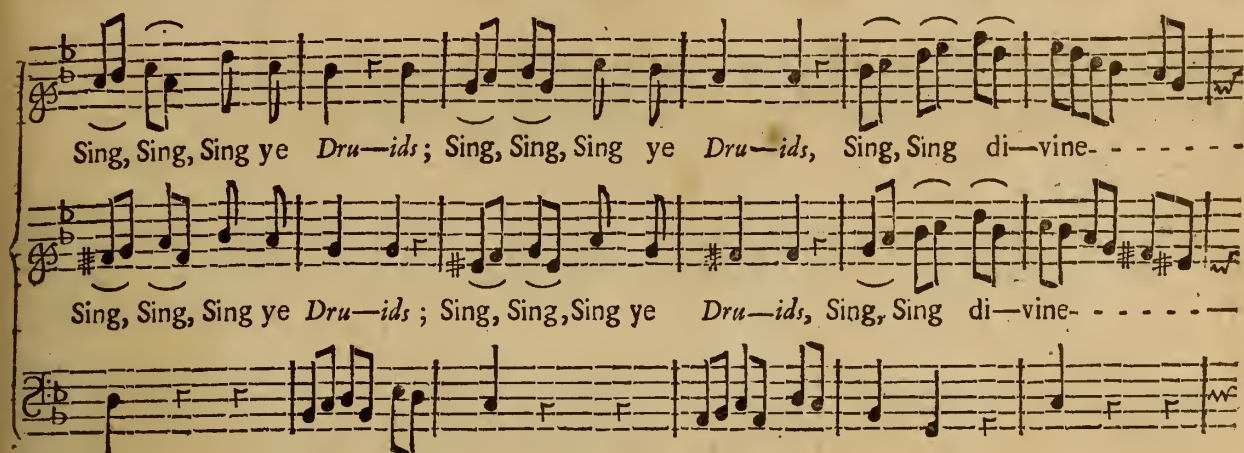
sing, sing, sing ye Druids: sing, sing, sing ye Druids; sing sing di-

vine- An-da-tes Praise; di-

vine- An-da-tes Praise;

vine An-da-tes, di-vine An-da-tes, di-vine An-da-tes Praise;

di-vine An-da-tes, di-vine, di-vine An-da-tes Praise;



Sing, Sing, Sing ye *Dru—ids*; Sing, Sing, Sing ye *Dru—ids*, Sing, Sing di—vine- - - - -

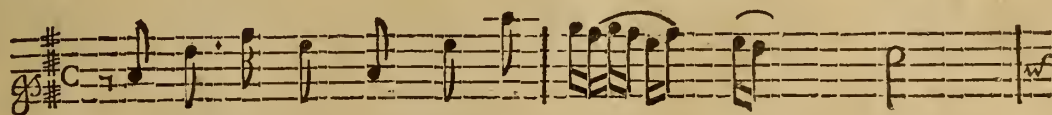
Sing, Sing, Sing ye *Dru—ids*; Sing, Sing, Sing ye *Dru—ids*, Sing, Sing di—vine- - - - -



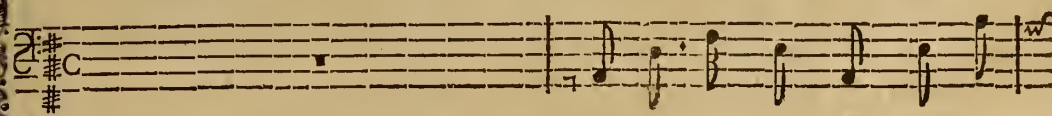
— *An-da-tes* Praise.

— *An-da-tes* Praise.

A VERSE for Two Voices in the Yorkshire-Feast-Song.



Rigantium Honour'd with a Race di—vine,



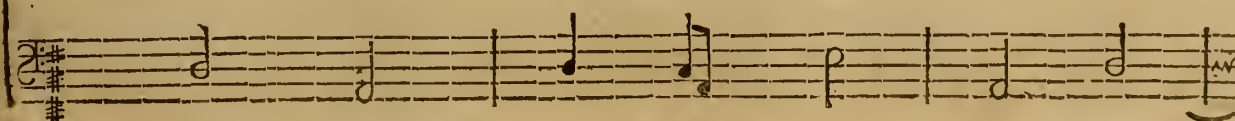
Brigantium Honour'd with a



Brigantium Honour'd with a Race di—vine; gave Birth to the Vic—



Race di—vine, *Brigantium* Honour'd with a Race di—vine;



gave Birth to the Vic-tor-ious Con-stantine,

56 7

to the Vic-tor-ious Con-stantine: Whose Collony, whilst planted there,

56 7

fresh blooming Glo-ries, still, still re-

56 7

new'd the Year; whose Col-lo-ny, whose Col-lo-ny, whilst

56 7

plant—ed there, fresh Bloom—ing Glo—

fresh Bloom— — — — — ing Glo—

56 7

—ries still re—new'd the Year.

—ries still renew'd the Year.

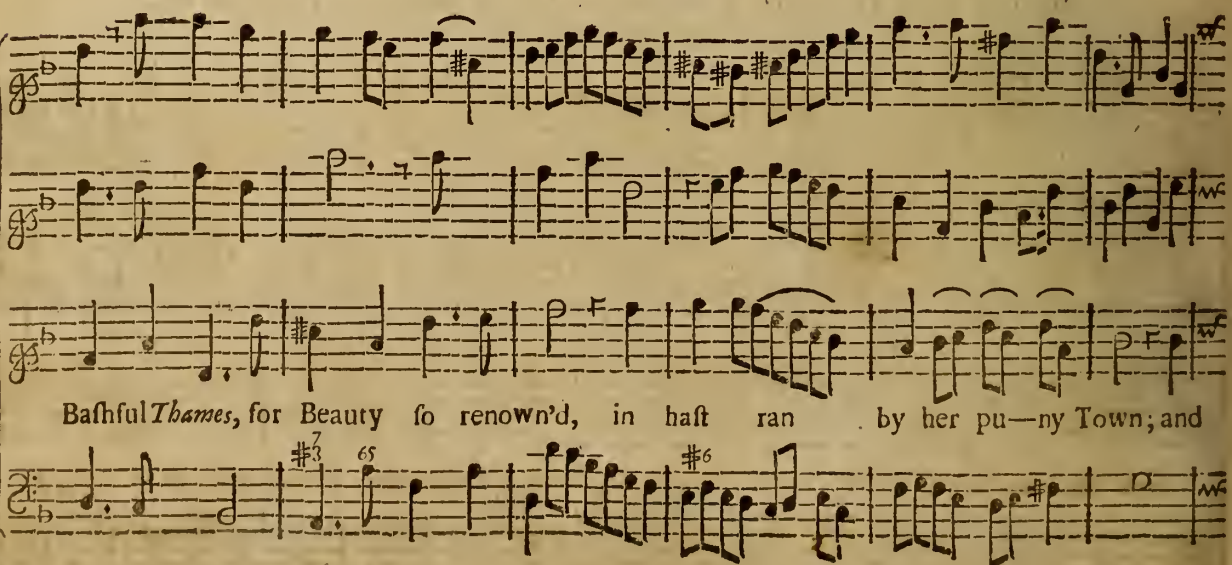
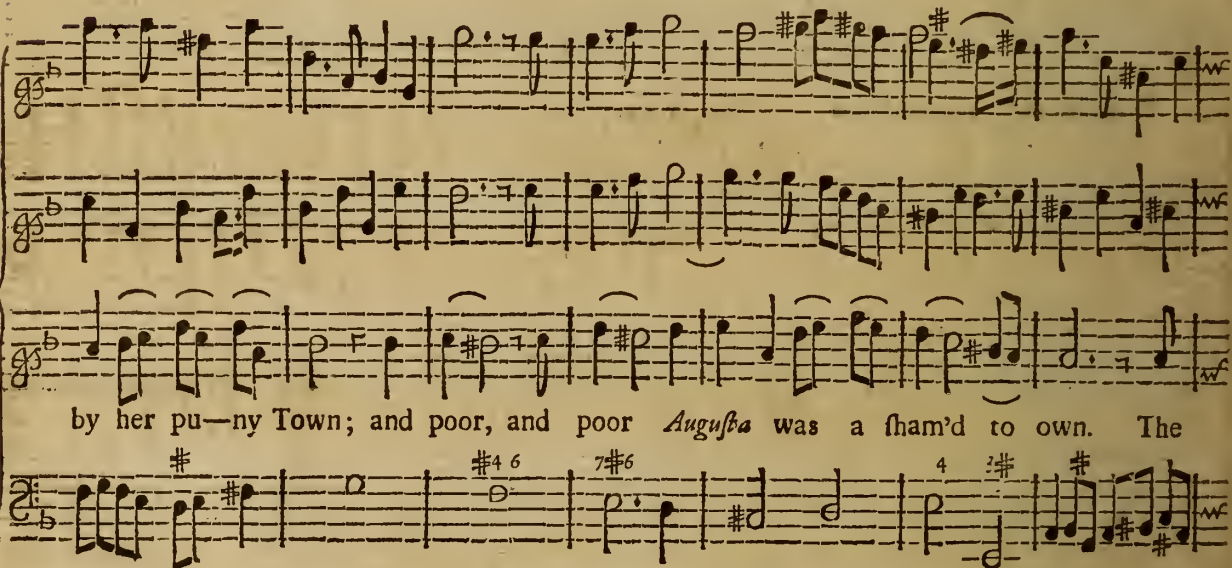
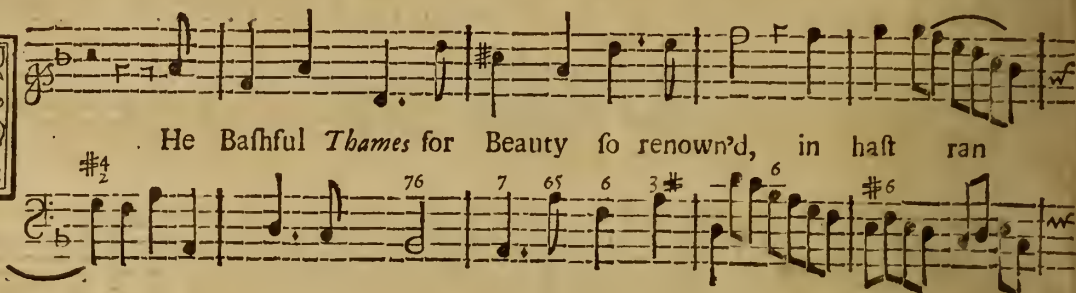
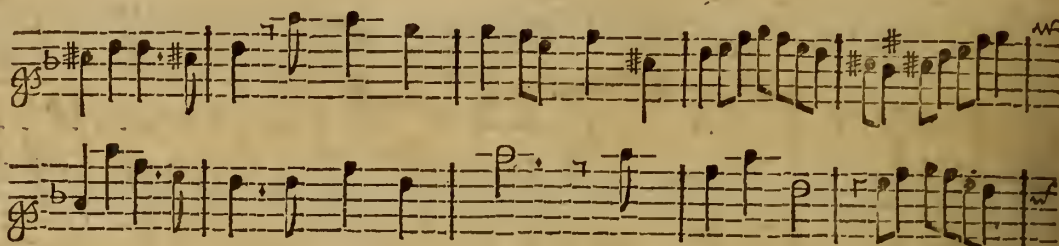
7 6 4 43

A VERSE with Flutes in the Yorkshire Feast-Song.

FLUTES.

7 4 43

6 6



poor, and poor *Augusta* was a sham'd to own; *Au gusta* then did droo—

—ping lye, did drooping, drooping, droop—ing lye; tho'

now she rears her Tow'ring Front so high; tho' now she rears her Tow'ring Front so high, her

Tow'ring Front so high; *Au-gusta*

then did droop- - - - ing lye, did drooping, drooping, drooping lye; tho'

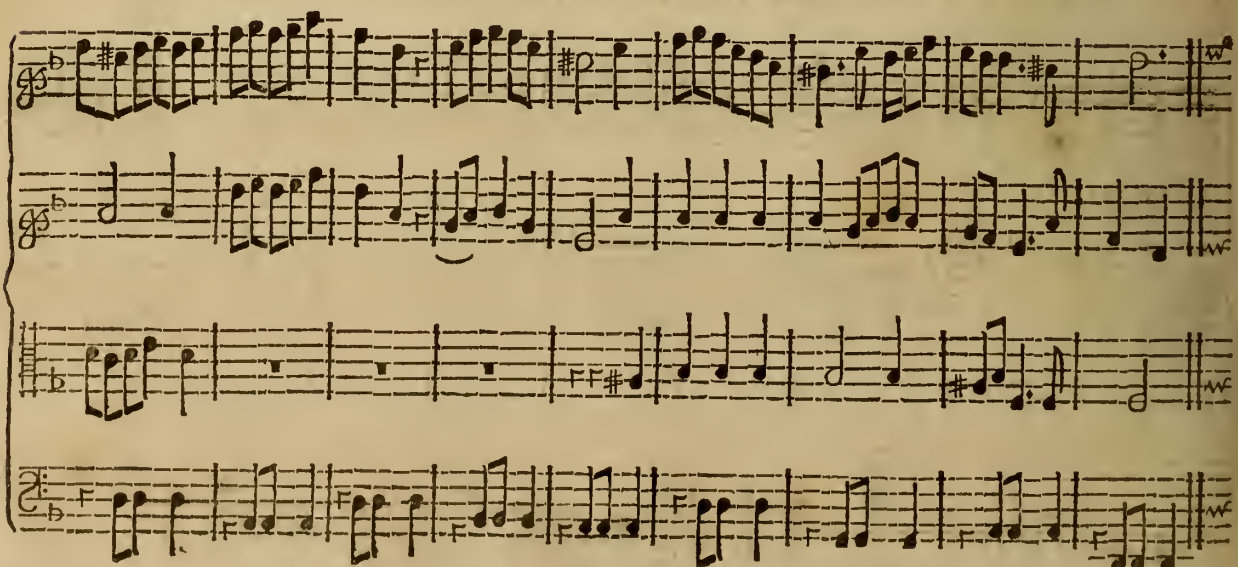
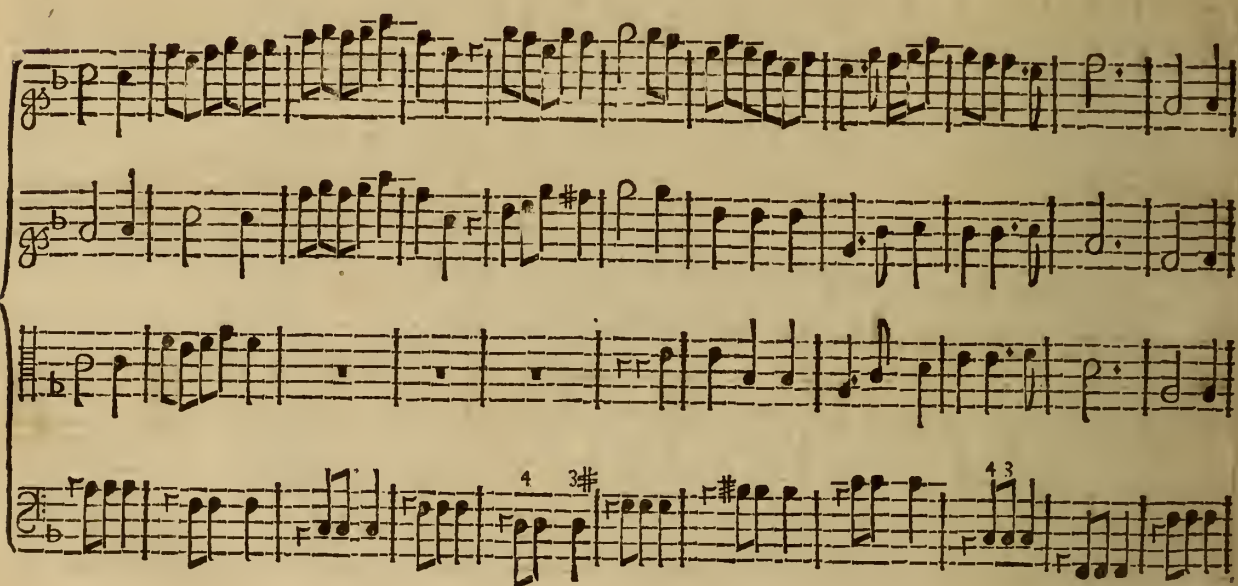
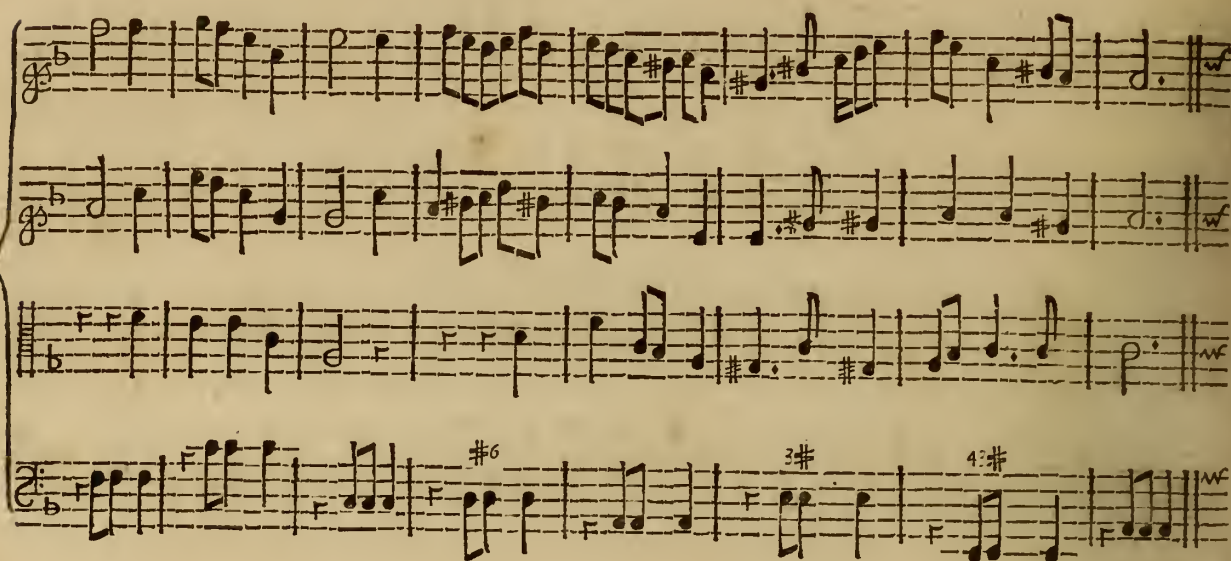
now she rears her Tow'ring Front so high; tho' now she rears her Tow'ring Front so high, her

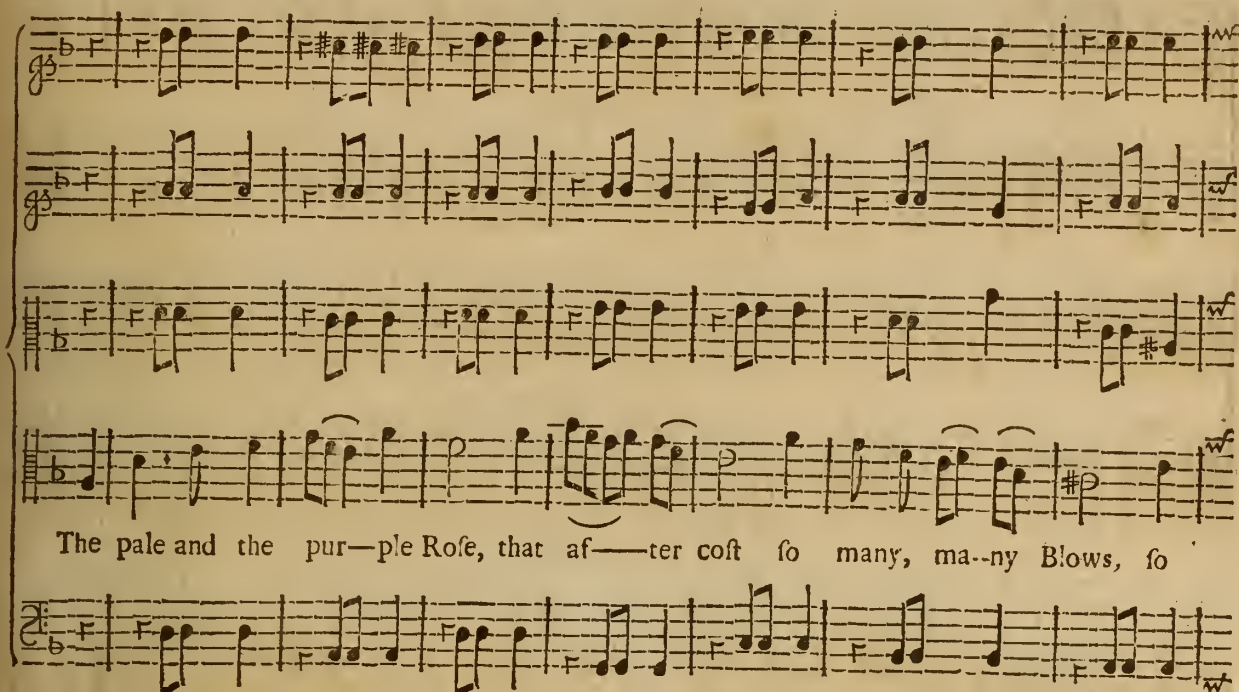
Tow'— — — — — ring Front fo high, her Tow'—

— ring Front fo high.

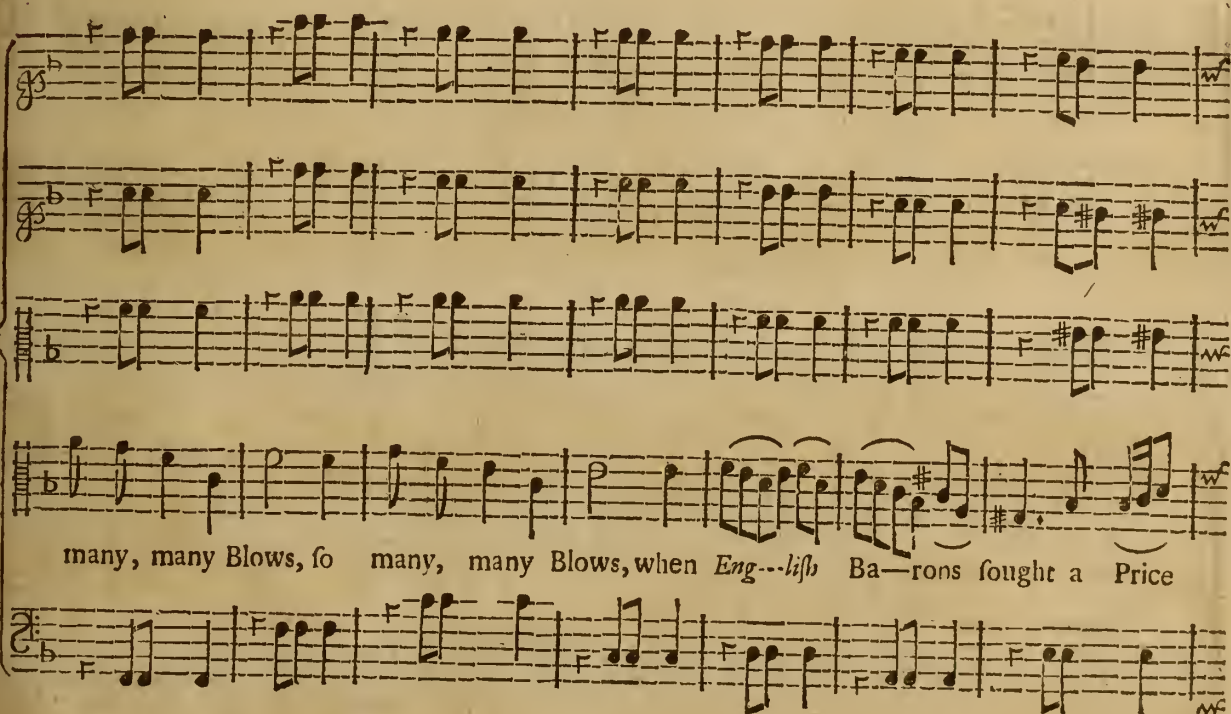
A VERSE with Violins in the Yorkshire Feast-Song.

VIOLINS.

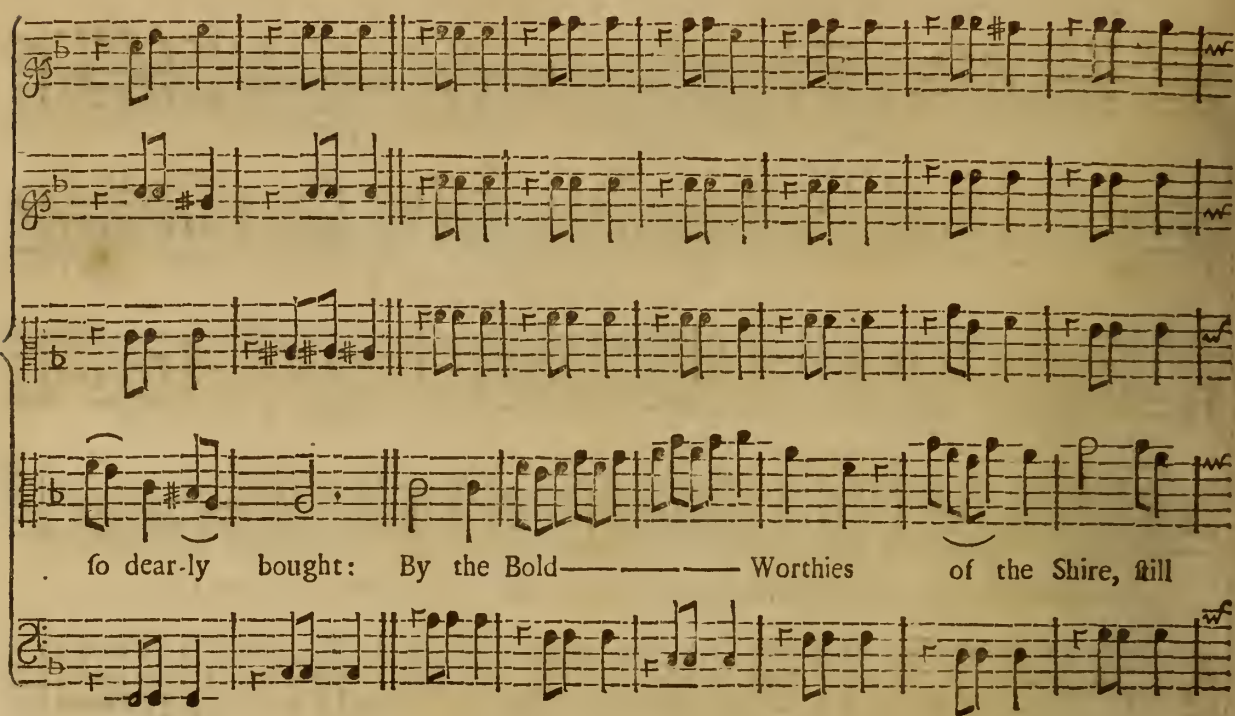




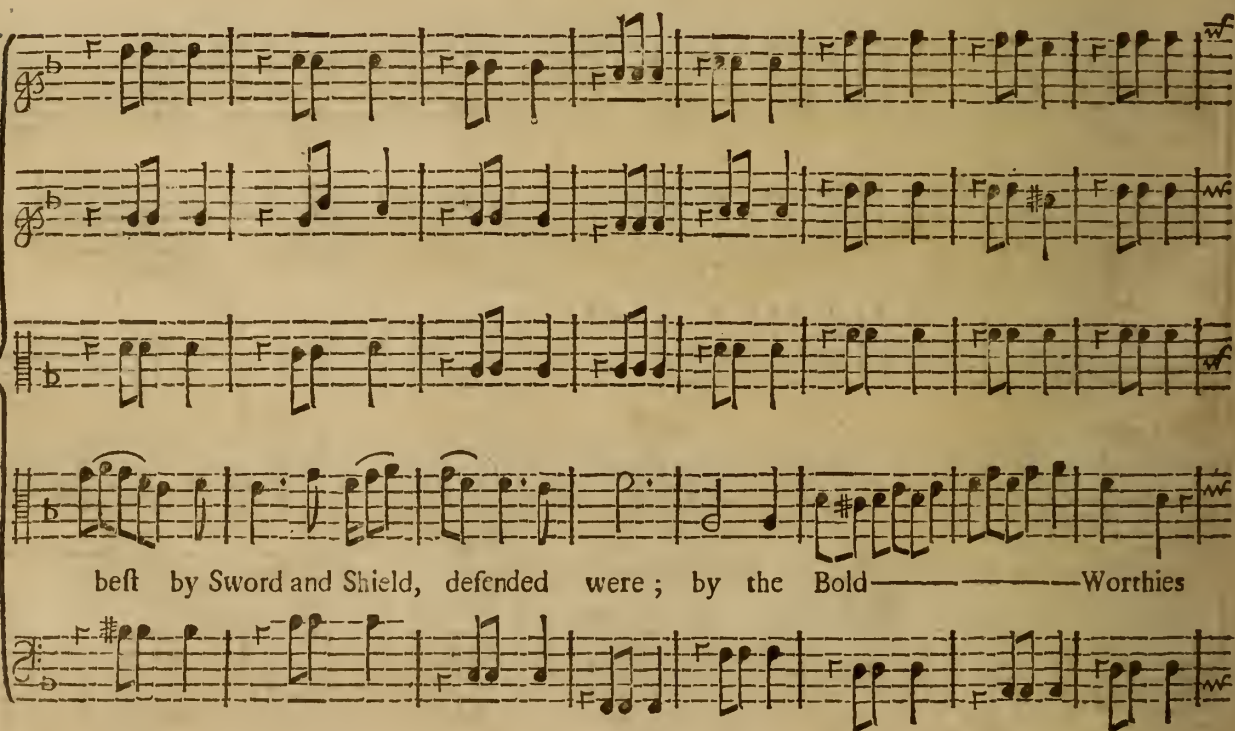
The pale and the pur—ple Rose, that af—ter cost so many, ma—ny Blows, so



many, many Blows, so many, many Blows, when Eng—lish Ba—rons fought a Price



fo dear-ly bought: By the Bold———Worthies of the Shire, Will



best by Sword and Shield, defended were; by the Bold———Worthies

of that Shire, still best by Sword and Shield, de-fend-ed were, were.

The musical score consists of five staves. The first four staves are vocal parts, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The fifth staff is a basso continuo line with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the fourth staff. The music includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings such as 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). There are also first and second endings indicated by '1' and '2' above certain notes.

The musical score consists of five staves. The first four staves are vocal parts, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The fifth staff is a basso continuo line with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings such as 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). There are also first and second endings indicated by '1' and '2' above certain notes.

A VERSE with Violins in the Yorkshire-Feast-Song.

S O when the glit'ring Queen of Night, with black E—clipse is shadow'd, is

shadow'd ore, ore. The Globe that Swell — — — s with Sullen

Pride, her Daz- - - - ling Beams to hide ; does but a

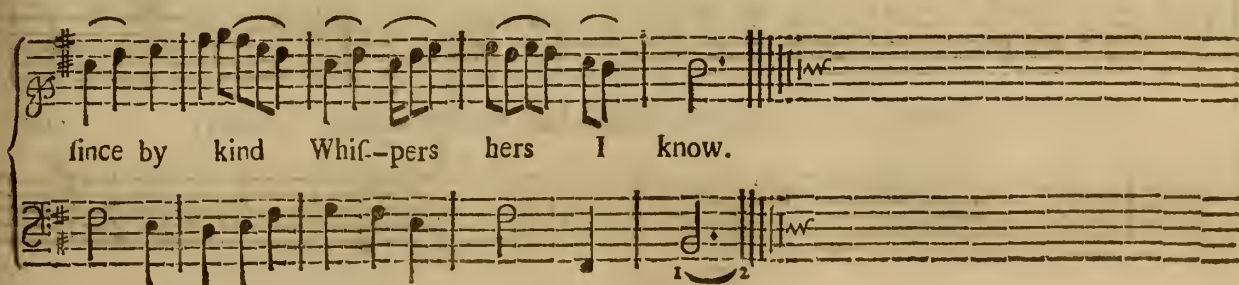
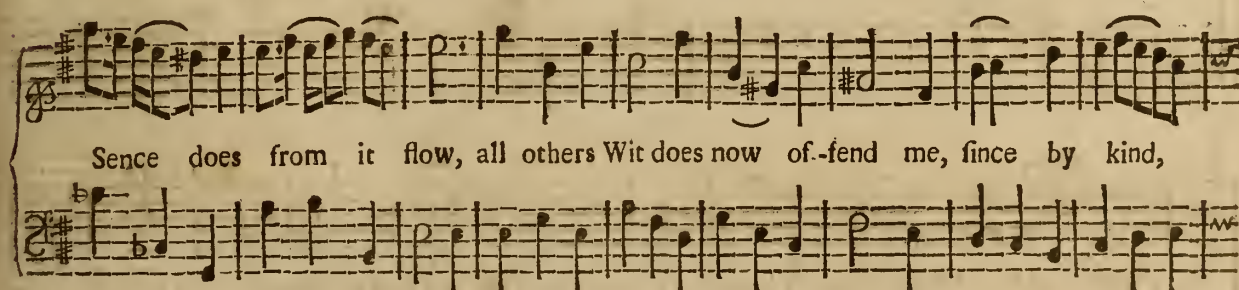
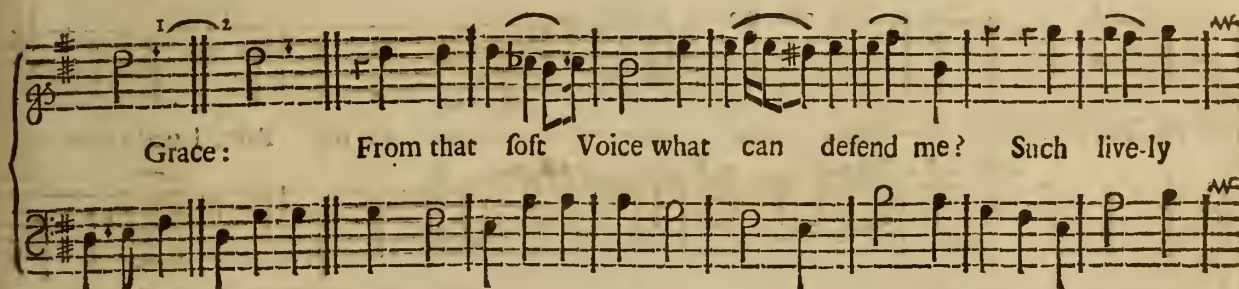
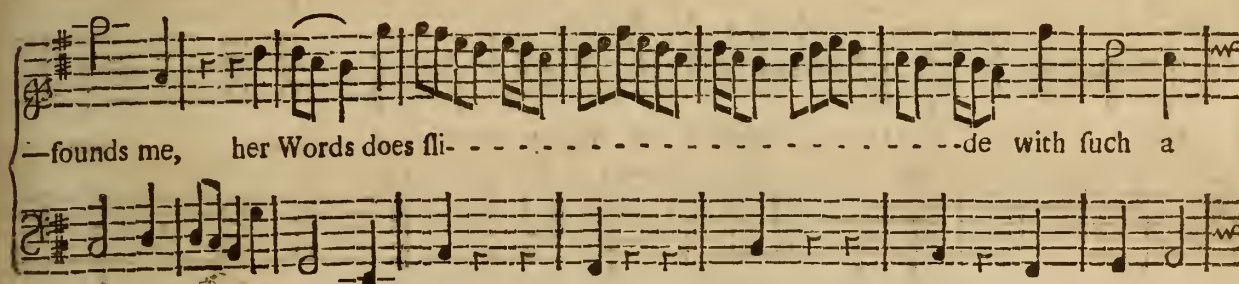
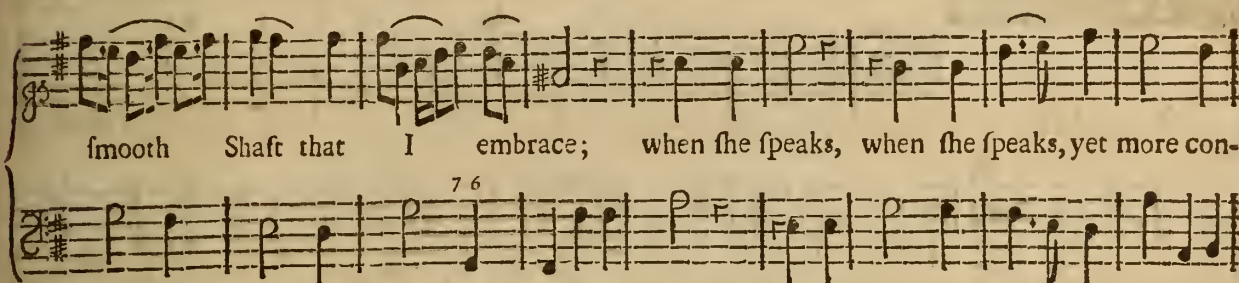
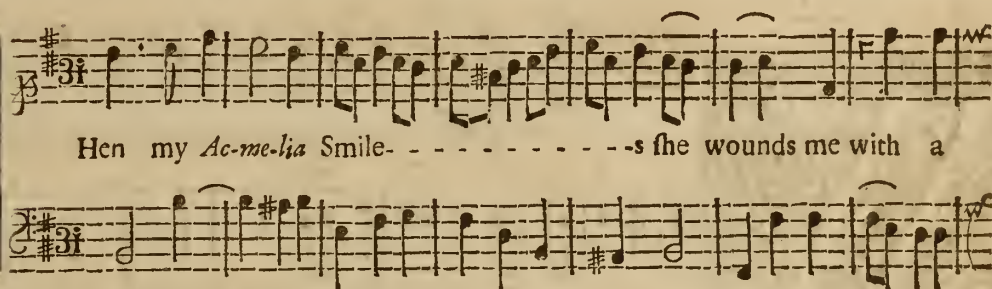
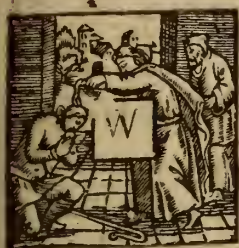
little, a little, a little, a little time a-bide, and then each Ray, and then each Ray is

43 7 65 7 6 #6 6 4 #

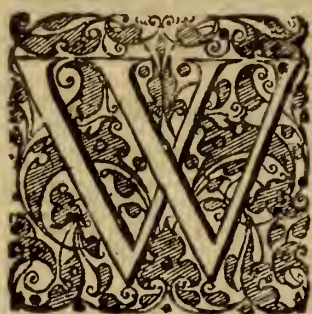
Bright - - - -er, is Bright - - - -er than be-fore, fore.

6 #3 6 #6 1 2

A single SONG.



A SONG for Two Voices.



Hen love-ly *Pbil lis* thou art kind, nought but Raptures fill my Mind; 'tis

Hen love-ly *Pbillis* thou art kind, nought but Raptures fill my Mind; 'tis

then I think thee so Divine, t'excell the migh-ty Pow'r of Wine: But when thou in--

then I think thee so Divine, t'excell the mighty Pow'r of Wine: But

sult'st, but when thou in-sult'st, and lau-ghs at my Pain, I wash thee a

when thou insult'st, and lau-ghs at my Pain, I wash thee a

way with sparkling Champaign; so bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother, and drive out one

way with sparkling Champaign; so bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother, and

God, and drive out one God by the Pow'r, by the Pow'r of another.

drive out one God, and drive out, and drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.

II.

When Pity in thy Looks I see;
 I frailly quit my Friends for thee;
 Perswasive Love so charms me then,
 My Freedom I'd not wish again.
 But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my Care,
 Streight with a Bumper I banish Despair;
 So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,
 And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.

A S O N G with Hautboys, on St. Cecilia's day 1692.

Hautboys.



Ond'rous,

wond'rous, wond'rous, Ma—chine;

Wond'rous, wond'rous, wond'rous, wond'rous Ma—

—chine, to thee, the warb— — — — — ling

Lute, tho' us'd to Conquest must be forc'd, must be forc'd, must be forc'd to

yeild ; must be forc'd, must be forc'd, must be forc'd to yeild, must be forc'd, must be forc'd to

yeild, must be forc'd, must be forc'd, must be forc'd to yeild:

With thee una—ble, with thee un—a—ble, with the un—a— — —

9 6 3 6 43

ble to di--spute ;

Tho' us'd to Con—quest, tho' us'd to

Conquest, is with thee un—a—ble to dis—pute.

Wond'rous, wand'rous, wand'rous, wond'rous Ma—

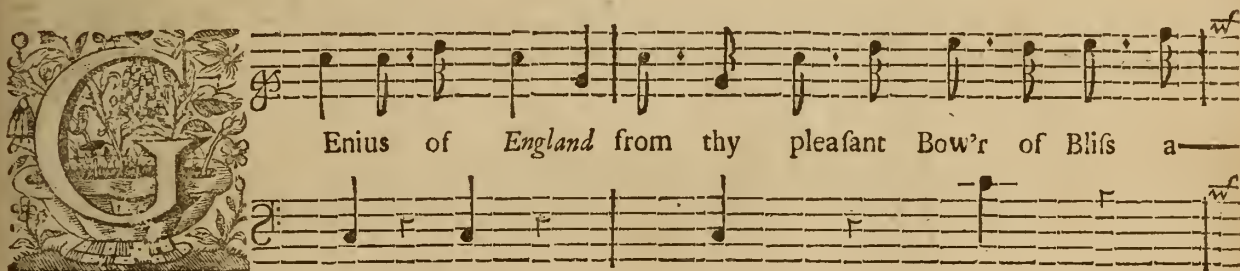
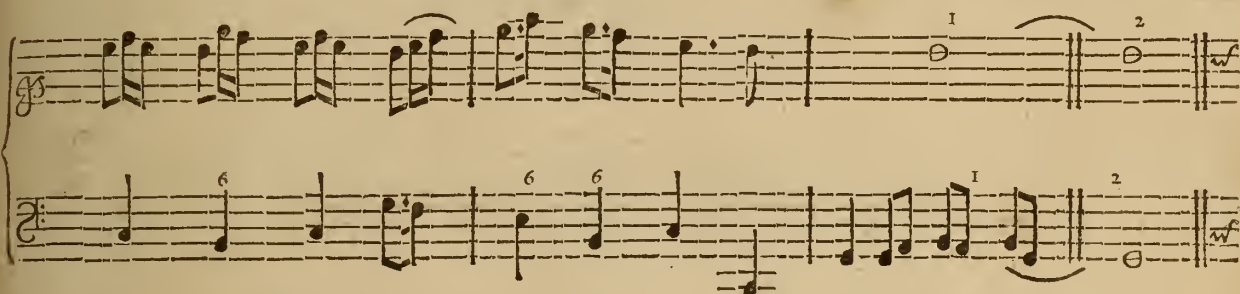
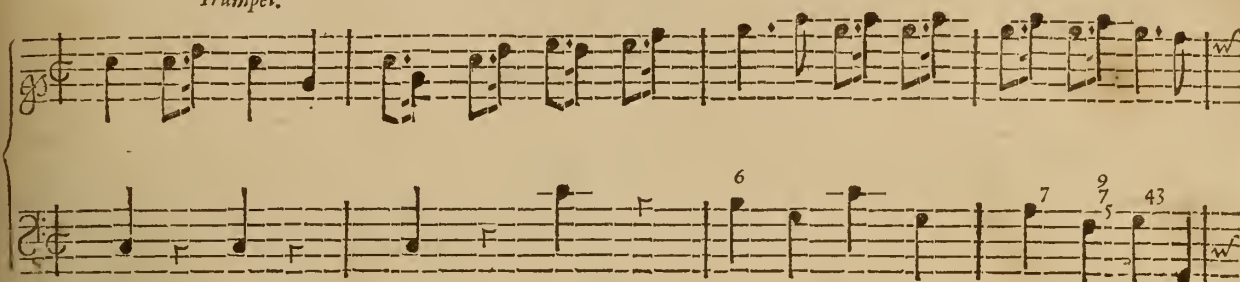
chine, to thee, the warb— ling

Lute, tho' us'd to Conquest must be forc'd, must be forc'd, must be forc'd to

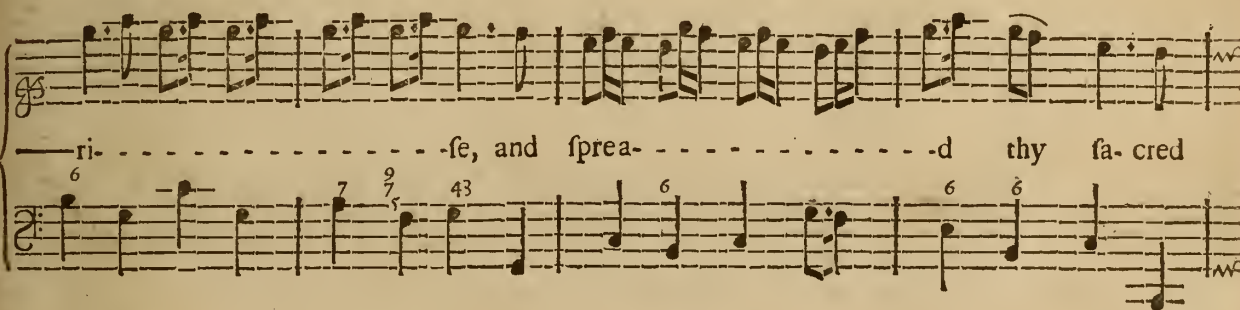
yeild ; must be forc'd, must be forc'd, must be forc'd to yeild, must be forc'd, must be forc'd to

yeild, must be forc'd, must be forc'd must be forc'd to yeild.

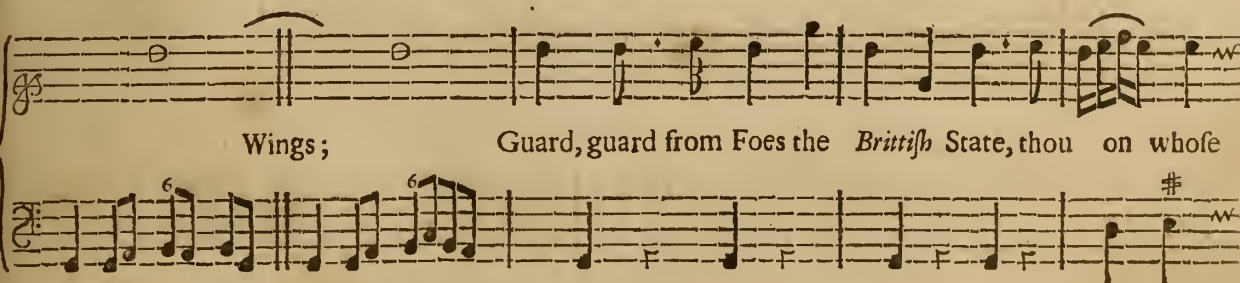
9 6

*A SONG in Donquixote, Sung by Mr. Freeman and Mrs. Cibber.**Trumpet.*

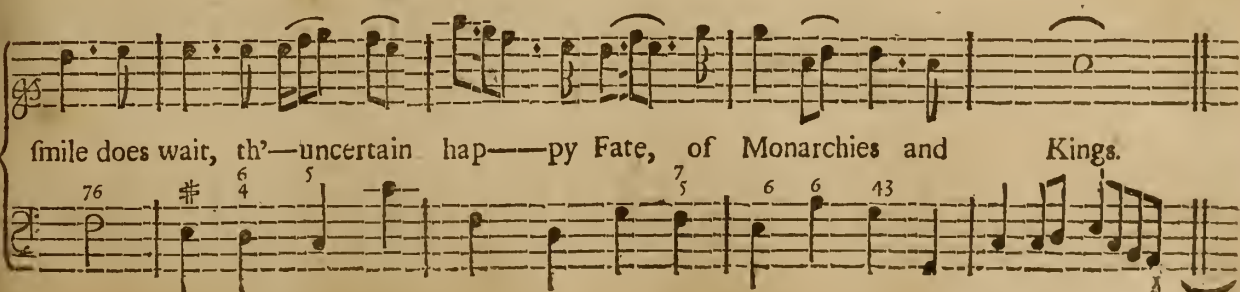
Enius of England from thy pleasant Bow'r of Bliss a—



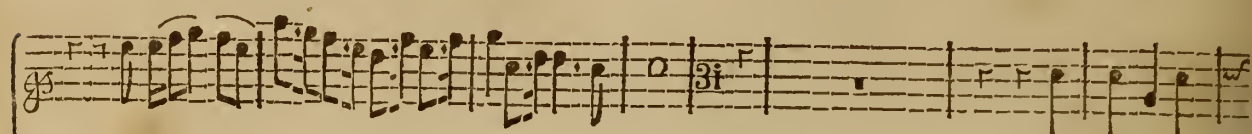
—ri- — — — — se, and sprea- — — — — d thy fa- cred



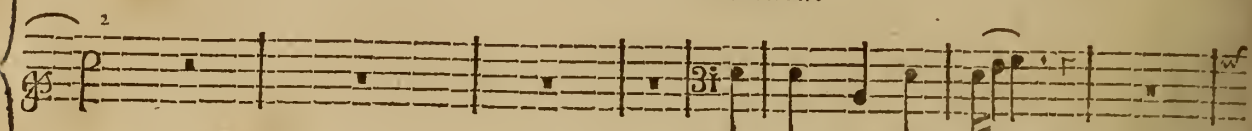
Wings; Guard, guard from Foes the Brittish State, thou on whose



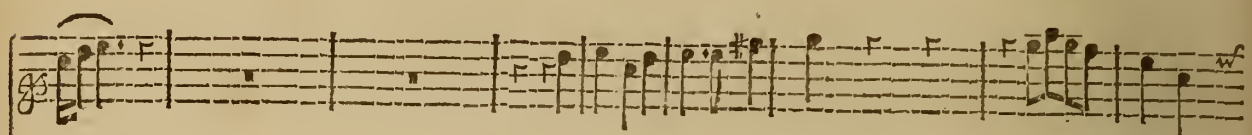
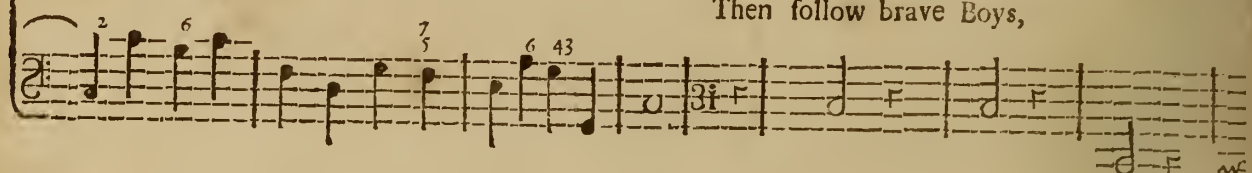
smile does wait, th'—uncertain hap—py Fate, of Monarchies and Kings.



Mrs. Cibber.

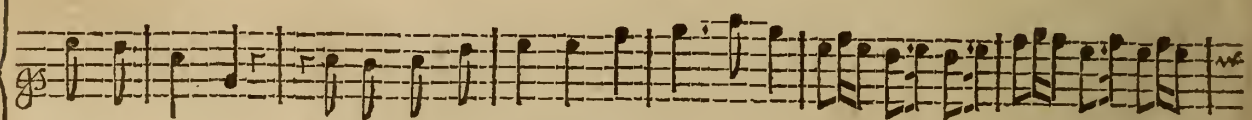
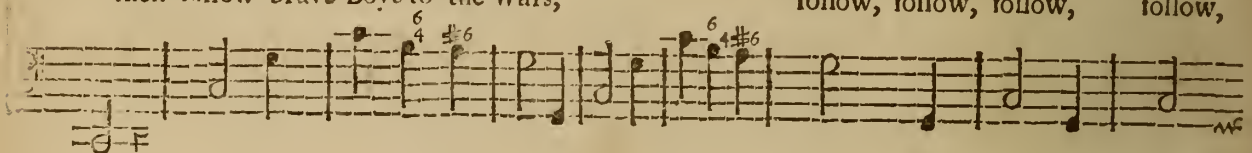


Then follow brave Boys,

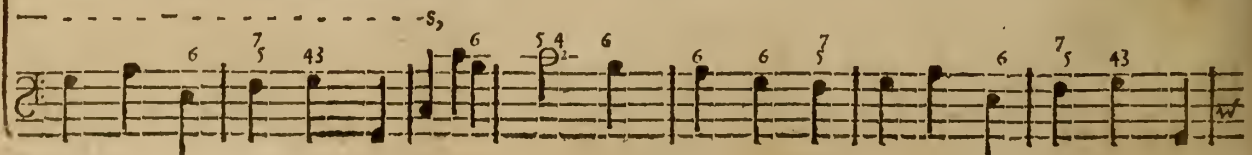
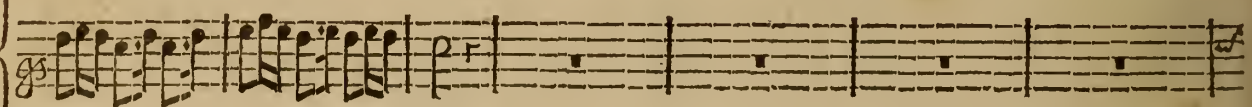
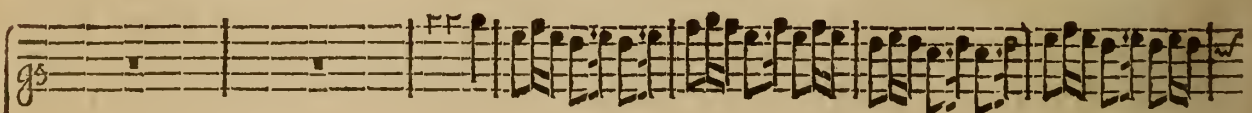
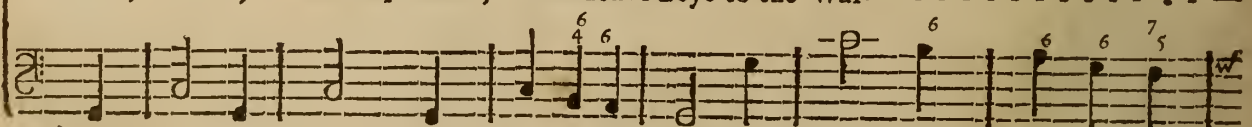


then follow brave Boys to the Wars,

follow, follow, follow, follow,



follow, follow, follow, follow, follow brave Boys to the War-



follow, follow, follow brave Boys to the War-

—s' the Lawrel you know's the prize, the Lawrel you

know's the prize: Who brings home the noblest, the no- --blest,

the no- --blest Scars, looks fine-

...est in Ce-lia's Eyes; then sha

...ke off the slothful Ease,

let Glory, let Glory, let Glo-ry in-spi-re your Hearts;

Re-mem-ber a Soldier in War and in

Peace, remember a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace, is the

no-blest of all other

Arts: Re-member, a Soldier in

War and in Peace, re-member a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace, is the

no-blest of all other Arts.

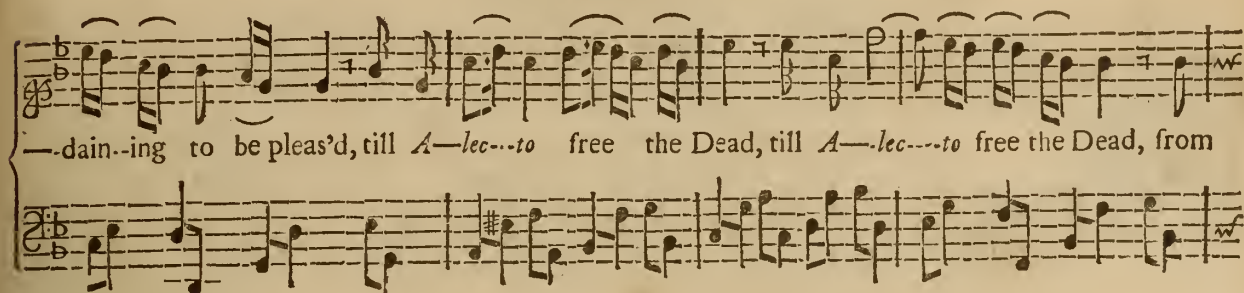
6 4 6 9 8 9 8 6 8 5 6 b5 7 5 4 3 6

A single SONG in Œdipus.

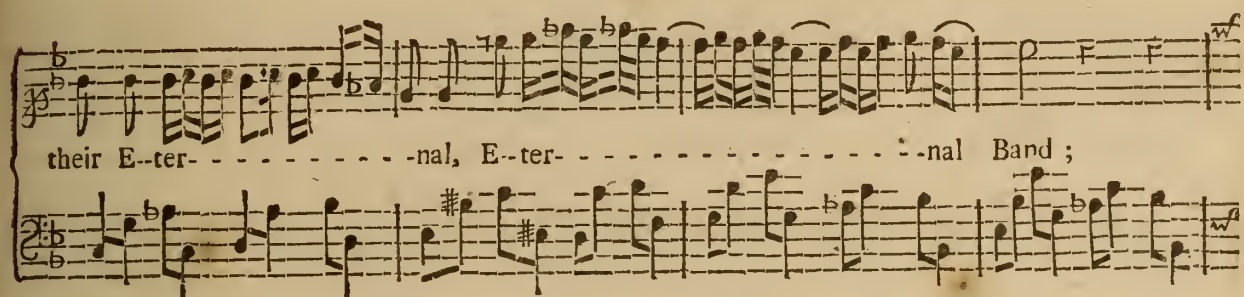
USICK, Mu--sick for a

while, shall all your Cares beguile; shall all, all, all, shall all, all, all, shall all, your Cares beguile;

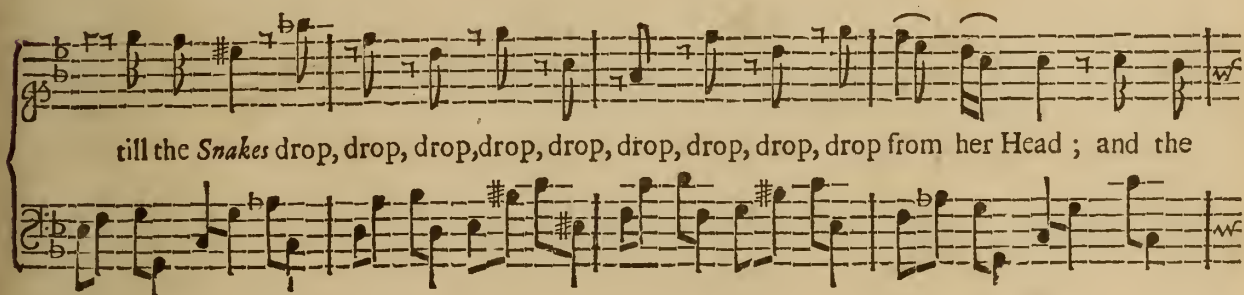
wond—'ring, wond—'ring how your Pains were eas'd, eas'd, eas'd, and dis—



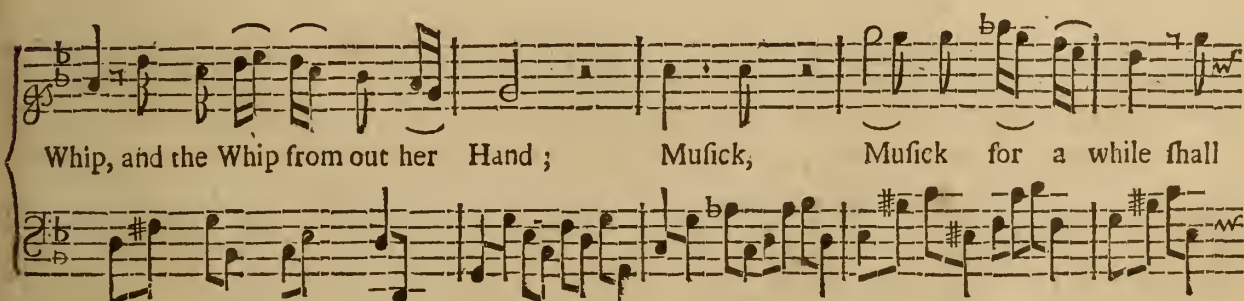
—dain-ing to be pleas'd, till A—lec—to free the Dead, till A—lec—to free the Dead, from



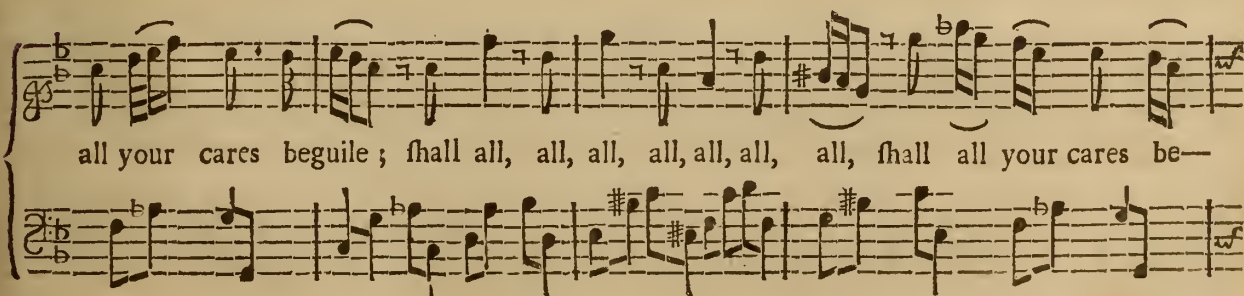
their E—ter— — — — —nal, E—ter— — — — —nal Band ;



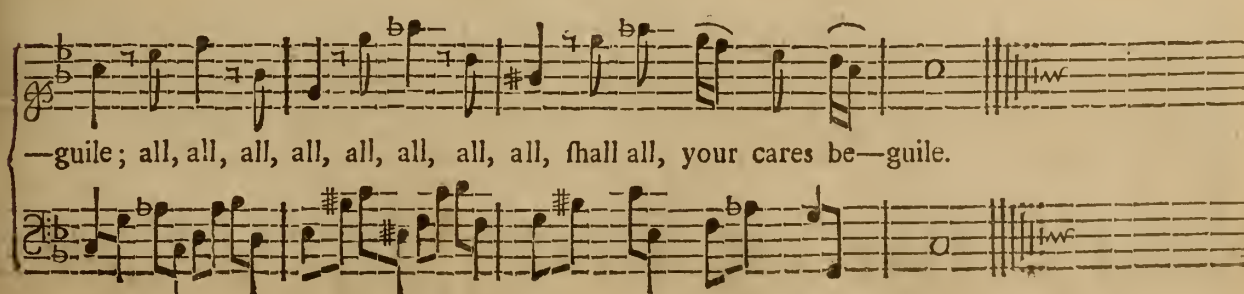
till the Snakes drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop from her Head ; and the



Whip, and the Whip from out her Hand ; Musick, Musick for a while shall

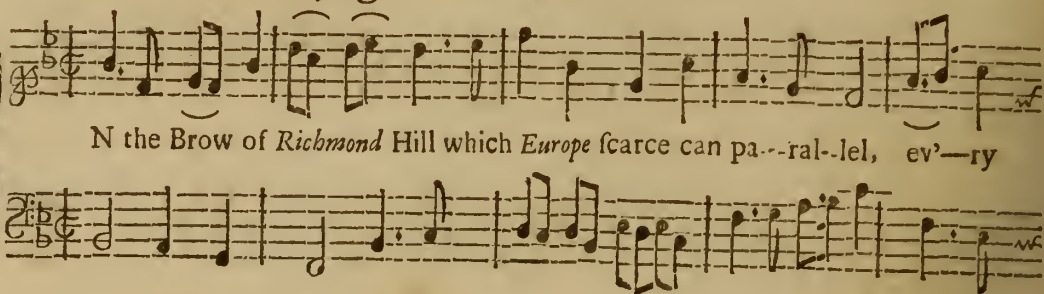


all your cares beguile ; shall all, all, all, all, all, all, all, shall all your cares be—

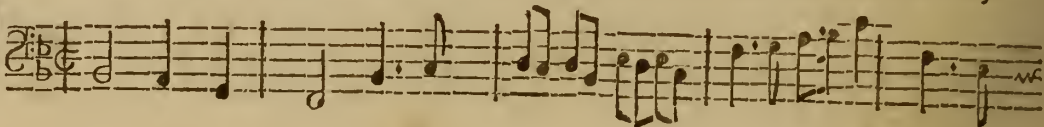


—guile ; all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, shall all, your cares be—guile.

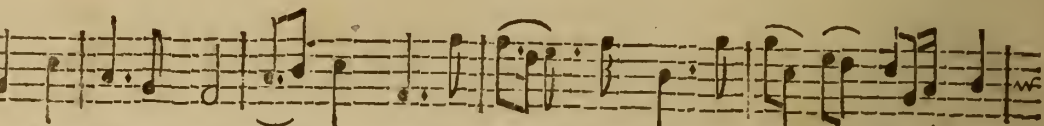
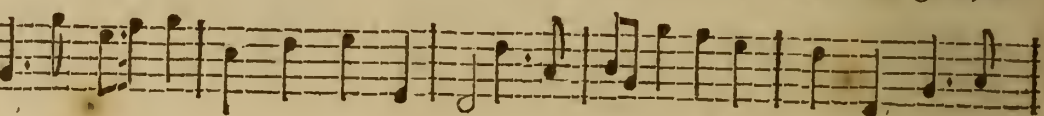
A single SONG.



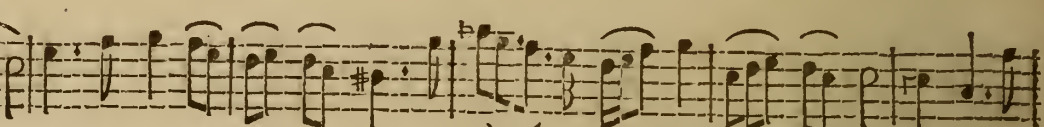
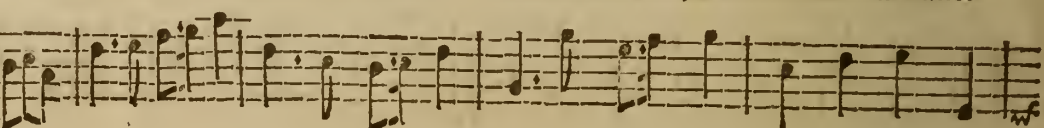
N the Brow of *Richmond* Hill which *Europe* scarce can pa--ral--lel, ev'—ry



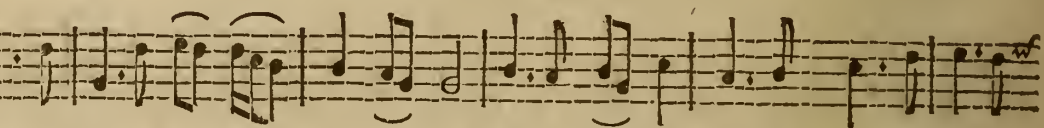
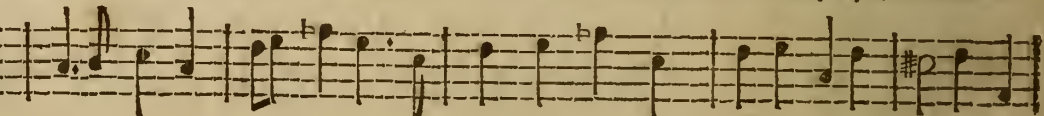
Eye such Wonders fill, to view the Prospect round ; where the Silver *Thames* does gilde, and



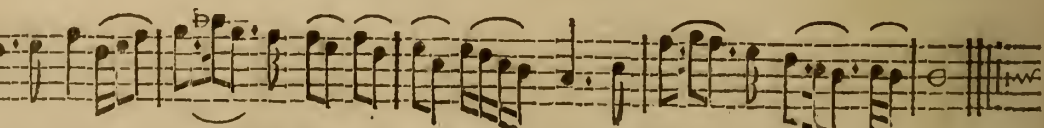
stately Courts are E—di—fi'd, Meadows deck'd in Summer's Pride, with verdant Beauties



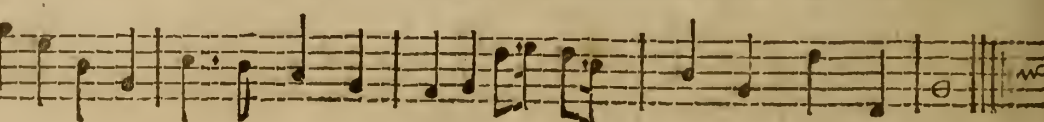
Crown'd : Lovely *Cynthia* pas-sing by, with brighter Glo--ries blest my Eye, Ah! then in



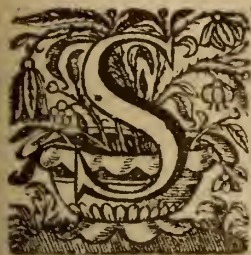
vain, in vain, said I, the Fields and Flow'rs do shine; Nature in this Charming Place, cre--a--ted



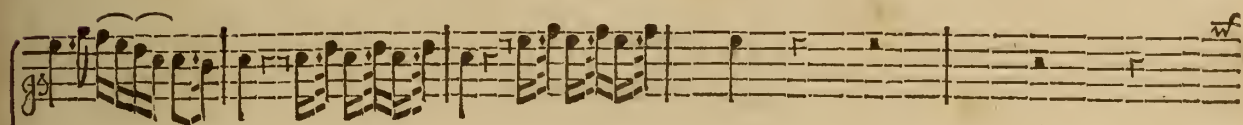
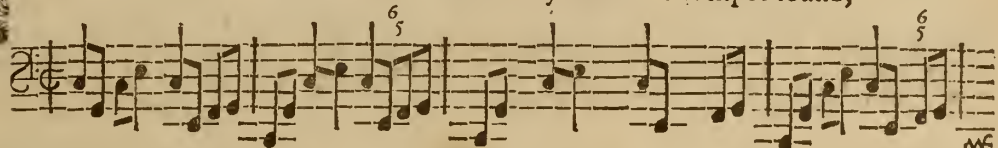
Pleasure in Excess, but all are Poor to *Cynthia's* Face, whose Features are Divine.



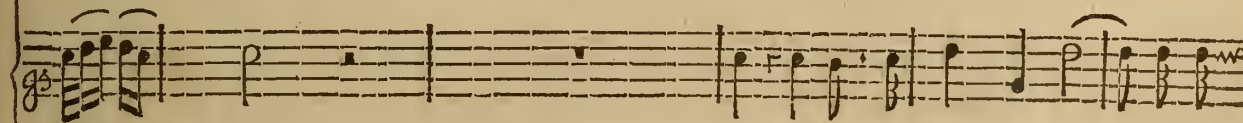
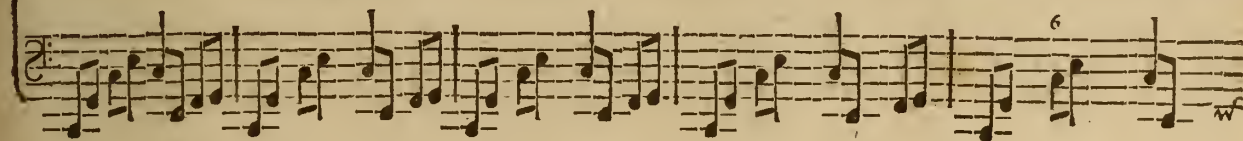
A SONG with a Trumpet in Dioclesian.



Out—nd Fame thy Brazen Trumpet sound,

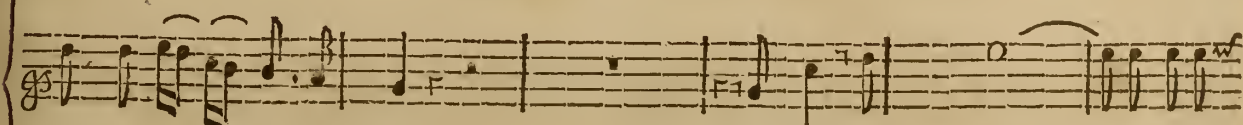


found, found, found— - - - -d thy Brazen



Trumpet sound:

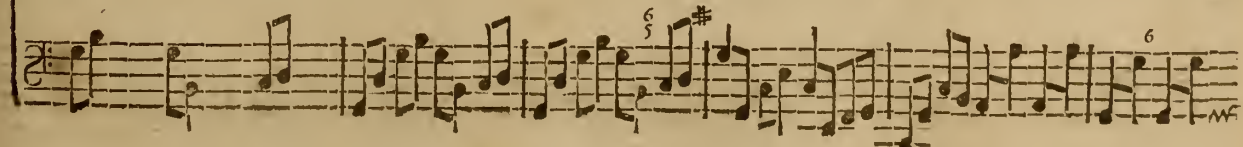
Stand, stand in the Centre, stand in the



Centre of the U—ni—verse;

and call, and

ca—ll the lifting



World a—round; while we in-joy—

— — — — — full Notes re—herfe, in Art-full Numbers, in Artfull

Numbers and well cho— — — — — -fen Verfe; Great Di-oclesian's, Gre—

—at Di—o—cle—sian's Glory,

Great Dioclesian's, Gre- - - - - at Di-o-cle-sian's Glory,

Gre- - - - - at Di-o-cle-sian's Glory.

A DIALOGUE *between* Thirsis, and Daphne.



Thirsis.

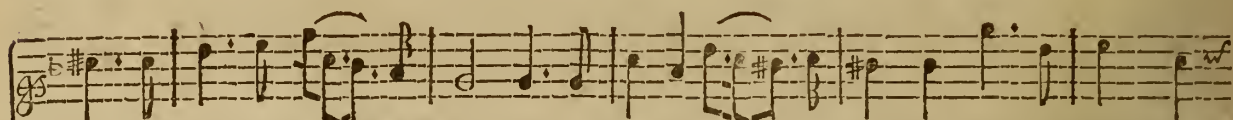
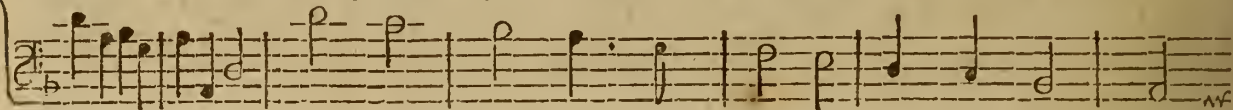
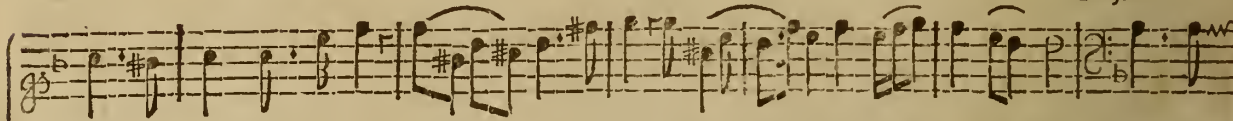
HY my Daphne, why complaining, and my Sghs and Tears disdaining,

since not many hours are past; when with hands lift up to Heav'n, then our plighted Faith was giv'n

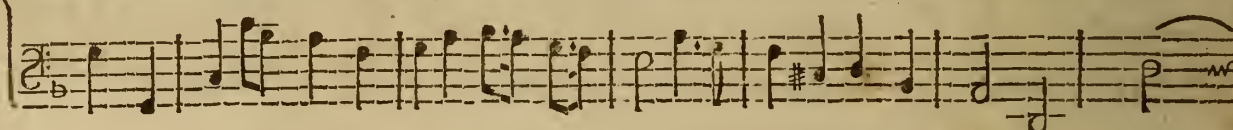
vowing they shou'd ever last, shou'd ever e-ver, e-ver last, shou'd ever, e-ver, e-ver last.

Daphne.

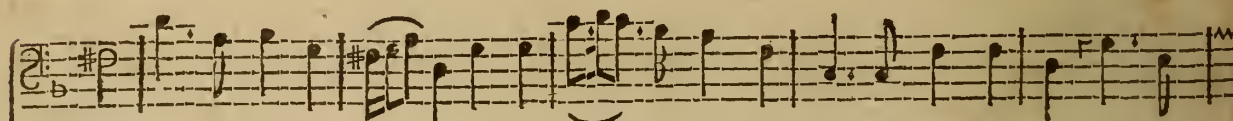
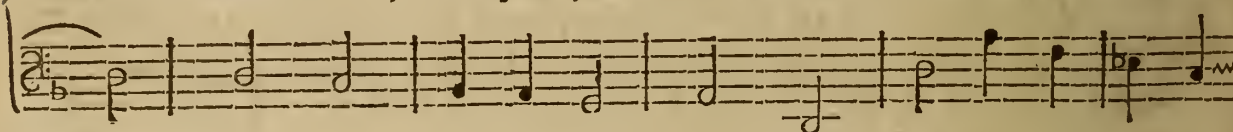
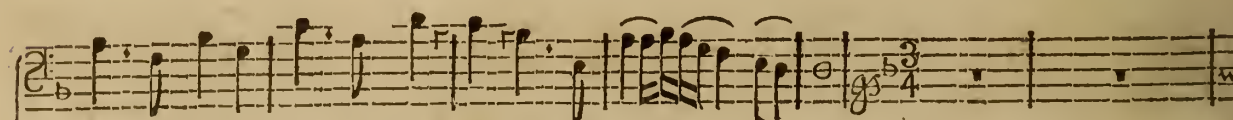
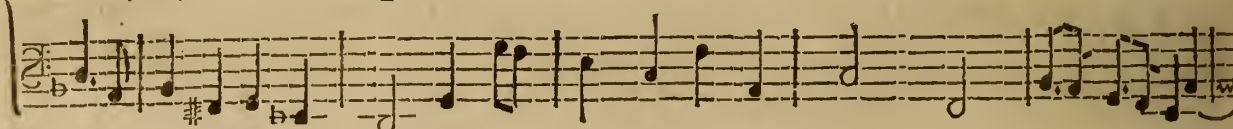
Oh! ingrateful fly Deceiver, and I, ea—fie, ea—fie fond Believer, to

think, that Man could e're be true! This to *Eg-la* was a Token, witness all your*Thirsis.*

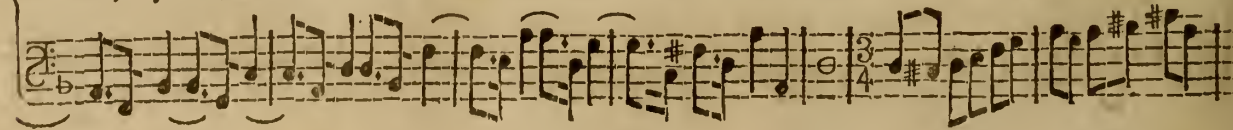
Vows are broken, and I, poor I, and I, poo——r I'm undone by you. Could that

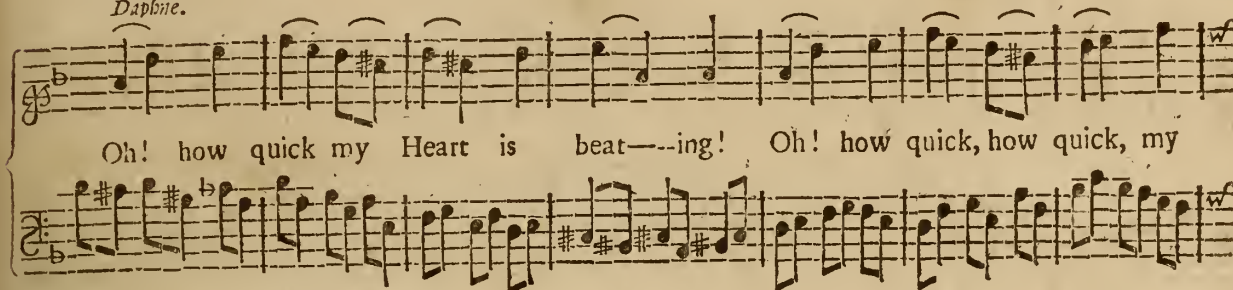


false ma—licious Creature, work up—on your ea—fie Nature; could she say, That Gift was

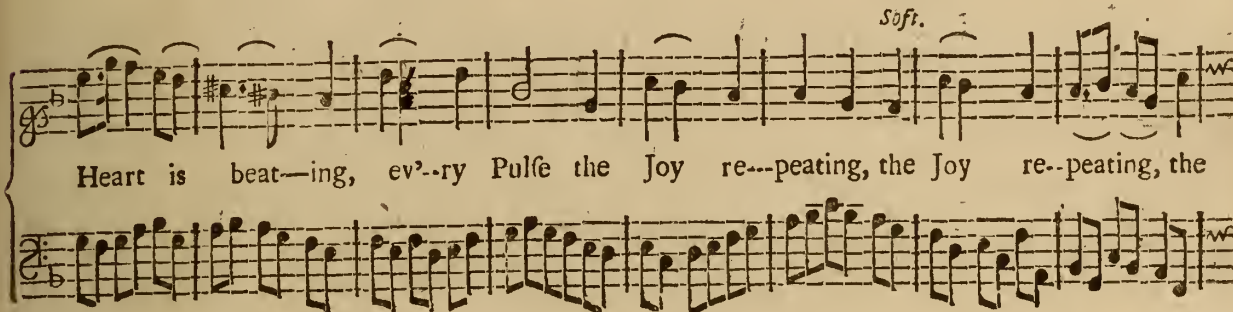
mine; No, that Garland *Eg-la* gave me, but her Arts could ne're enslave me; No, no, my

Life, my All, is thine, my All, All, All, my All is thine.

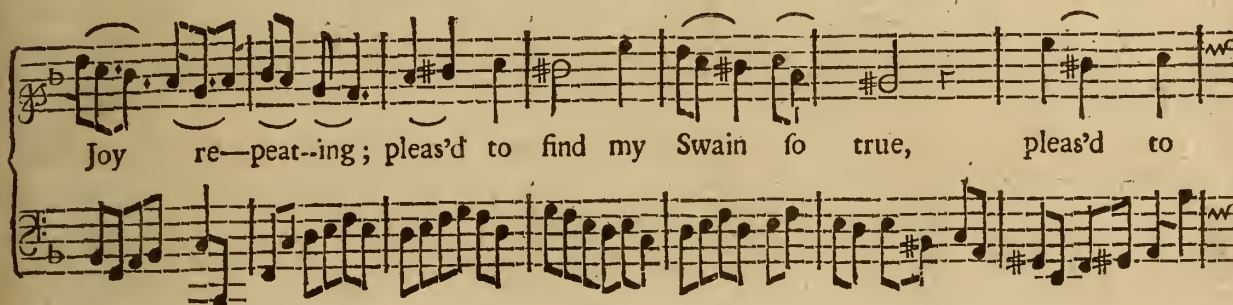


Daphne.

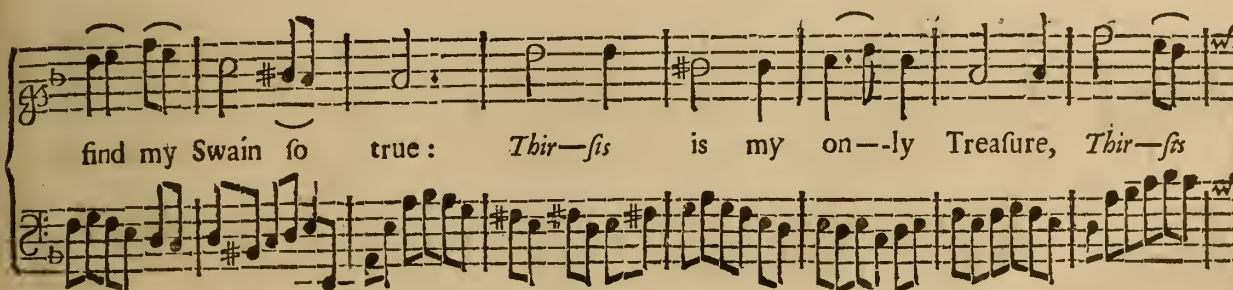
Oh! how quick my Heart is beat—ing! Oh! how quick, how quick, my

Soft.

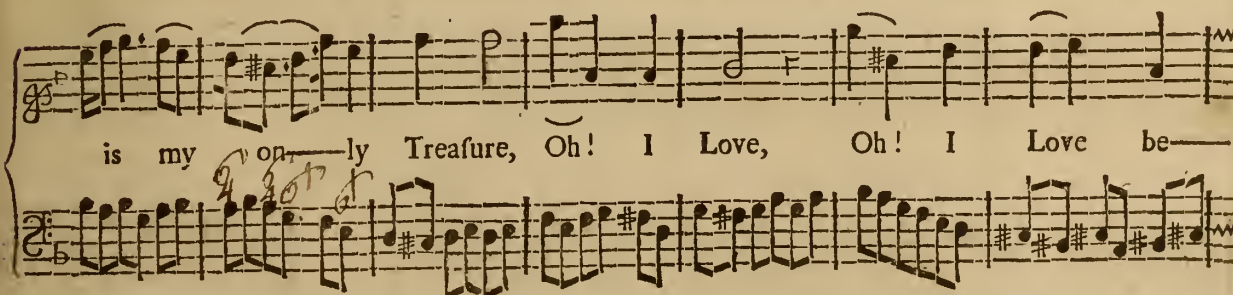
Heart is beat—ing, ev'-ry Pulse the Joy re--peating, the Joy re--peating, the



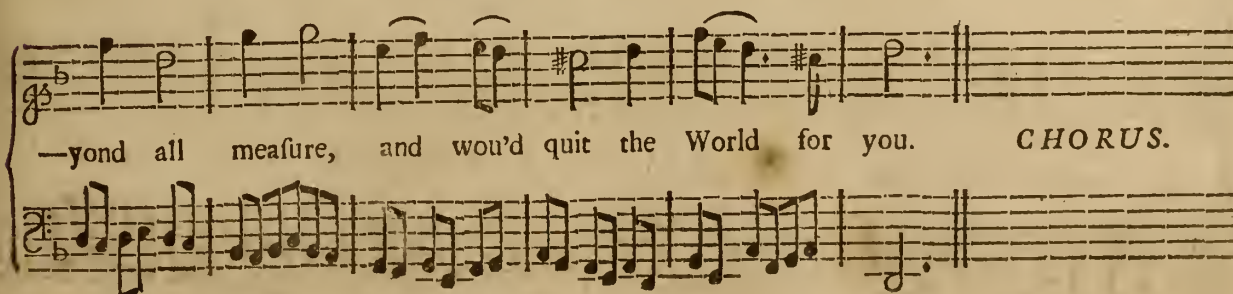
Joy re--peat-ing; pleas'd to find my Swain so true, pleas'd to



find my Swain so true: *Thir—fs* is my on—ly Treasure, *Thir—fs*

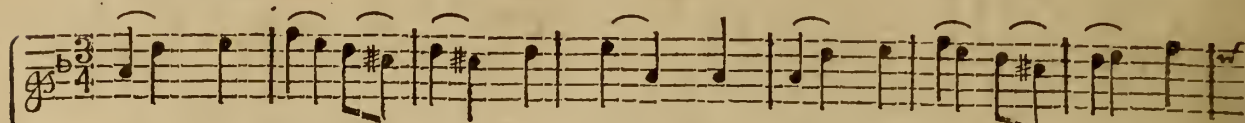


is my on—ly Treasure, Oh! I Love, Oh! I Love be—



—yond all measure, and wou'd quit the World for you. CHORUS.

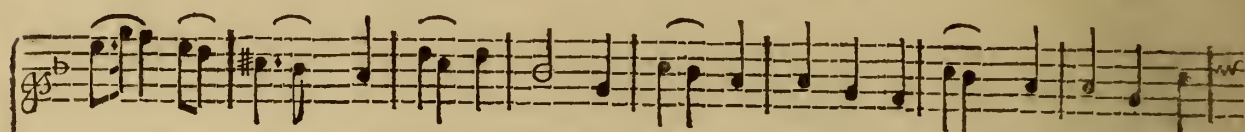
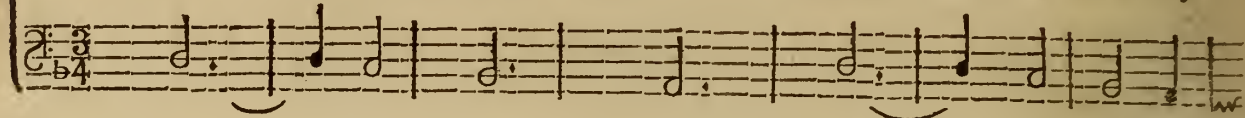
CHORUS.



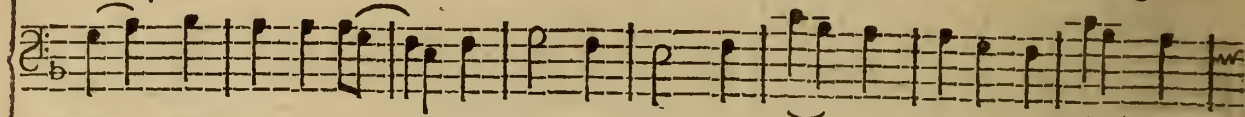
Oh! how quick my Heart is beat---ing! Oh! how quick, how quick, my



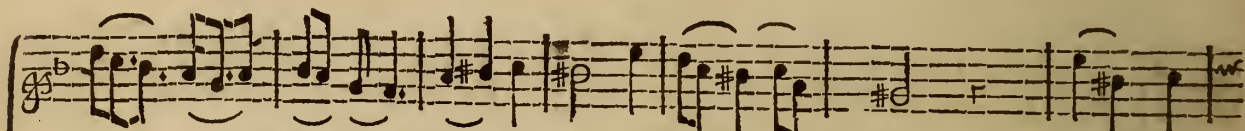
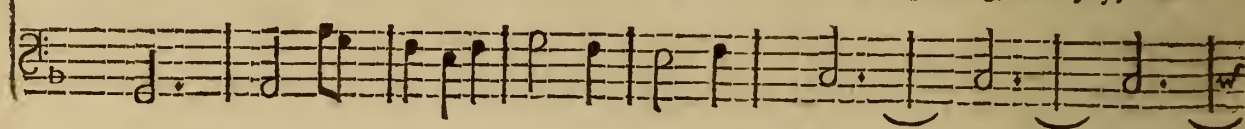
Oh! how quick my Heart is beat---ing! Oh! how quick my



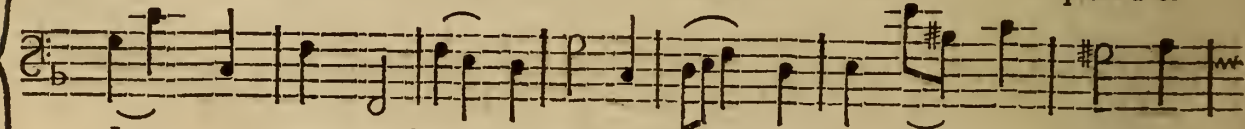
Heart is beat---ing, ev'ry Pulse the Joy re---peating, the Joy re--peating, the



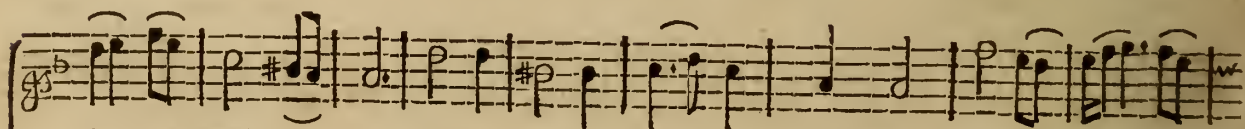
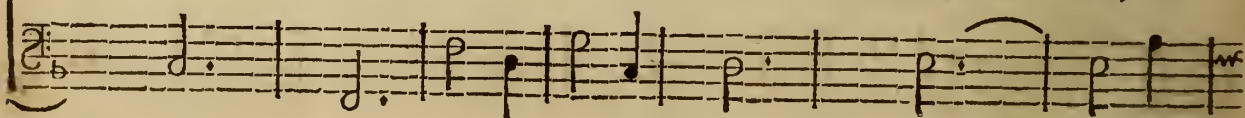
Heart is beating, ev'---ry Pulse the Joy, the Joy re---peating, the Joy, the



Joy re---peat-ing; pleas'd to find my Swain so true, pleas'd to



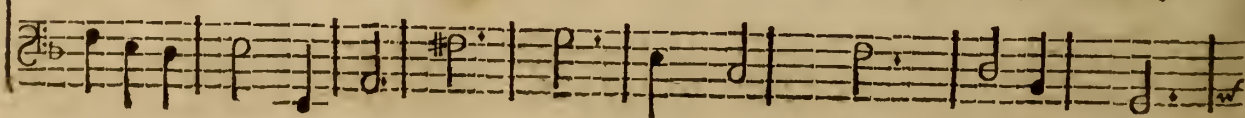
Joy re---peat---ing; pleas'd to find my Nymph so true, pleas'd to find, to



find my Swain so true: *Thirfis* is my on---ly Treasure, *Thirfis* is my



find, my Nymph so true: *Daphne* is my on---ly Treasure, my on-ly, on---ly



on—ly Treasure, Oh! I love, Oh! I love, beyond all measure,
Treasure, Oh! I love, Oh! I love, I love, beyond all measure,

and wou'd quit the World for you.
and wou'd quit the World for you.

A V E R S E out of the late Queen's Birthday S O N G.

Nd to a sacred Fu—ry sweet'd — her
breast, and the whole God her lab'—ring Soul pos—selt; to
lof—ty Strains, to lof—ty Strains, her tune—ful Lyre the

Strung, thus, thus, thus, thus the Goddess Play'd, and

thus she Sung: To lof-ty Strains, to lof-ty Strains her

tuneful Lyre she Strung; and thus, thus, thus the God-dess Play'd;

and thus she Sung; to lof-ty Strains her tuneful Lyre she

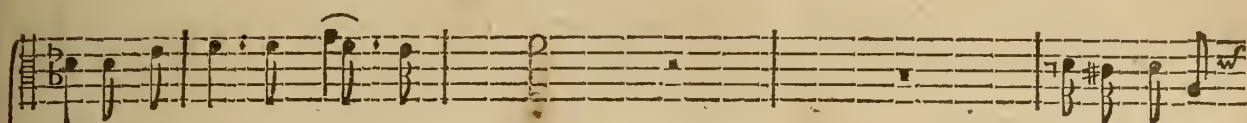
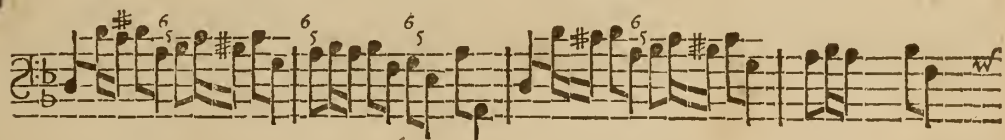
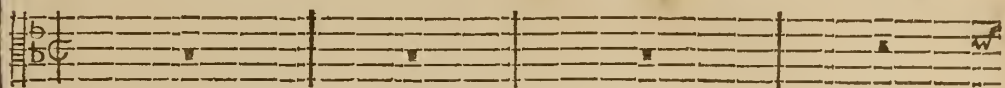
Strung; and thus, thus, thus, the God-dess Play'd, and

thus, she Sung.

A V E R S E out of the late Queen's Birthday-S O N G.

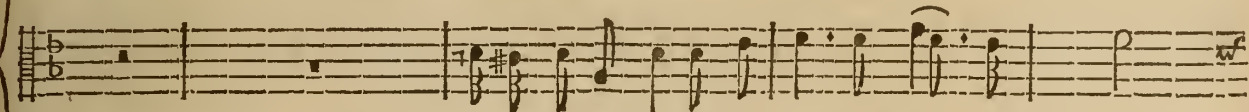


A--ny, many,

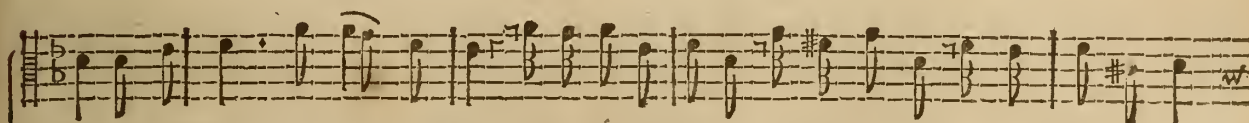
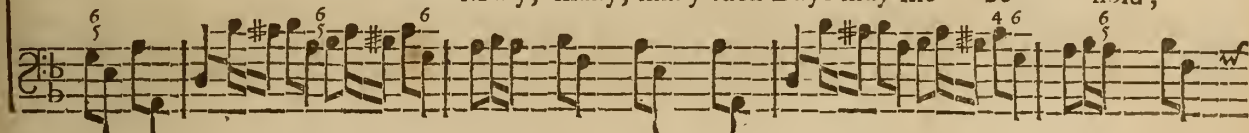


many such Days may she be—hold ;

many, many,



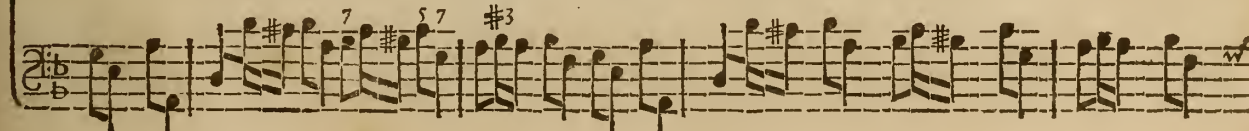
Many, many, many such Days may she be—hold ;



many such Days may she behold ; many, many, many, many, many, many, many, many such

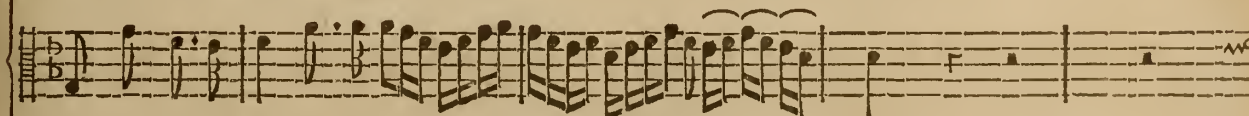


many, many, many such Days may she behold ; many, many, many, many, many, many

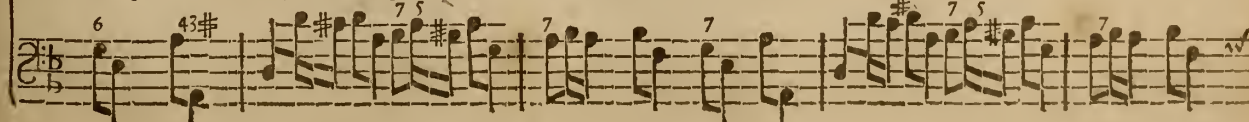


Days may she be--hold ;

like the gla- - - - - d



such may she behold ; like the gla- - - - - d Sun without de- cay ;



Sun without de-cay; without, with-out de-cay. Many, many,
like the gla- - - - d Sun without de cay.

many such Days may she be——hold; many, many,
Many, many, many such Days may she be——hold;

many such Days may she behold; many, many, many, many, many, many, many such
many, many, many such Days may she behold; many, many, many, many, many, many

Days may she be--hold; like the gla- - - - d
such may she behold; like the gla- - - - d Sun without de - cay;

Sun with—out de—-cay ; with—out, with—out de—-cay :

Like the gla—- d Sun with—out de-cay ;

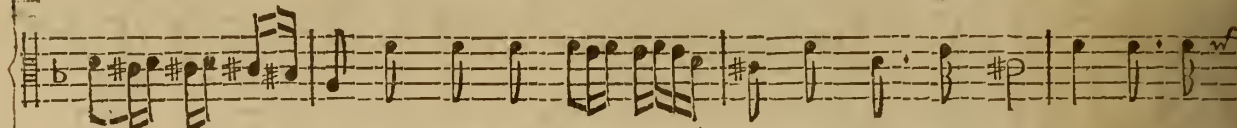
May Time that tear- - - - -s, may Time that tear- - - - -

—s, where he lay's hold ; On—ly Sa—lute her, on—ly Sa—lute her,

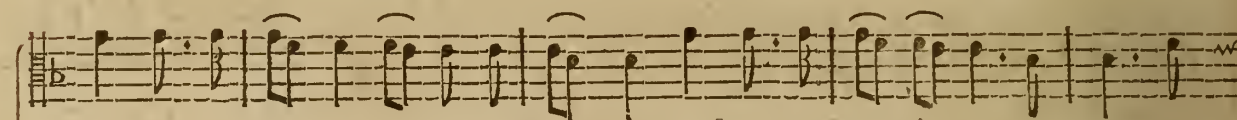
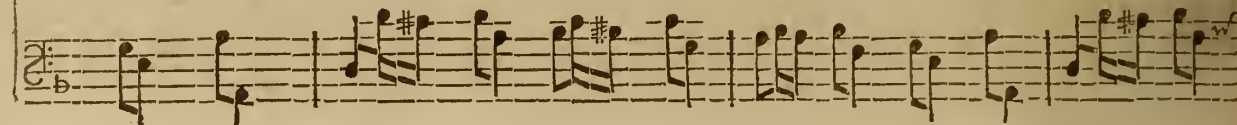
on—ly Sa—lute her in his way; May Time that tear— —s,
—lute her, Sa—lute her in his way; May Time that



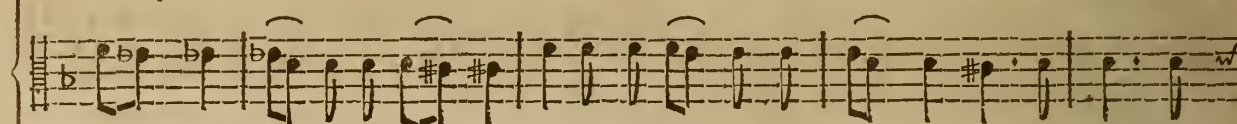
may Time that tear—s, where he lay's hold;



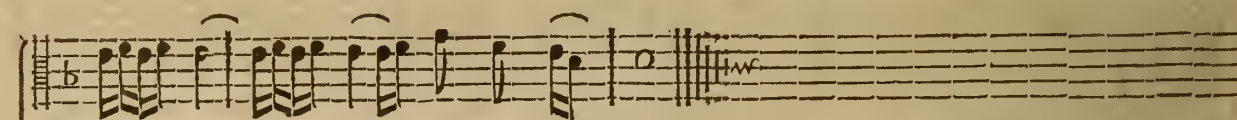
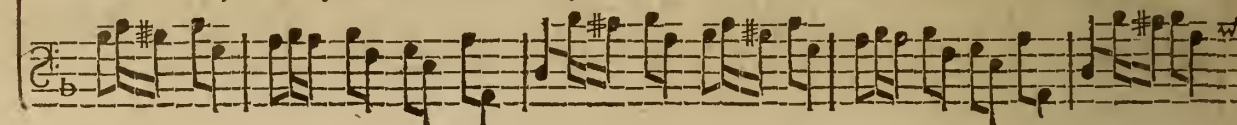
tear- - - - -s, may Time that tear- - - - -s, where he lay's hold; On---ly Sa—



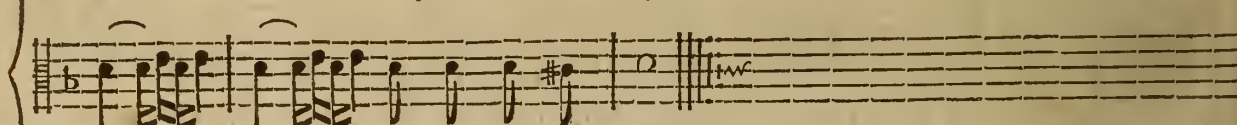
On—ly Sa-lute her, on—ly Sa-lute her, on---ly Sa-lute her in his way; Sa—



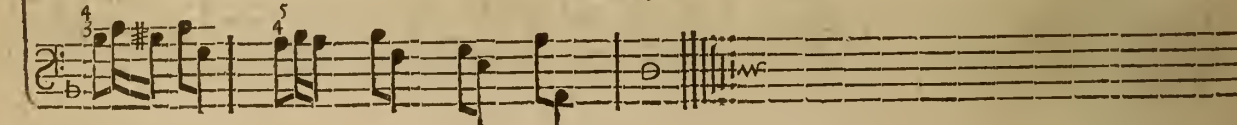
—lute her, on-ly Sa-lute her, only Sa-lute her, Sa-lute her in his way; Sa—



—lute—her in his way.



—lute—her in his way.



—lute—her in his way.

—lute—her in his way.

—lute—her in his way.

—lute—her in his way.

—lute—her in his way.

—lute—her in his way.

—lute—her in his way.

—lute—her in his way.

—lute—her in his way.

—lute—her in his way.

—lute—her in his way.

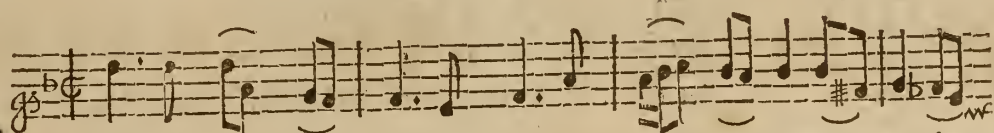
—lute—her in his way.

—lute—her in his way.

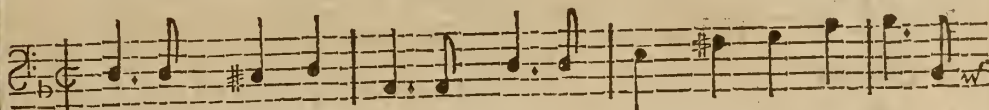
—lute—her in his way.

—lute—her in his way.

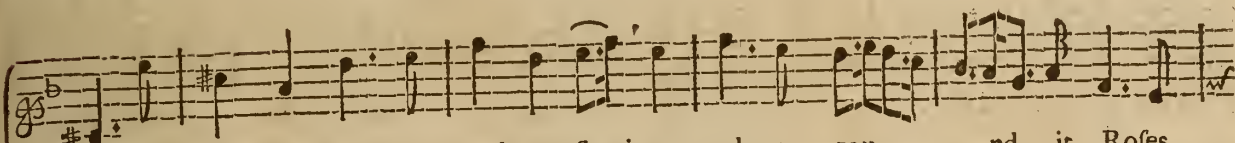
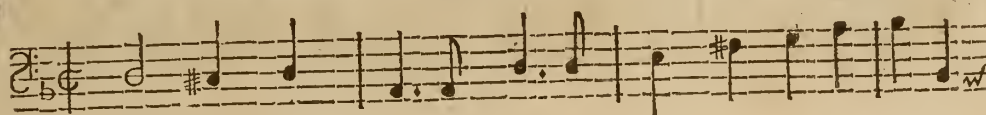
The EPICURE.



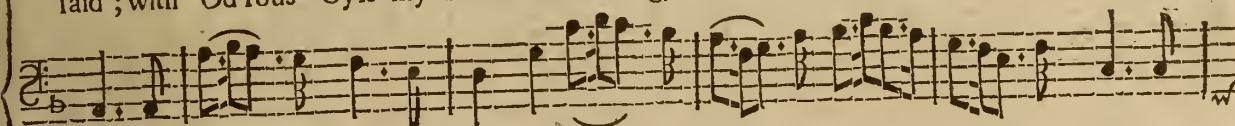
N—der--neath this Myrtle Shade, on Flow'—ry Beds Su--pine-ly



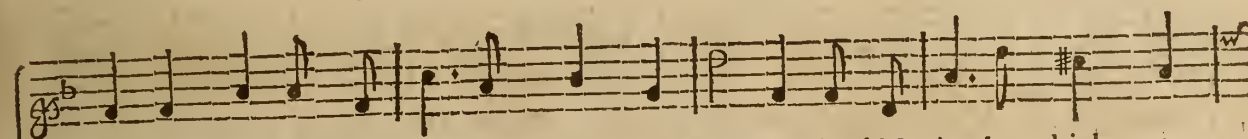
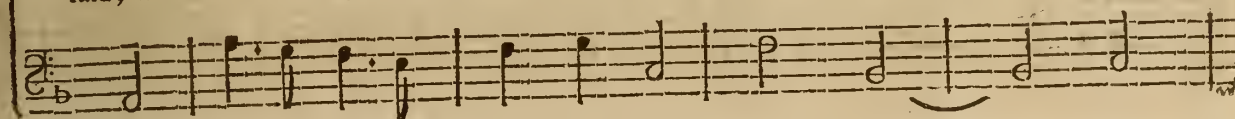
N—der—neath this Myrtle Shade, on Flow'—ry Beds Su--pine-ly



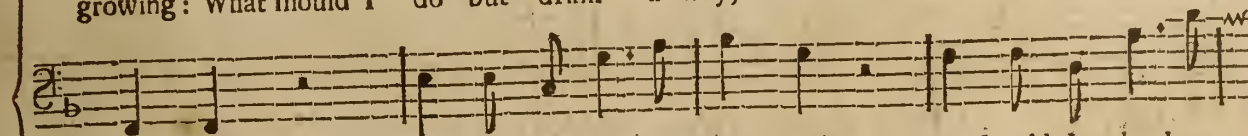
laid ; with Od'rous Oyls my Head o'erflowing, and a---rou-----nd it Roses



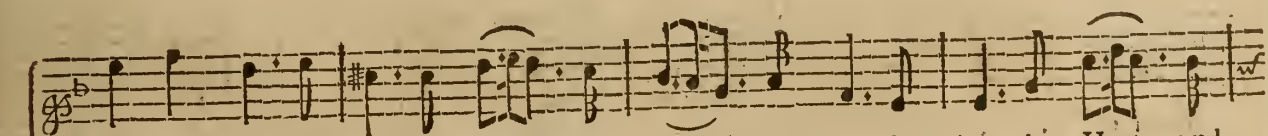
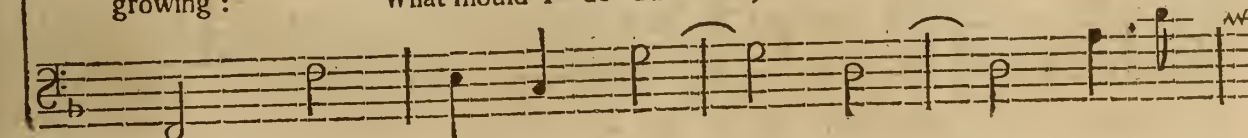
laid ; with Od'rous Oyls my Head o'erflow-ing, and a—rou-----nd it Roses



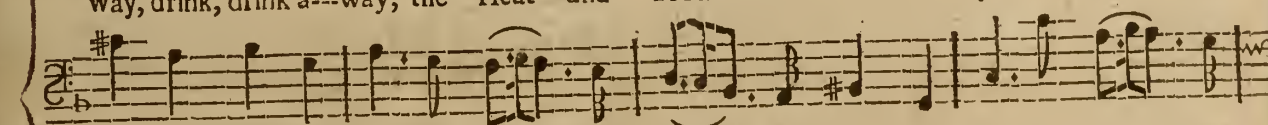
growing : What should I do but drink a--way, what should I do but drink a---



growing : What should I do but drink, drink what should I do but



way, drink, drink a---way, the Heat and Trou—bles of the day, the Heat and



drink, drink, drink a---way, the Heat and Trou—bles of the day, the Heat and

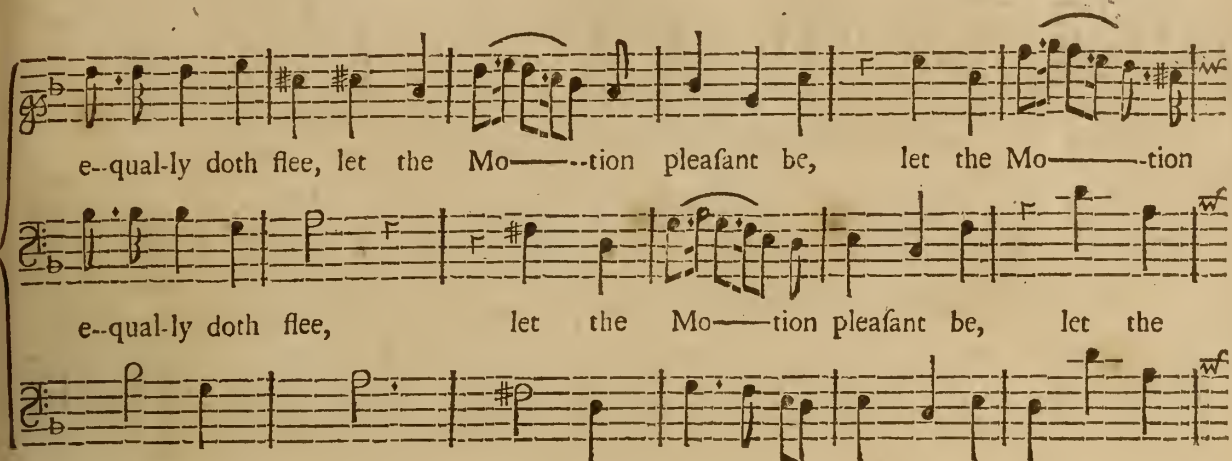


Troubles of the day. In this more than Kingly State, Love himself shall on me wait;

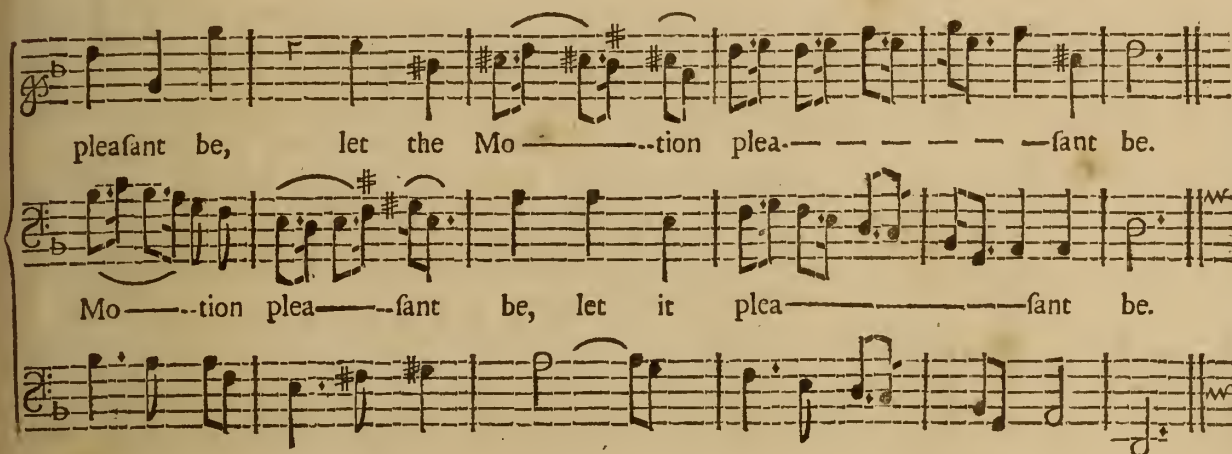
Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up, and mingled, ca—ft, cast in—to the

Cup, Wit and Mirth Vig'rous Health, Vig'rous Health, and Gay Desires. The

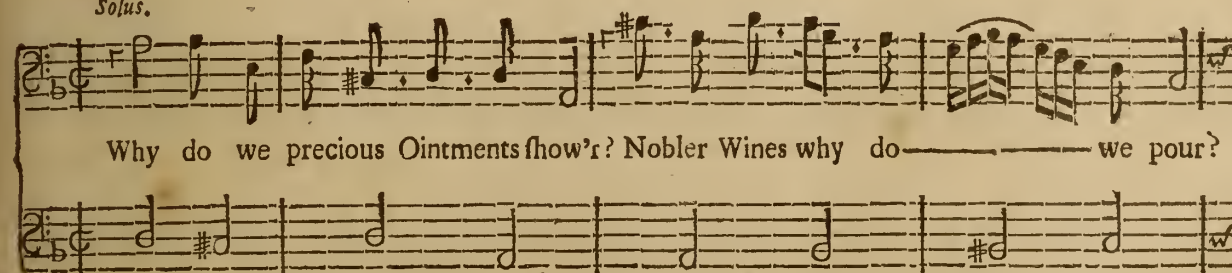
Wheel of Life no less will stay, in a smoo—th than rugged Way; since it



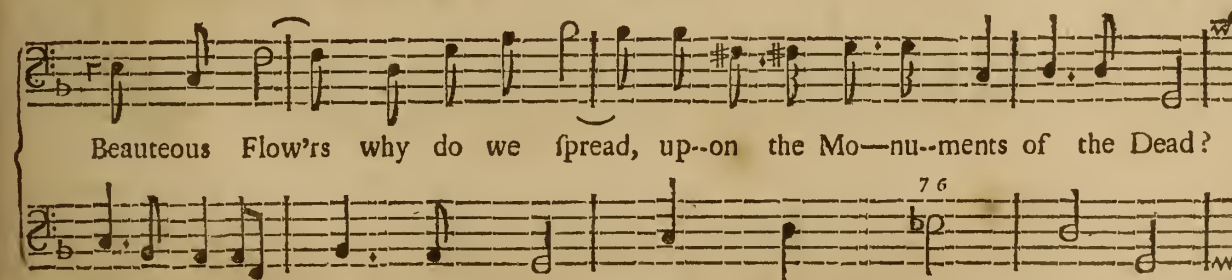
e--qual-ly doth flee, let the Mo--tion pleasant be, let the Mo--tion
e--qual-ly doth flee, let the Mo--tion pleasant be, let the



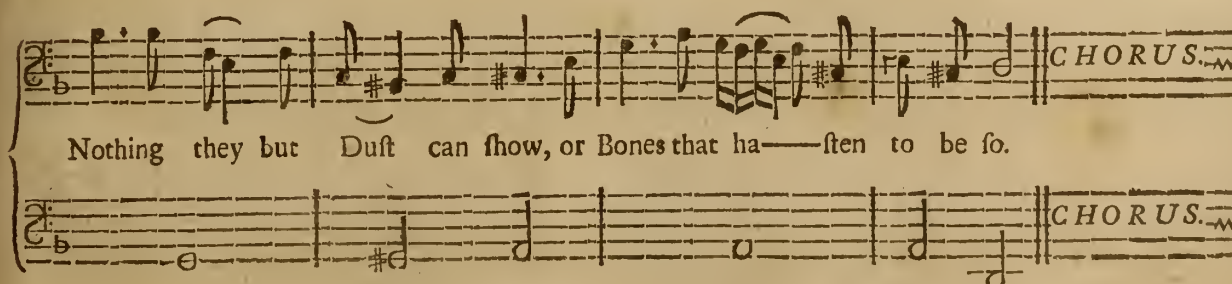
pleasant be, let the Mo--tion plea--fant be.
Mo--tion plea--fant be, let it plea--fant be.

Solus.


Why do we precious Ointments show'r? Nobler Wines why do we pour?

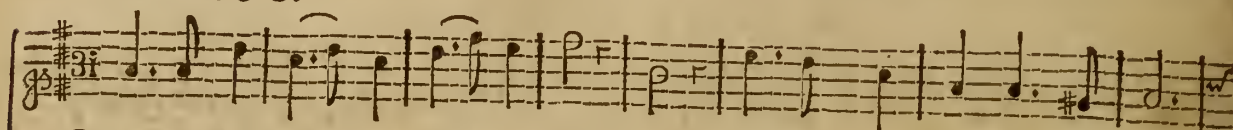


Beauteous Flow'rs why do we spread, up-on the Mo--nu--ments of the Dead?

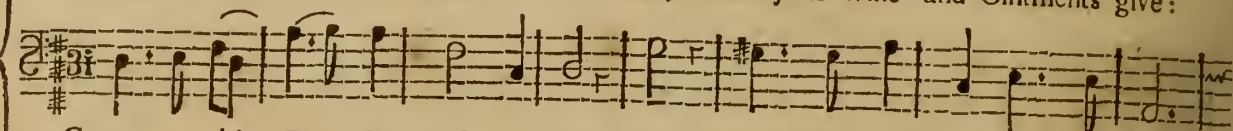


Nothing they but Dust can show, or Bones that ha--sten to be so. CHORUS.

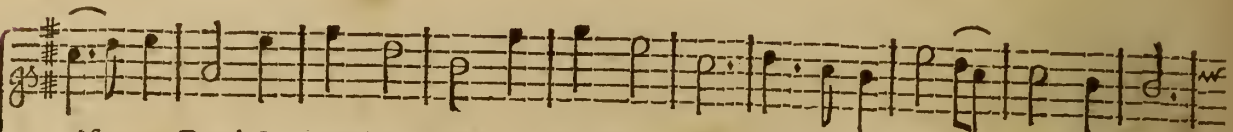
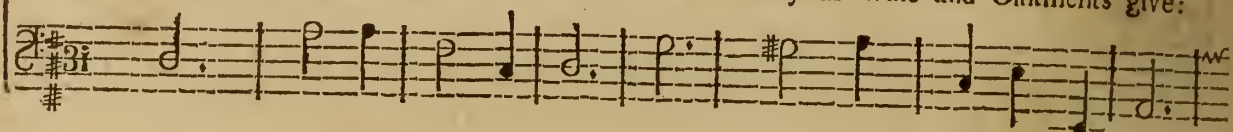
CHORUS.



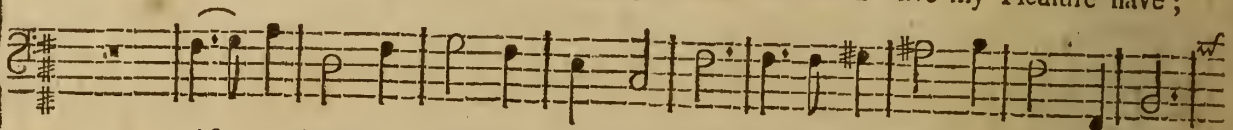
Crown me with Ro—ses whilst I live, now, now your Wine and Ointments give:



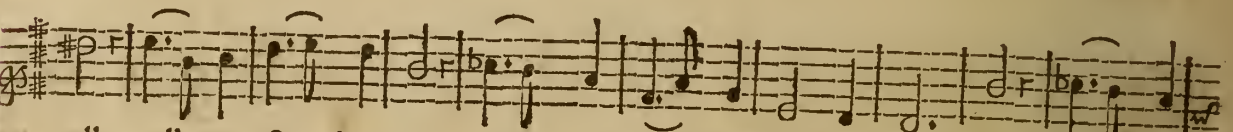
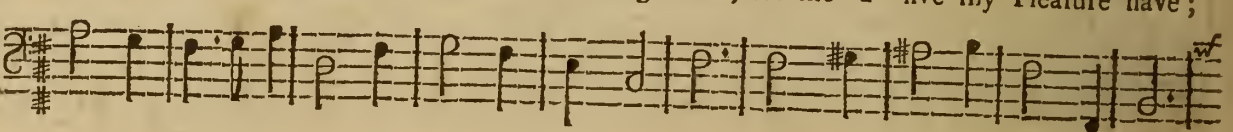
Crown me with Ro—ses whilst I live, now, now your Wine and Ointments give:



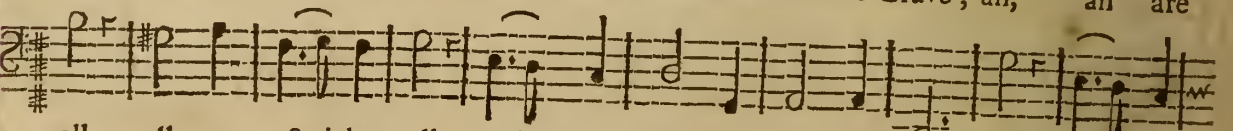
Af—ter Death I nothing crave, I nothing crave, let me a—live my Pleasure have;



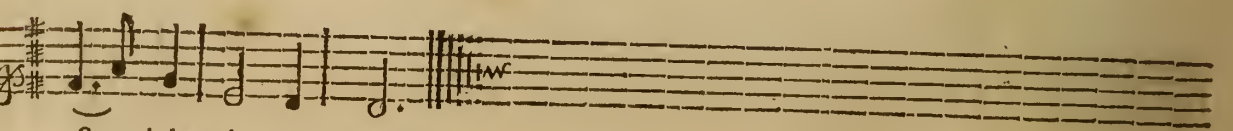
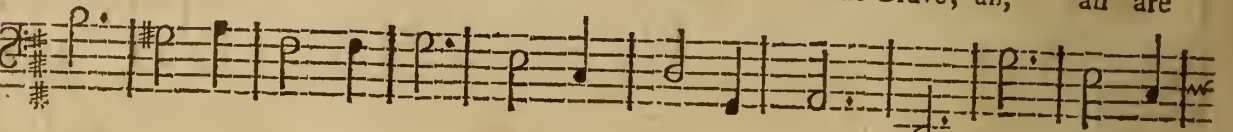
Af—ter Death I nothing, nothing crave, let me a—live my Pleasure have;



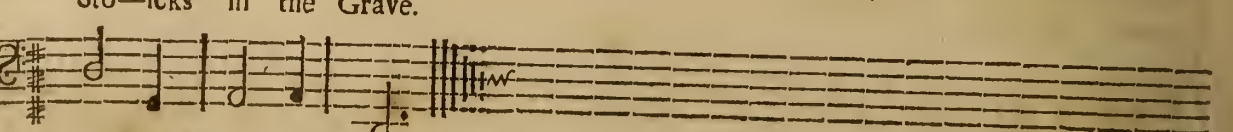
all, all are Sto—icks, all, all are Sto—icks in the Grave; all, all are



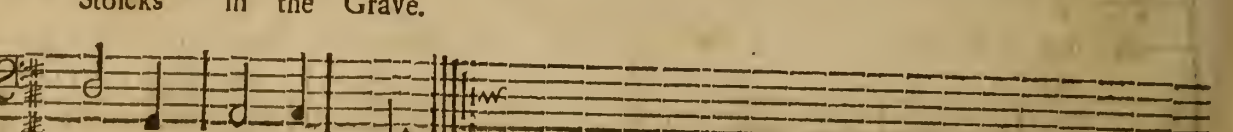
all, all are Stoicks, all all are Stoicks in the Grave; all, all are



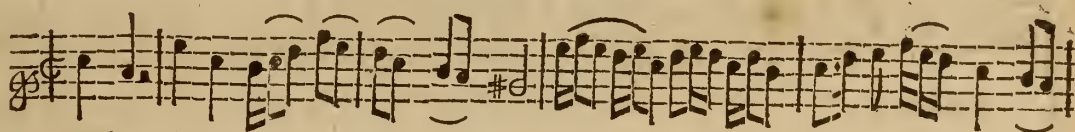
Sto—icks in the Grave.



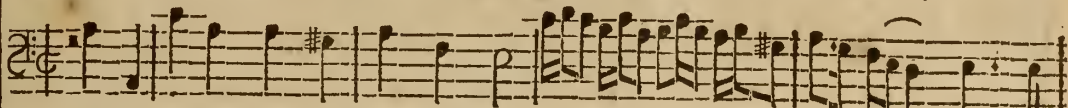
Stoicks in the Grave.



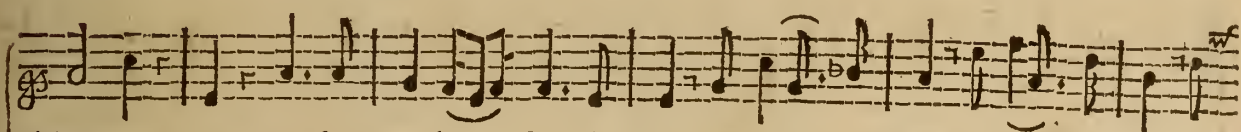
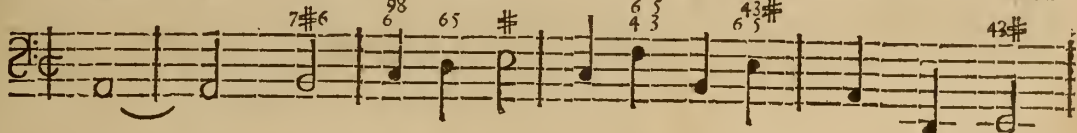
A S O N G for Two Voices.



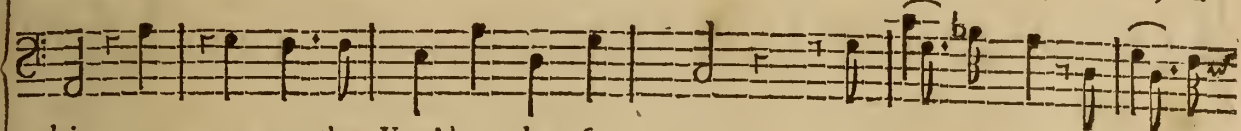
Ulia, Julia your un-just dif-dain, moves, mo——ves me, to com-



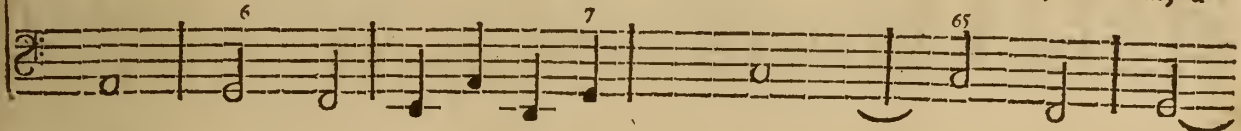
Julia, Julia, your unjust disdain, moves, mo——ves me to com-



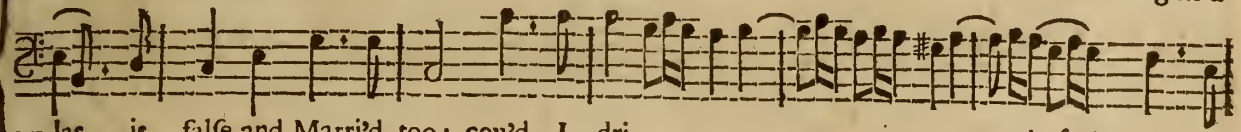
plain; you, you, you that Vow'd to be so true; a—las, a—las, a—las, a—las, a—



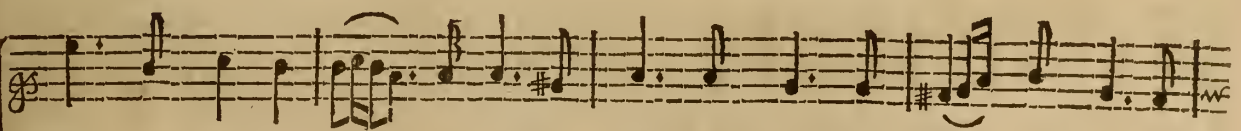
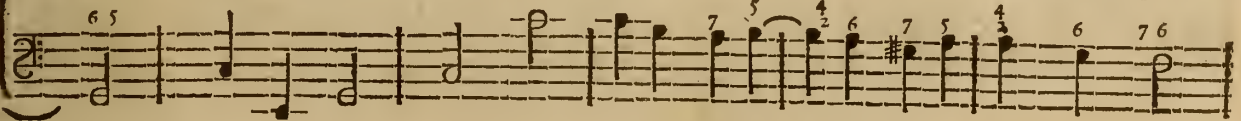
-plain; you, you, you that Vow'd to be so true; a—las, a—las, a—las, a—



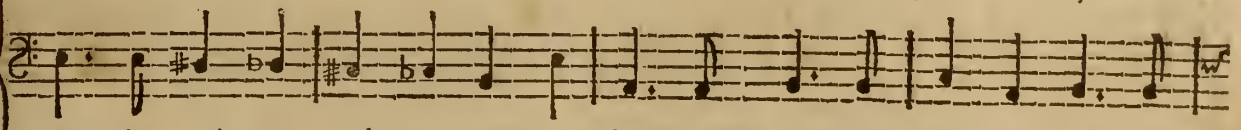
—las is false and Mar-ri'd too; cou'd I dri- - - - -ve those thoughts a-



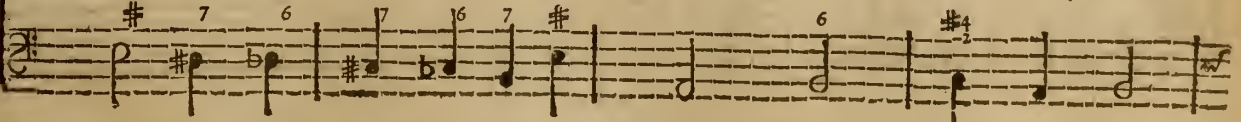
—las, is false and Marri'd too; cou'd I dri- - - - -ve those thoughts a-



—way; that rack me, rack me ev'-ry day, by your, by your un-just In—



—way; that rack me, rack me ev'-ry day, by your, by your un-just In—



—con-stant-cy; Oh! oh! how happy, oh! oh! how happy, how

—con-stant-cy; Oh! oh! oh! how happy, how happy, oh!

happy, oh! oh! how happy, how happy, shou'd I be; oh! oh!

oh! how happy, how happy, how hap-py shou'd I be; oh! oh!

oh! how happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, shou'd I be; Oh! oh! oh! how

oh! how happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, shou'd I be; Oh! oh! oh! how

happy, happy, happy, happy, happy shou'd I be.

happy, happy, happy, happy, happy shou'd I be.

A single SONG.

H! fair Cedaria, Oh! - - - - - fair Cedaria hide those

Eyes, that Hearts Enough have won; for who--so--ever sees them die- - - - -s; oh!

fair Ce-da-ria hide those Eyes, for who--so--ever sees them die- - - - -s, hide those

Eyes, for who--so--ever, who--so--ever sees them die- - - - -s; and cannot, and cannot, cannot

ruine shun: Such Beauty and Cha- - - - -

-rms are seen u--ni--ted in your face;

Such Beauty and Cha—rms are seen u—ni—ted in your

face, the prou—dest, the prou—dest can't but own you, can't but

own you Queen of Beauty; of Beauty, Wit and Grace; Such Beauty and Cha—rms are

seen u—ni—ted in your face; the Proudest, the Prou—dest

can't but own you, the Prou—dest can't but own you, can't but own you

Queen of Beau—ty, Wit, and Grace; The Proudest can't but own you, Quee—

— n of Beau—ty Wit, and Grace; then pi—ty me, then

pi—ty me, who am your Slave; then pi—ty me, then pi—ty

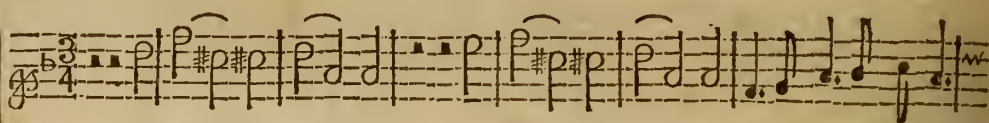
pi—ty me who am your Slave; and grant me, grant me a Re—prive,

un—less I may your Favour have, I can't, I can't one moment live; I

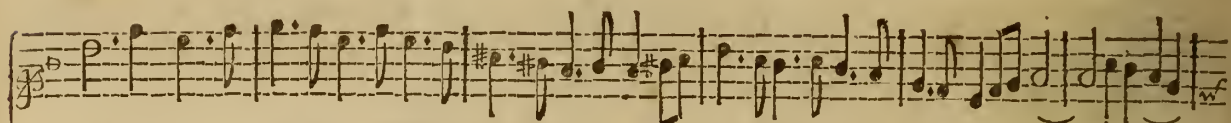
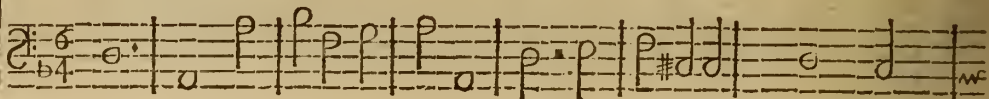
can't, I can't un—less I may your Favour have, I can't, I can't one

Mo—ment Live.

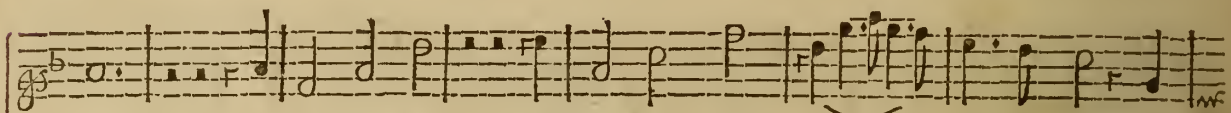
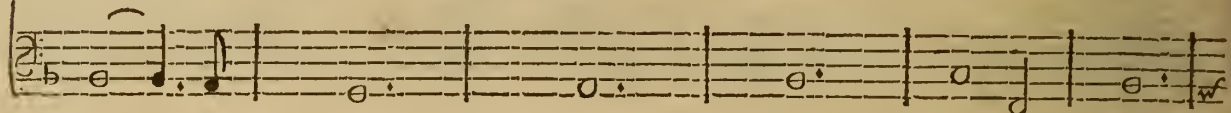
A single SONG.



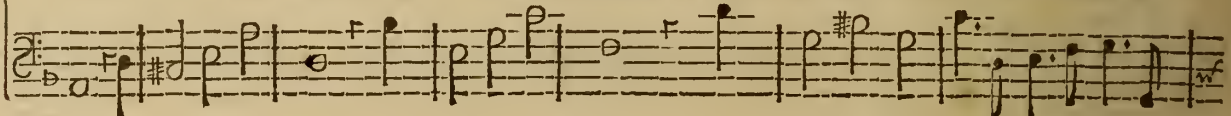
Lov'd fair Ce—lia, I Lov'd fair Ce—lia, many, many, many



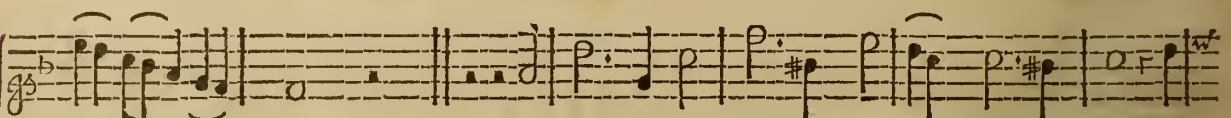
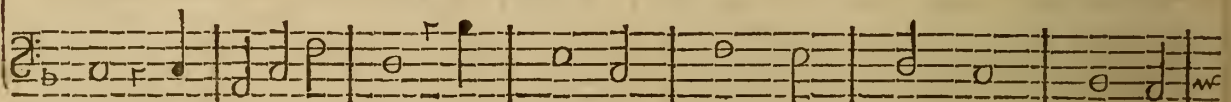
years before she shew—'d her Art, ————— her



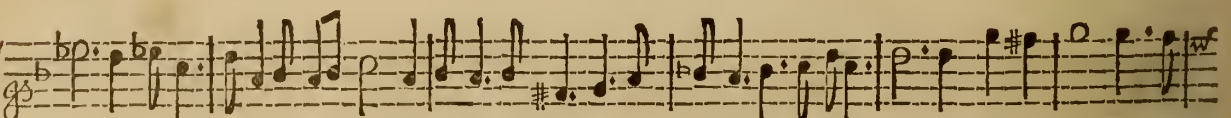
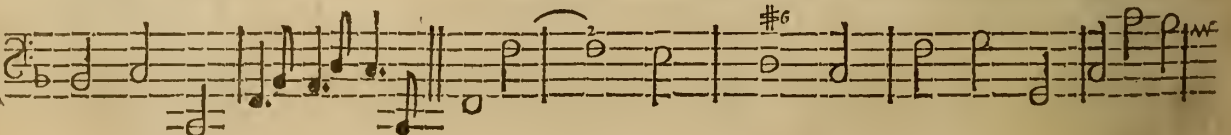
Art; Her Beauty first, her Humor next, by tur ————— ns; her



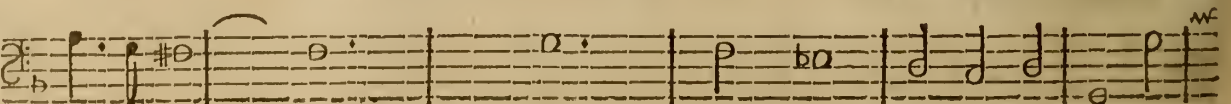
Beauty first, her Humor next, by tur - - - - - ns

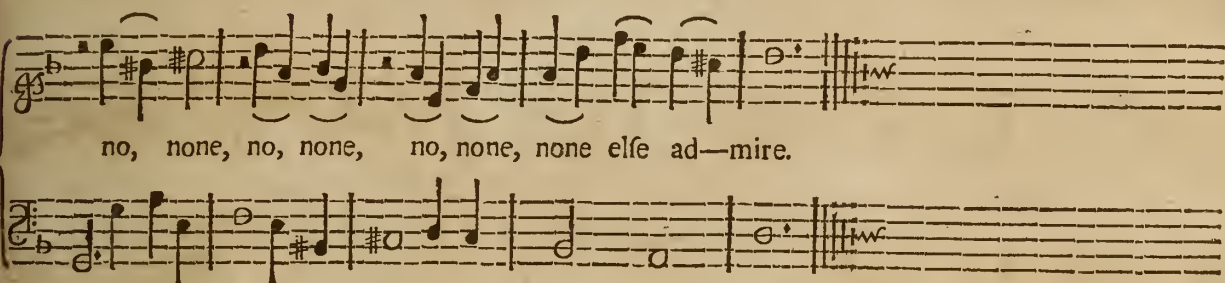
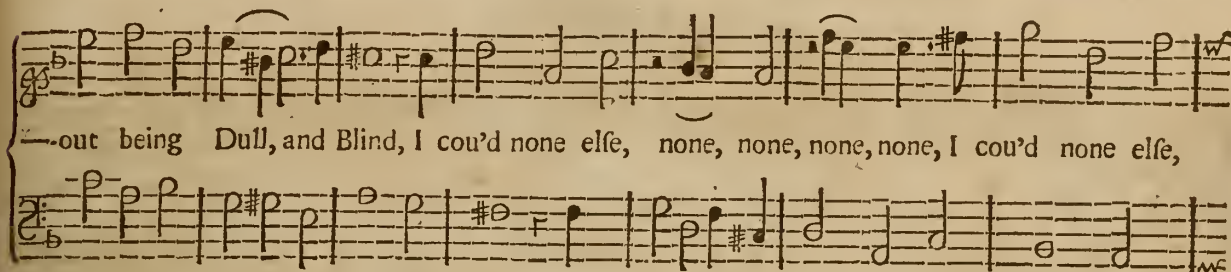
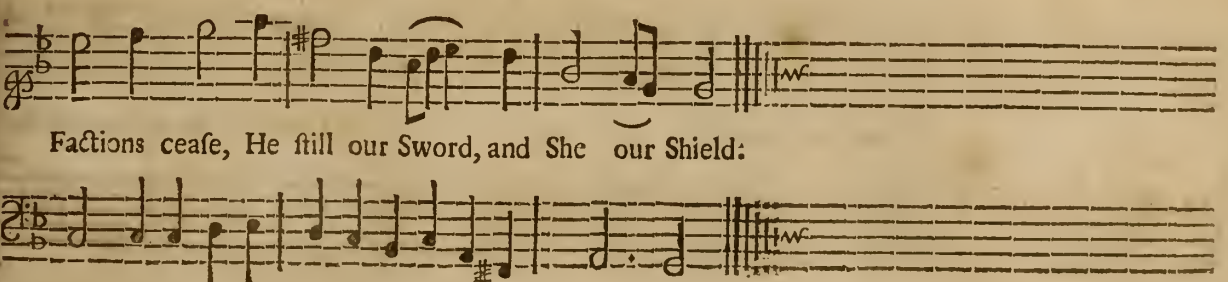
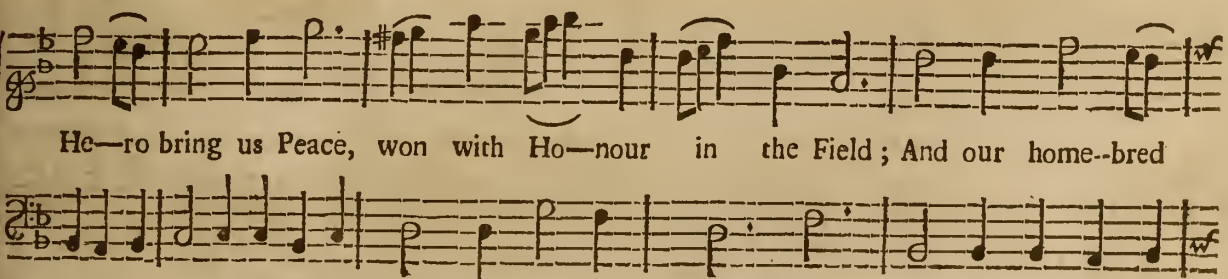
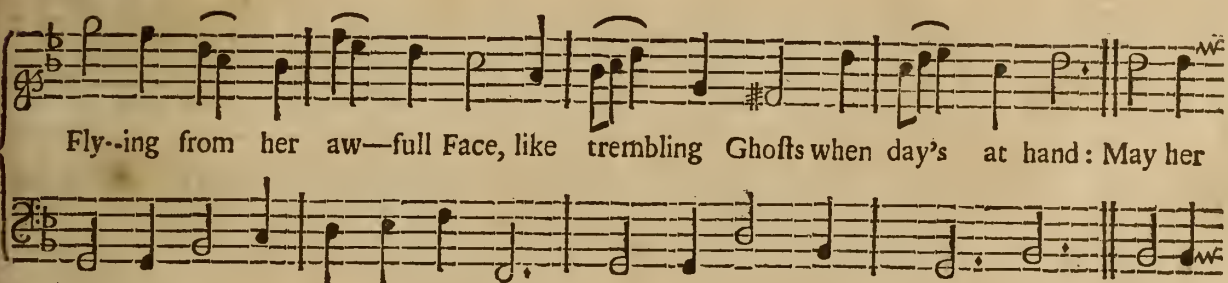
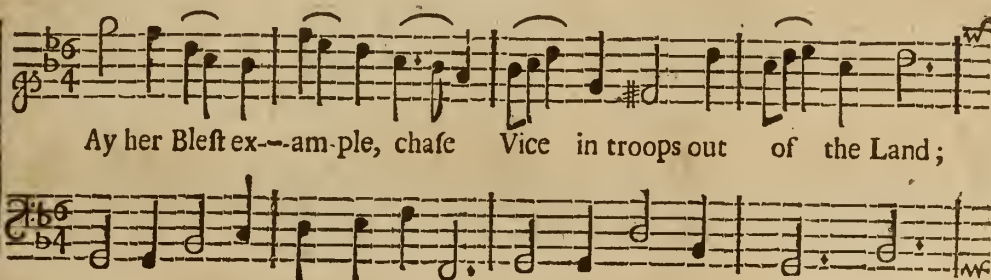


engag'd my Heart. And when to these, when to these the Friendship joyn'd, her



Char- - - - - ms, her Char ————— ms were so intire, that with--



*A SONG on the late Queen.*

A single SONG.



ET us Dance, let us Sing, let us si-

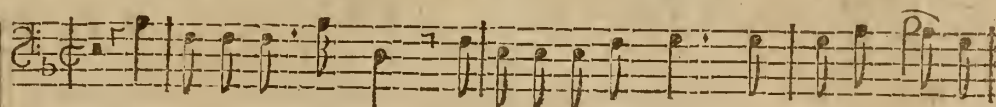
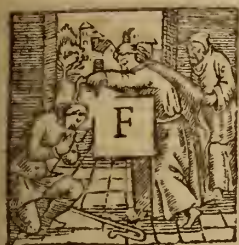
-ng, whilst our Life's in the Spring; and give all, and give all, all, all, all,

all to the great God of Love: Let us Love. Let us Re-vel, let us

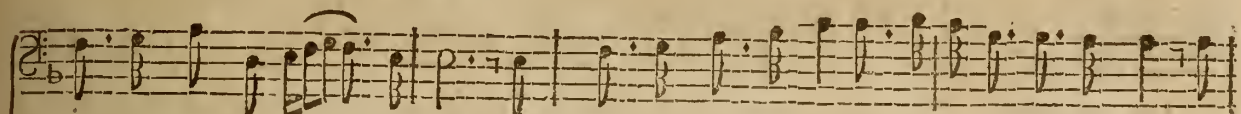
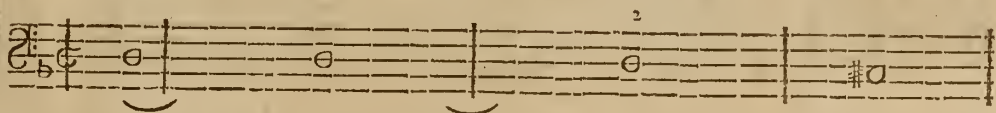
re-vel and play, let us, let us re-vel and play, and re-joy-

-ce whilst we may: Since old Time, since old Time these de-ligh-

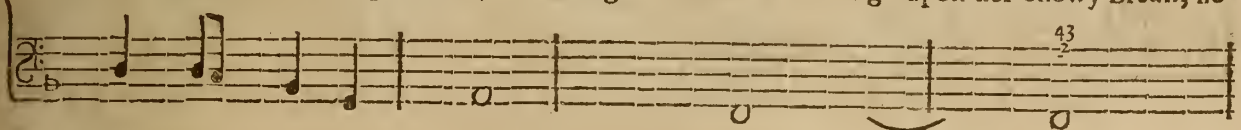
-ts will re-move.

A DIALOGUE *between* Thyrsis, and Iris.

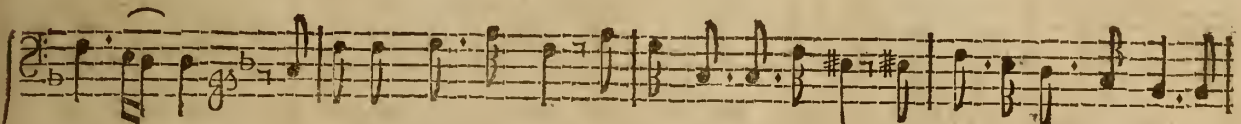
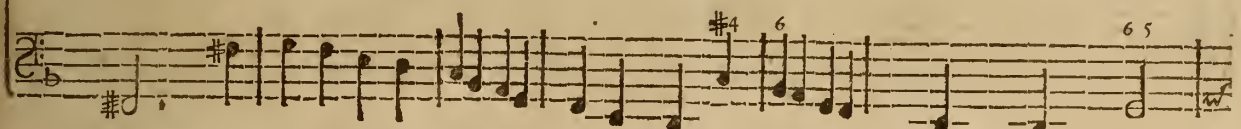
Air *I-ris* and her Swain, were in a shady Bow'r, where *Thyrsis* long in



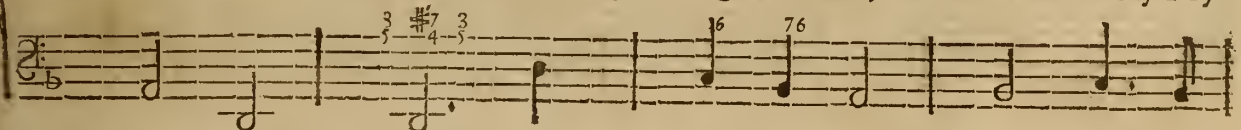
vain had fought the hap—py hour; at length his hand' advancing upon her Snowy Breast, he



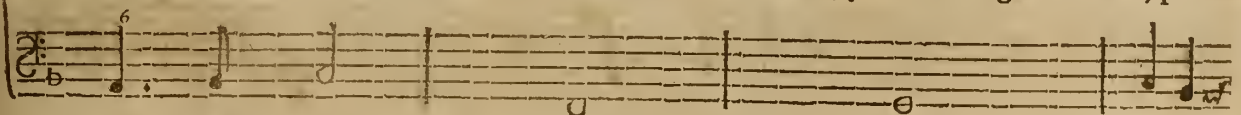
said; O kifs me lon—ger, and lon—ger yet, and lon—ger if you will



make me blest. An ea-sy yeilding Maid, by trusting is undone; our Sex is oft betray'd by



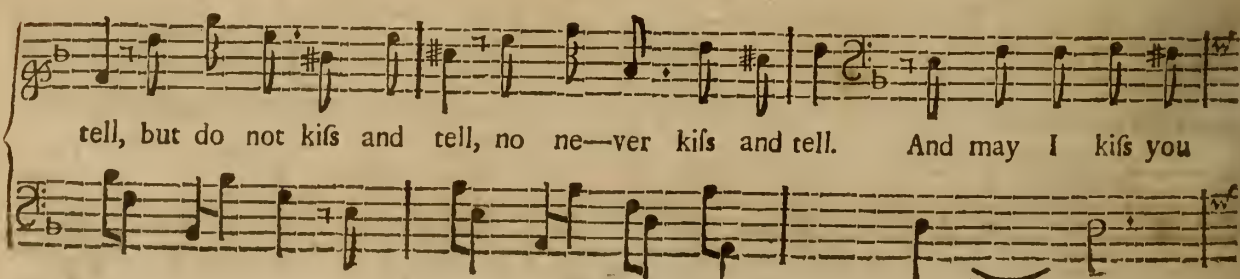
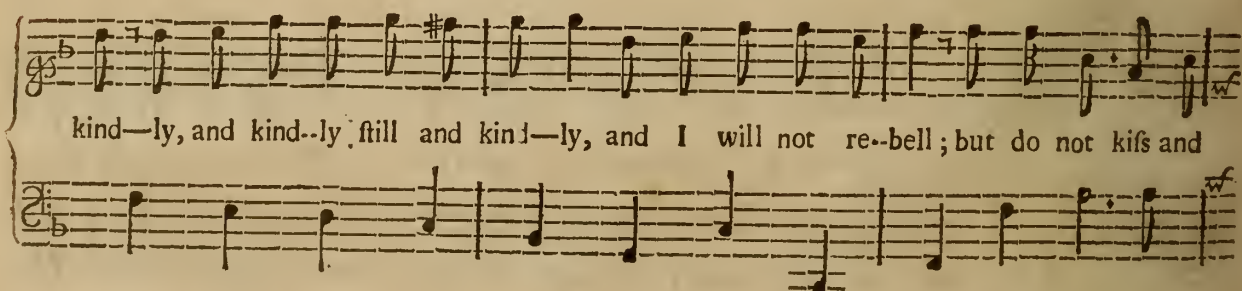
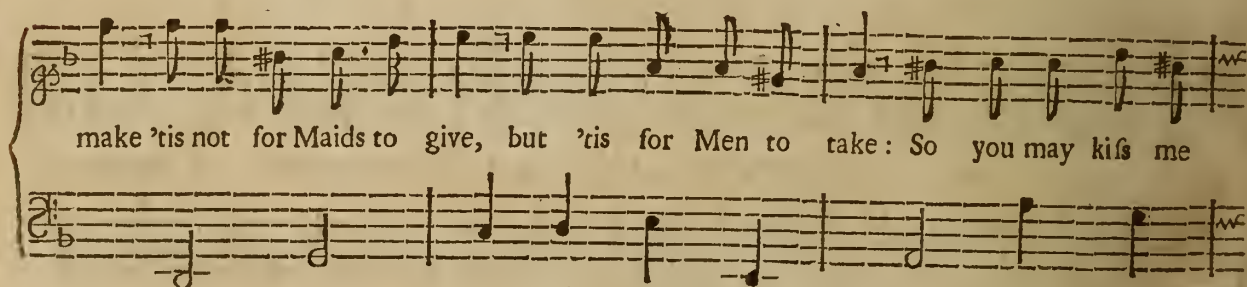
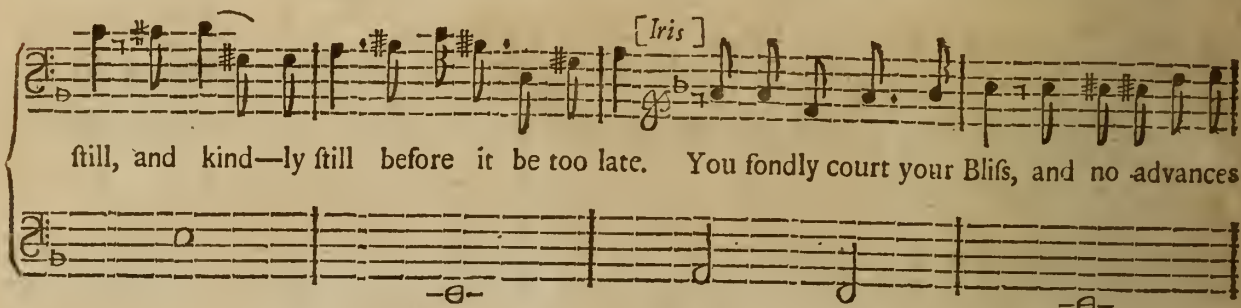
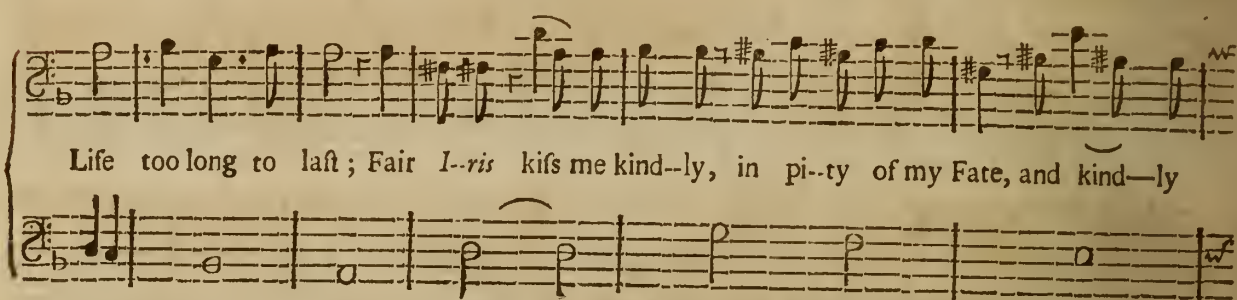
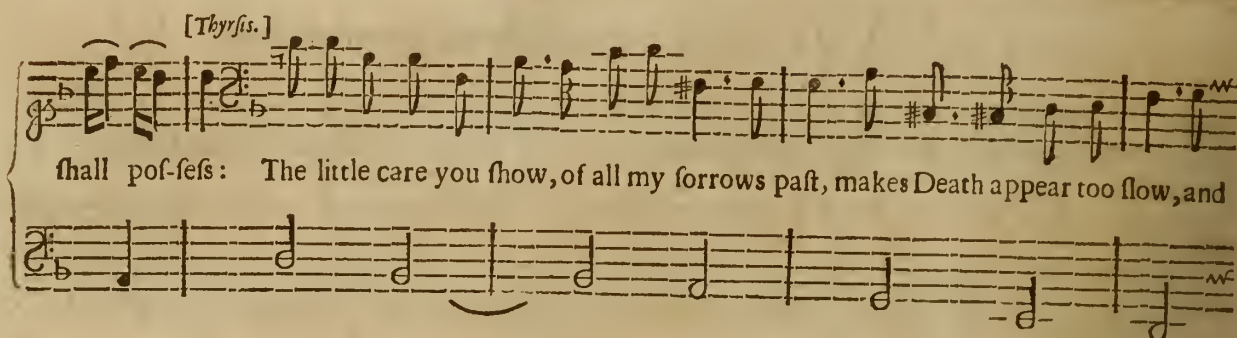
grant—ing Love too soon; if you desire to gain me, your suff'rings to redress, pre—



—pare to Love me longer, and lon—ger yet and lon—ger, before you



[Tyrſis.]





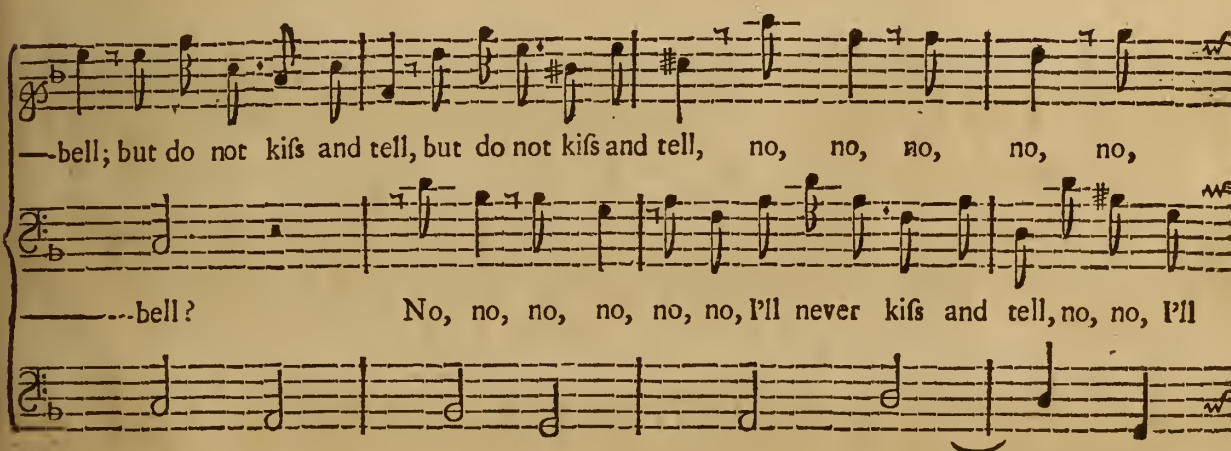
Yes you may kifs me kindly, and kindly still, and kindly still, and kindly, and

kind—ly, and kindly still, and kindly, and will you not re—bell?



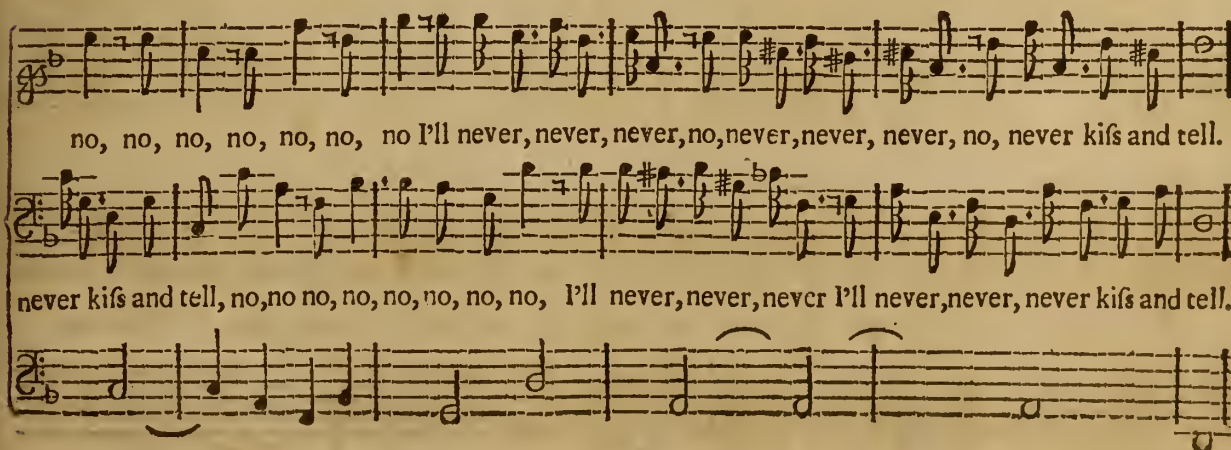
I will not rebell. Yes you may kifs me kindly still, and kindly still, and I will not re—

And may I kifs you kindly, and kindly still, and kindly still, and you will not re—



—bell; but do not kifs and tell, but do not kifs and tell, no, no, no, no, no,

—bell? No, no, no, no, no, no, I'll never kifs and tell, no, no, I'll



no, no, no, no, no, no, no I'll never, never, never, no, never, never, never, no, never kifs and tell.

never kifs and tell, no, no no, no, no, no, no, no, I'll never, never, never I'll never, never, never kifs and tell.

CHORUS.

Thus at the height we Love and live and fear not, fear not to be

Thus at the height we Love and live and fear not, fear not to be

poor: We give, and we give, we give and we give, we give and we

poor; We give and we give, we give and we give, and

give, till we can give no more: But what to day, will take a-way, to

give, till we can give no more: But what to day, will take a-way to

morrow, to mor-row will re-store.

morrow, to mor-row will re-store.

End with the first Strain.

A SONG on St. Cecilia's Day 1692.

Flutes.

Violins.

High Contratenor

Hark! hark! each Tree its
 Hark! hark! each Tree its si- - - - - lence breaks ;
 fi- - - - - lence breaks ; Hark! hark! each Tree its si- - - - -
 Hark! each Tree its si- - - - -

— lence breaks ;

— lence breaks ;

Hark ! hark ! each Tree its

Hark ! hark ! each Tree its fi - - - - - lence

fi - - - - - lence breaks ;

Hark !

breaks, hark! hark! each Tree its — — — — — lence breaks; the *Box* and
 hark! each Tree its — — — — — lence breaks; the

Firr, to tal — — — — — k, to talk, to talk, to
Box and *Firr*, to tal — — — — — k, to talk, to talk, to tal —

talk be—gin; Hark! hark! hark! hark!

— — — k be—gin; Hark! hark! hark! hark! hark!

7 9 9 98/76 98/76 98/76

hark!

hark! this in the spright — — — ly Vi—o—lin,

6 4

That in the *Flute* distinctly, di—stinct—ly speaks, distinctly, di—stinct—ly speaks;

This system contains five staves. The first two staves are vocal parts in G-clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third and fourth staves are for the Flute, marked with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fifth staff is a basso continuo line in C-clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the third staff.

That in the

This in the Spright- - - - - ly Vi--o--lin ;

This system contains five staves. The first two staves are vocal parts in G-clef with a key signature of one sharp. The third and fourth staves are for the Violin, marked with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fifth staff is a basso continuo line in C-clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the third staff.

Flute di—stinct—ly, distinct—ly di—stinct—ly speaks;

This in the spright— — — — — ly Vi—olin, di—stinct—ly speaks;

Instruments Rest.

'Twas

'Twas Sympathy, 'twas

T t

Sympathy their lift'ning Brethren drew, 'twas Sym- - - - -pathy, their
 Sympathy, 'twas Sympathy, 'twas Sym- - - - -pa-tyh their lift' - - -

lift' - - - - -ning Brethren drew; when to the *Thracian* Lyre with lea-fy wings they
 - - - - -ning Brethren drew;

fle- - - - -w;
 when to the *Thracian* Lyre, when to the *Thracian* Lyre with lea-fy wings they

When to the *Thra-cian* Lyre with lea-fy wings they fle- - - - -
 fle- - - - -w, with leafy wings they fl. - - -

with lea-fy wings they flew, when to the *Thracian* Lyre with lea-fy

with leafy wings they flew, when to the *Thracian* Lyre, with lea-fy

wings they fle—w, with leafy wings they flew, with

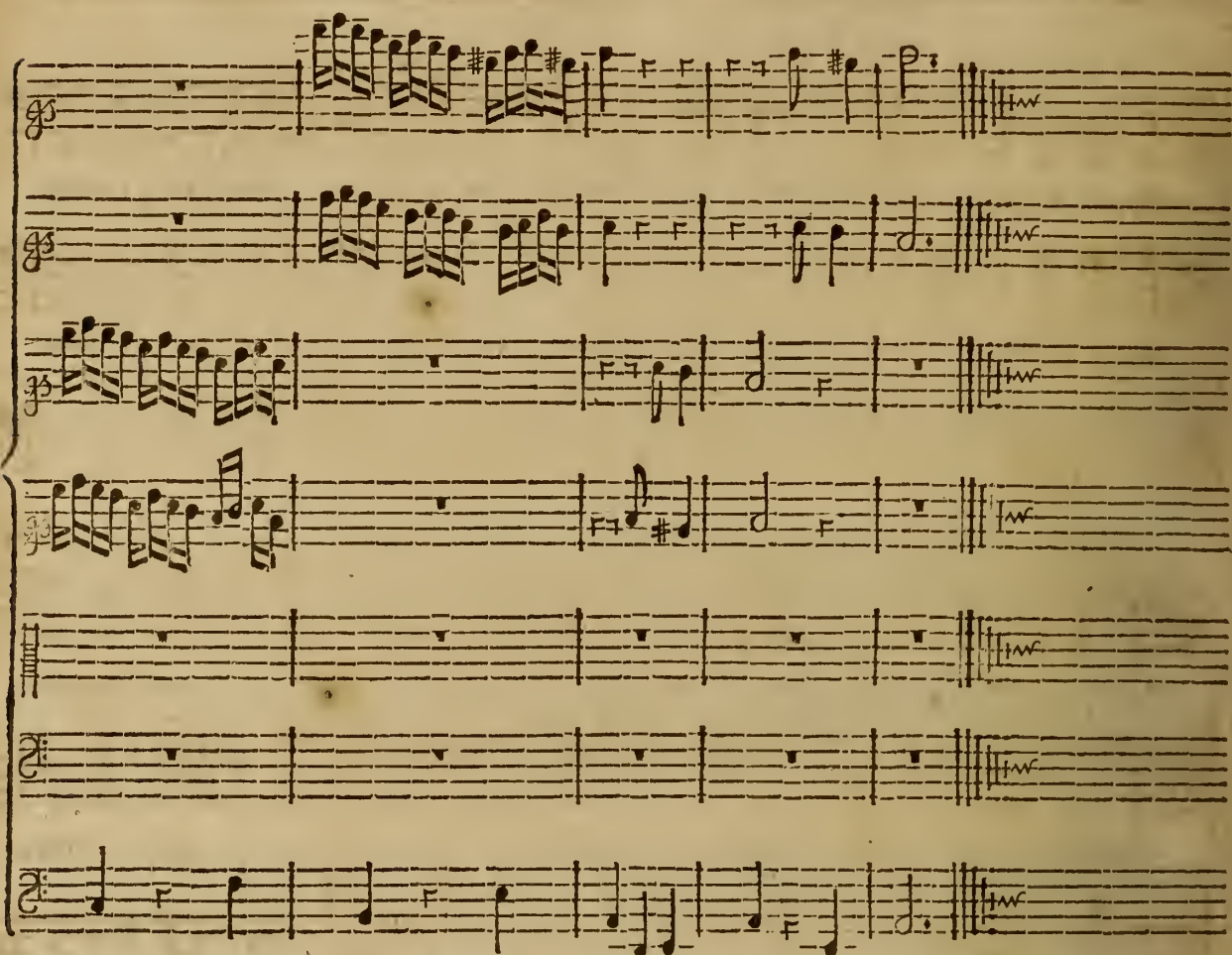
wings they fle—w, with lea-fy wings they flew, with

Flutes.

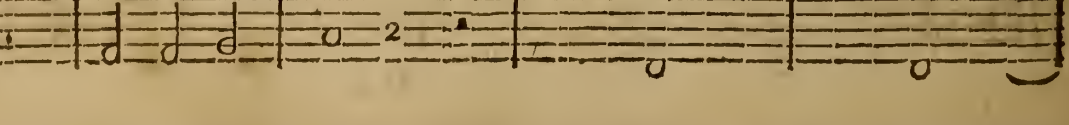
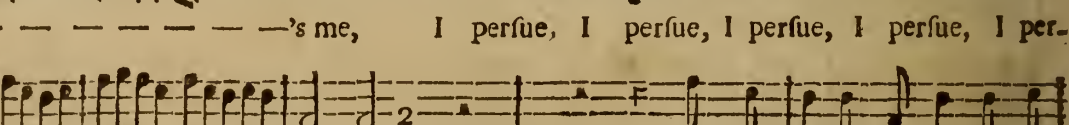
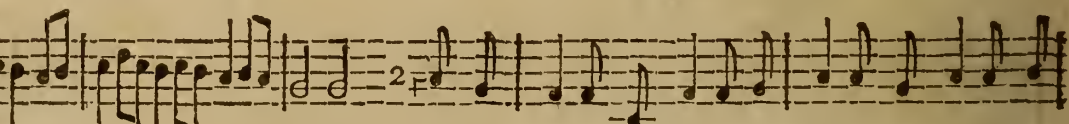
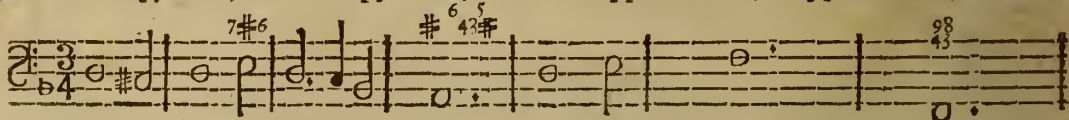
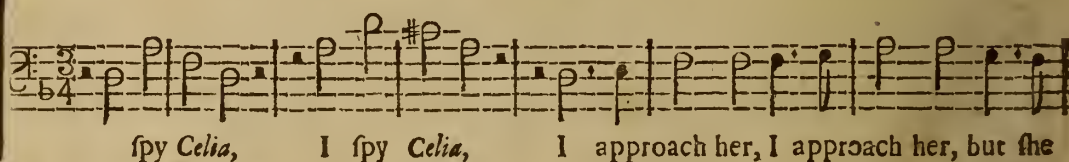
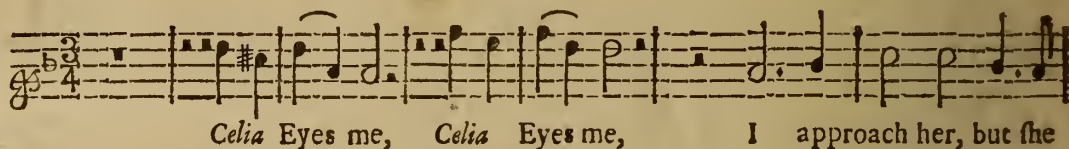
Violins.

leafy wings they flew.

lea-fy wings they flew.



A S O N G for Two Voices.



—sue; I persue, I persue; More coy, more coy, more, more coy I find her; I seem

—sue; i persue, I persue; More coy, more coy, more, more coy I find her; I seem

Colder, colder, colder, then, then, then she's kinder, she's kinder; then, then, then she's

Colder, colder, colder, then, then, then she's kinder, she's kinder; then, then, then she's

kinder, she's kinder, then, then, then, then she's kinder: My words

kinder, she's kinder, then, then, then, then, she's kinder: Her Eyes Charm me,

mov— — — — — e her, and I love her, and I love her, I love her, I

she Esteems me, and I love her, I love her, I

love her ; In not Blessing most, most the Blesses ; In not Blessing
love her ; In not Blessing most, most the Blesses, In not Blessing most, most the

most, most the Blesses, and not pos-sel-sing, and not possessing, and not —
Blesses, most the Blesses, and not possessing, and not posser-sing, and not —

— possessing, each, each, each possesses ; each, each possesses, each, each, each pos-
— possessing, each, each, each possesses ; each, each, each possesses, each, each, each pos-

— sesses, each, each possesses : Now, now the Blushes, now, now, now the
— sesses, each, each, each possesses :
End here.

Blufhes; she wou'd leave me, but I ho—ld her, I

I grows bol—der, but I ho—ld her, I hold her, I

hold her, ho—ld her; She grows

ho—ld her, I hold her; She grows

an—gry, grows an—gry, grows an—gry, grows an—gry;

an—gry, grows an—gry, grows an—gry, grows an—gry;

I ap-peafe her, I appeafe her, I appeafe her;

I ap-peafe her, I appeafe her, I appeafe her; I am red—

Then, then, then I please her, then, then, then I please her, then, then,
er,
then, then, then I please her, then, then, then I please her,

then, then, then, then, then I please her, then, then, then I please her:
then, then, then, then, then I please her, then, then, then I please her: Her Eyes

My words move her, and I love her, and I love her,
Charme me, she Esteems me, and I Love her,

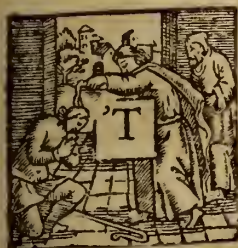
I love her, I love her. In &c.
I love her, I love her. In not Blessing &c.

End with the part, (Each possesses &c.)

A Drinking

S O N G,

With a Chorus for Three Voices.



Is Wine was made to Rule the Day, 'tis Wine, 'tis Wine, 'tis Wine;

'tis Wine was made to Rule the Day, and not the fla'ring Sun; 'tis Love that

shou'd o're Night bear sway, and not the fil—ly, fil—ly Moon; and not the

fil—ly, fil—ly Moon: Wine is th' amazement of the Old, that Bliss wou'd fain re—

trieve, and love the bus'ness of the bold, that can Both joys re—ceive.

Turn over.

CHORUS.

Let my Queen live for e—ver, for e—

Let my Queen live for e—ver, for e—

Let my Queen live for e—ver, for e—

—ver, for e—ver, for e—ver, for

—ver, for e—ver, for e—ver, for

—ver, for e—ver, for

e—ver, and let's still drink, drink, and let's still drink, drink *French Wine*; let my

e—ver, and let's still drink, drink, and let's still &c.

e—ver, and let's still drink, drink, and let's still drink, drink *French Wine*;

Rage be Im—mortal, let my Rage be Im—mortal, let my Rage be Im—

let my Rage be Im—mortal, let my Rage be Im—mortal, let my

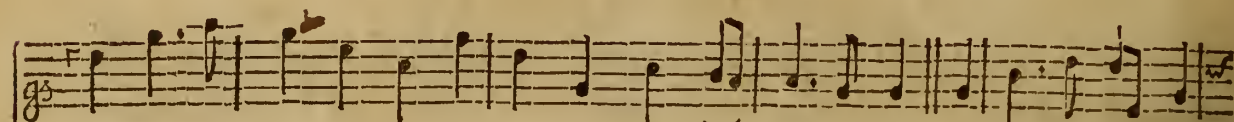
let my Rage be Immortal, let my Rage be Im—

—mortal, let my Rage be Im—mortal, and my Li—quer di—vine; let my
 Ra—ge be Im—mortal, and my Li—quer di—vine; let my
 —mor—tal, let my Rage be Im—mortal, and my Li—quer di—vine;

Rage be Im—mor—tal, my Rage be Im—
 Rage be Im—mortal, let my Rage be Im—mor—
 let my Ra—ge be Im—mortal, let my Rage be Im—

—mortal and my Li—quer di—vine.
 —tal, and my Li—quer di—vine.
 —mor—tal, and my Li—quer di—vine.

Infus'd in Wine, let's sink to rest, and Dream of what we Love;

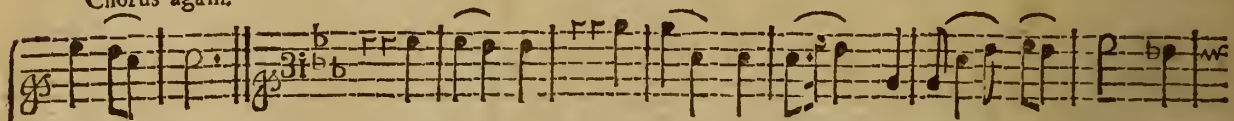


Infus'd in Wine, let's sink to rest, and dream of what we Love: And since she may not



be posselt let's thus our wants improve; and since she may not be posselt, let's thus our

Chorus again.



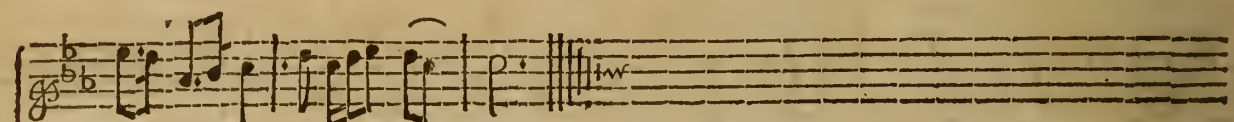
wants improve. Oh! lull me, Oh! lull me couch'd in soft re-*pose*; Oh!



lull me, Oh! lull me, couch'd in soft re-*pose*; and sleep, sleep

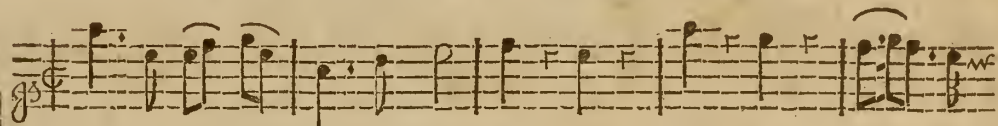


ne'er from me take; Ex-cept the Gods will in-ter-*pose*, and let me en-

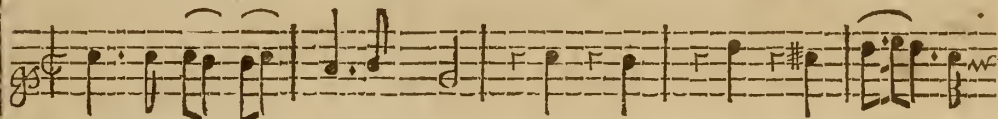


jo- - - - y a-*wake*. End with the Chorus.

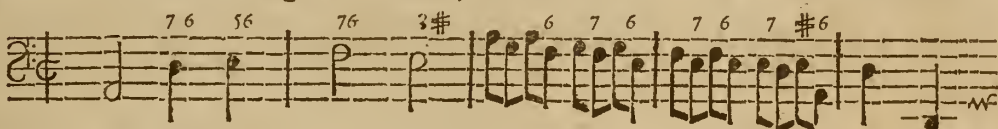
A SONG for Two Voices.



H! the sweet delights of Love, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! the



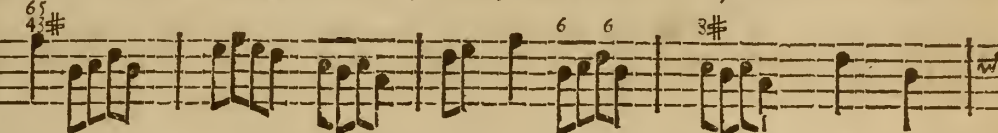
Oh! the sweet delights of Love, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! the



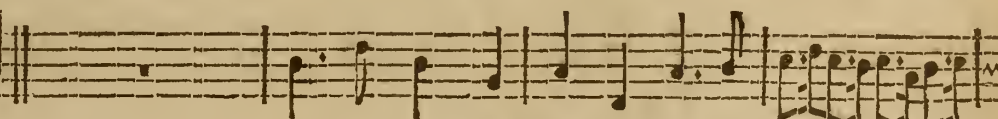
sweet de-lights of Love, Who, who wou'd live, who, who wou'd live and



sweet de-lights of Love, Who wou'd live, who, who wou'd live, wou'd live and



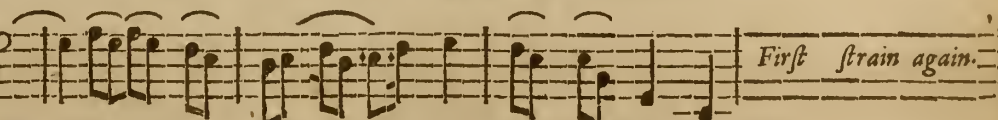
not enjoy e'm? Pde refuse the Throne of Love, shou'd power—or Ma-jesty, shou'd



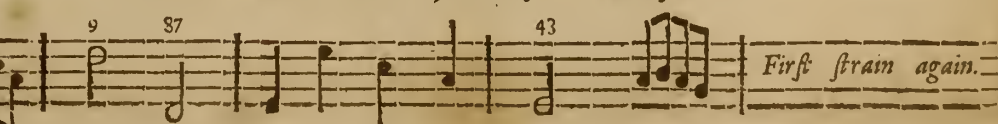
not enjoy e'm? Pde refuse the Throne of Love, shou'd pow—



pow—er or Ma—je—sty destroy e'm.



—er or Ma—je—sty destroy e'm.



First strain again.

Give me, give me, give me doubts, or give me, give me fears, give me, give me, give me jealousy--

Give me, give me, give me, doubts, or give me, give me fears, give me, give me, give me jealousy--

—fies and Cares: But let Love, let Love remove e'm, but let Love remove e'm, I ap—

—fies and Cares: But let Love, but let Love— remove e'm, I approve e'm,

—prove e'm, I approve e'm, I approve e'm.

I approve e'm, I approve e'm.

I approve e'm, I approve e'm.

F I N I S.



